

Bonus best-seller: Michener's 'The Covenant'

JANUARY 12, 1981 • 95¢

**Chrystie Jenner talks
about her split with Bruce**

Surviving a hotel fire

**Reagan's actress daughter
cashes in on Daddy**

People weekly

YOKO How she is holding up



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 79

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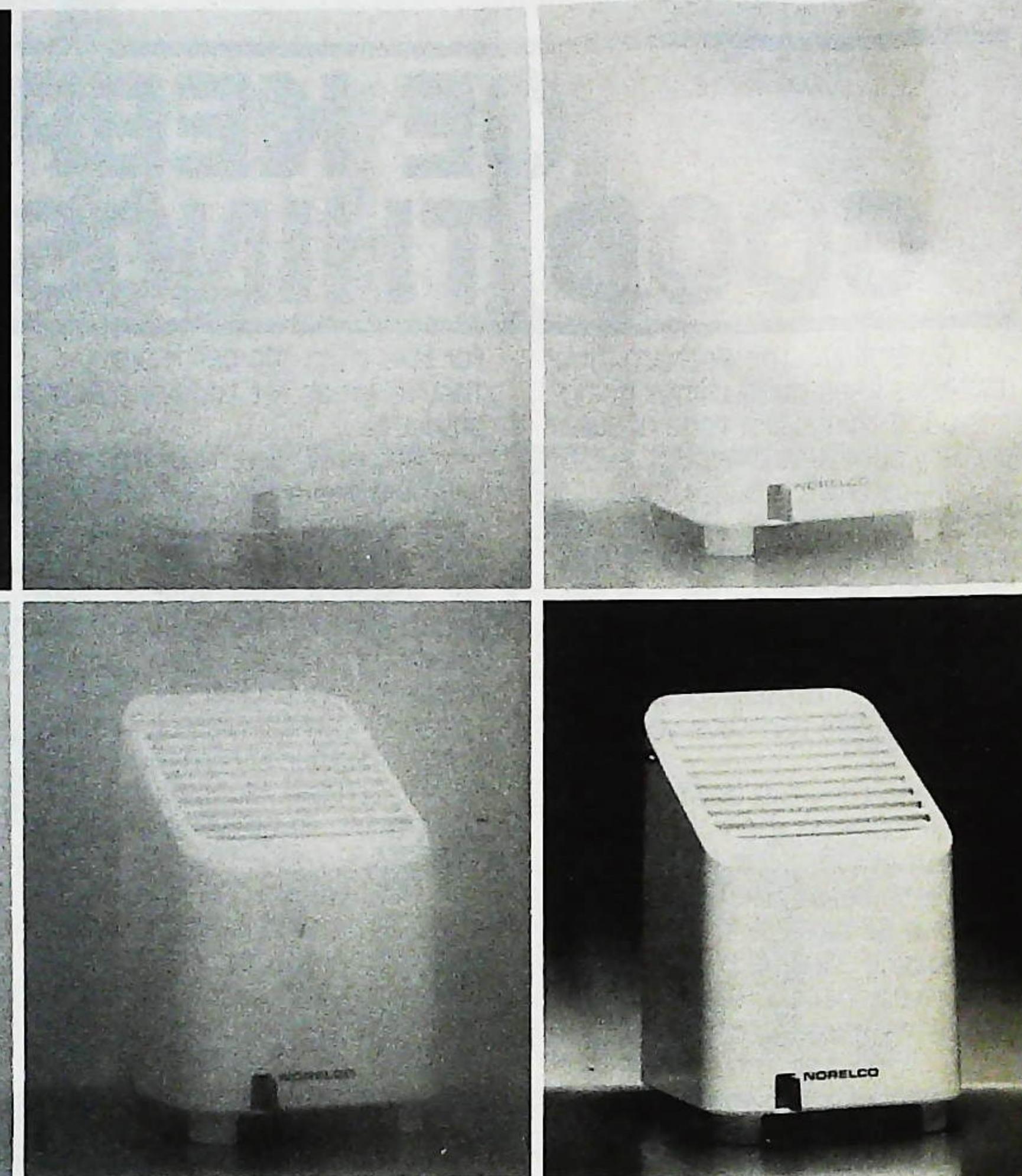
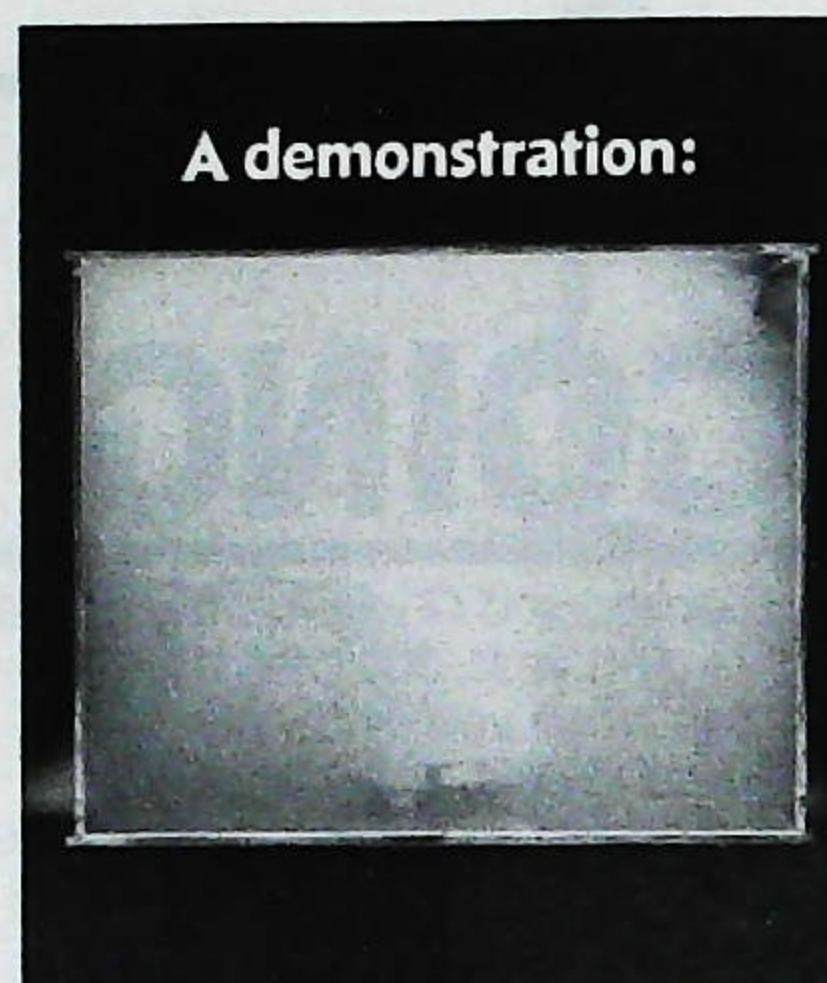
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In the aftermath of **John Lennon's** death, **Yoko Ono** manages her grief with the help of loving memories and their 5-year-old son, **Sean**

Cover photograph © 1980 Allan Tannenbaum

Jan. 12, 1981 Vol. 15, No. 1

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- A prosecutor's plea for death brings **Mao's** widow, **Jiang Qing**, near the end of the road
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- On TV a souped-up **Susan Anton** runs for the gold, **Robert MacNeil** resails the America's Cup and **John Forsyth** rips off **J.R.**
- The best current reads include **Michael Crichton's** novel *Congo* and *Of Women and Their Elegance*, a pseudo **Marilyn Monroe** memoir by **Norman Mailer**
- In their latest albums, **Neil Young** turns right, and **Toni Tennille** is more versatile than ever
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Ordinary People

Because I had read the novel *Ordinary People*, I felt I was prepared for the film and would not be moved so deeply (PEOPLE, Dec. 15). I was wrong. The performances of Mary Tyler Moore and Donald Sutherland were amazing. Timothy Hutton brought Conrad's adolescent quirks and painful emotions to life with devastating perfection.

As an avid Robert Redford fan, I was crushed to learn that he wanted to phase out acting and concentrate on directing. If his first effort is a taste of things to come, I can accept the loss.

Cynthia A. Lenore
Seal Beach, Calif.

Thank you so much for your truthful story on Mary Tyler Moore's son, Richard Meeker. As an old friend of his, I knew what other publications printed was garbage. You portrayed him as he was: a good human being with no intention of taking his own life.

Tracey Gluck
Beverly Hills

I also own a .410 "snake charmer," the shotgun that killed Mary Tyler Moore's son. I'm a farmer who has been around guns all my life, but I almost shot my foot when it went off without a warning. This gun is not safe, and it should be taken off the market.

Bob Atkinson
Boscobel, Wis.

Cyril Lang

I have decided that teachers are a downtrodden minority and need civil rights. The press, administrators, politicians and parents declare teachers incompetent, accuse them of not teaching academic subjects, blame them for graduating students who are scholastically inferior and force them to accommodate students who have no desire whatsoever to learn. Now I read about a teacher, Cyril Lang at Woodward High School in Rockville, Md., who is competent and demands academic excellence. But instead of being rewarded, he is fired!

L. Dudark
Houston

Betty Crocker

The new Betty is still too prim. She looks more like the type who practices

gourmet cookery rather than the hurry-up, convenient box-mix cooking that most women have to rely on today. Who has time to be that perfectly groomed in the kitchen? I could identify with this Betty only if I had a maid, cook and dishwasher.

Donna F. Gauthier
South Dartmouth, Mass.

Mega-vitamins

Vitamins are needed in the body in tiny amounts that are easy to obtain by eating a balanced variety of foods. When they are taken in large dosages, they do not function as vitamins but as drugs. Anyone who does this is therefore experimenting with an unproven drug, running a risk of toxicity and wasting money.

Stephen Barrett, M.D.
Lehigh Valley Committee
against Health Fraud, Inc.
Allentown, Pa.

Every doctor I have talked to (with the exception of gynecologists who advocate extra iron and folic acid during pregnancy) has said that three balanced meals a day give you all the vitamins you need. But I started taking mega-doses over a year ago and have noticed a considerable difference in the way I feel. I also get fewer facial blemishes. Since there is such a controversy, it's interesting to read about other people's experiences.

Marita Buck
Toledo, Oreg.

Having initiated the FDA's pilot study on mega-vitamins, still in progress, I know that there is little scientific evidence from controlled studies on either beneficial or harmful effects of currently used doses and combinations. Hopeful readers should be skeptical of unproven claims. Obviously, at this time the need is for mega-research on this topic rather than mega-publicity.

Henry Dymstra, Ph.D., R.D.
Professor, University
of Rhode Island
Kingston, R.I.

Bonzomania

A carload of coconuts to you for bringing me back alive so vividly, but in the process you annihilated one of my co-creators, Ted Berkman. Your story refers to "Ed Brickman," a name which

will ring no bells for admirers of Ted Berkman's book *Cast a Giant Shadow*, his award-winning film *Fear Strikes Out* or his Harry Truman memoirs on television. Boo-boos are supposedly for chimps, not PEOPLE. For the future, I am available for proofreading most evenings—until Bedtime.

Bonzo (that's B-O-N-Z-O)
San Simian, Calif.

Our apologies to Mr. Berkman. Welcome back, Bonzo.—ED.

Harold Russell

What Harold Russell is doing for the handicapped is great. But has he forgotten who helped him? You did not mention my grandfather Charles C. McGonegal, who in WWI lost both arms cushioning the blow of an enemy grenade, saving several buddies from death.

Granddad was the first ever to master the control of the "clawlike" prosthesis. In fact, Harold Russell was one of my grandfather's favorite students. He once said, "Harold has been the best, he learns fast." Please don't give all the credit to Harold.

Nancy J. Rowley
Hunstville, Ala.

Russell met McGonegal in 1944 and says, "He was the guy who probably did more than anybody in my life to help me. Charley and I became very close friends, and I used to go out to California to stay on his ranch. I used to tell him, 'I'm going to be better than you ever were'—which wasn't true because you couldn't be, he was so adept."—ED.

Dr. Marc Hollender

Despite Dr. Hollender's research, hugging is a lost art. Grand bear hugs have become less prevalent as society has become more impersonal, more self-conscious about open displays of affection. A hug can mend a broken heart, ease a weary mind, and say more than the most heartfelt words ever could. The world needs all the huggers it can get.

Barbara J. Knill
Lakewood, Ohio

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors. Letters for publication should be addressed to PEOPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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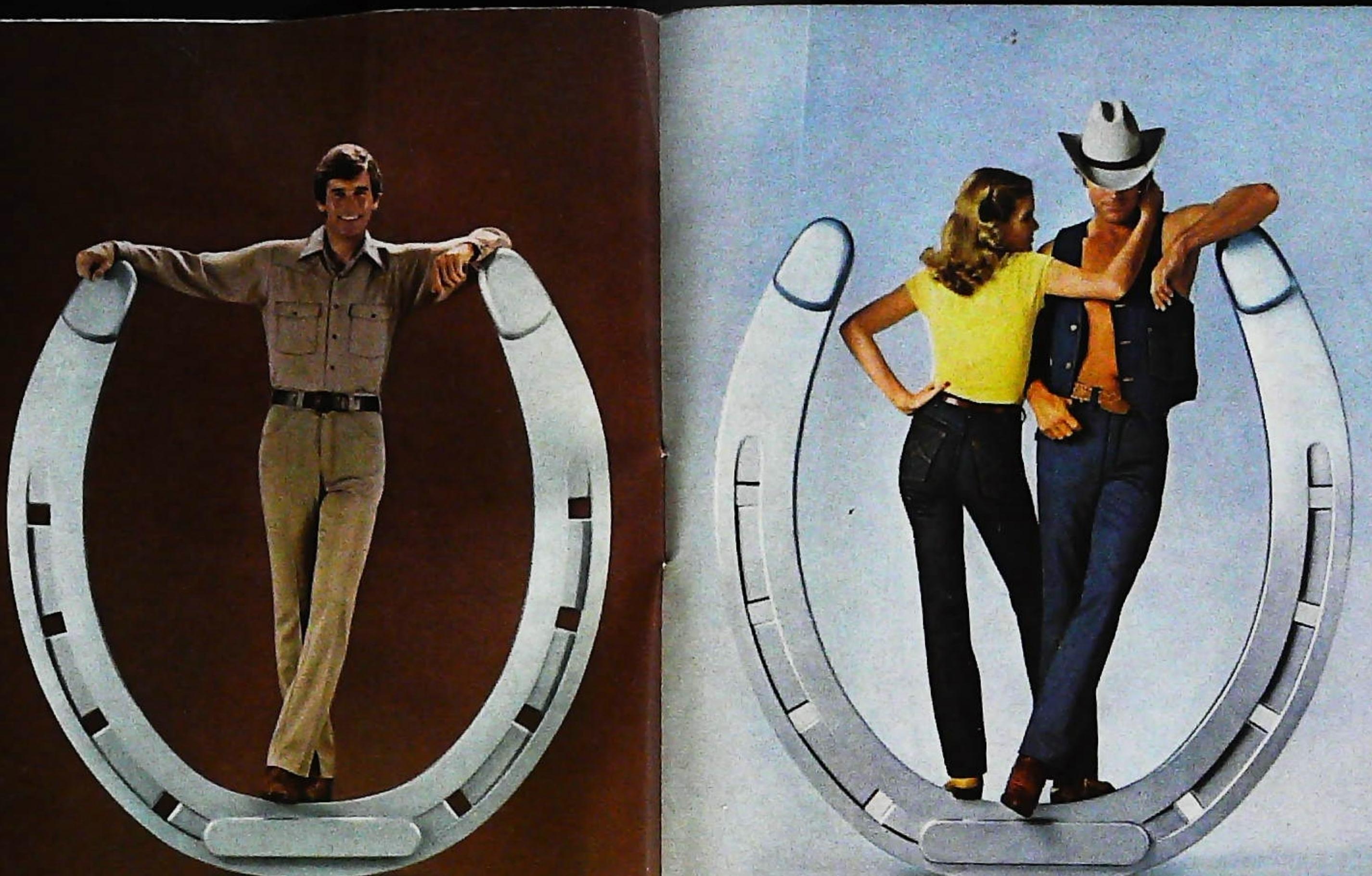
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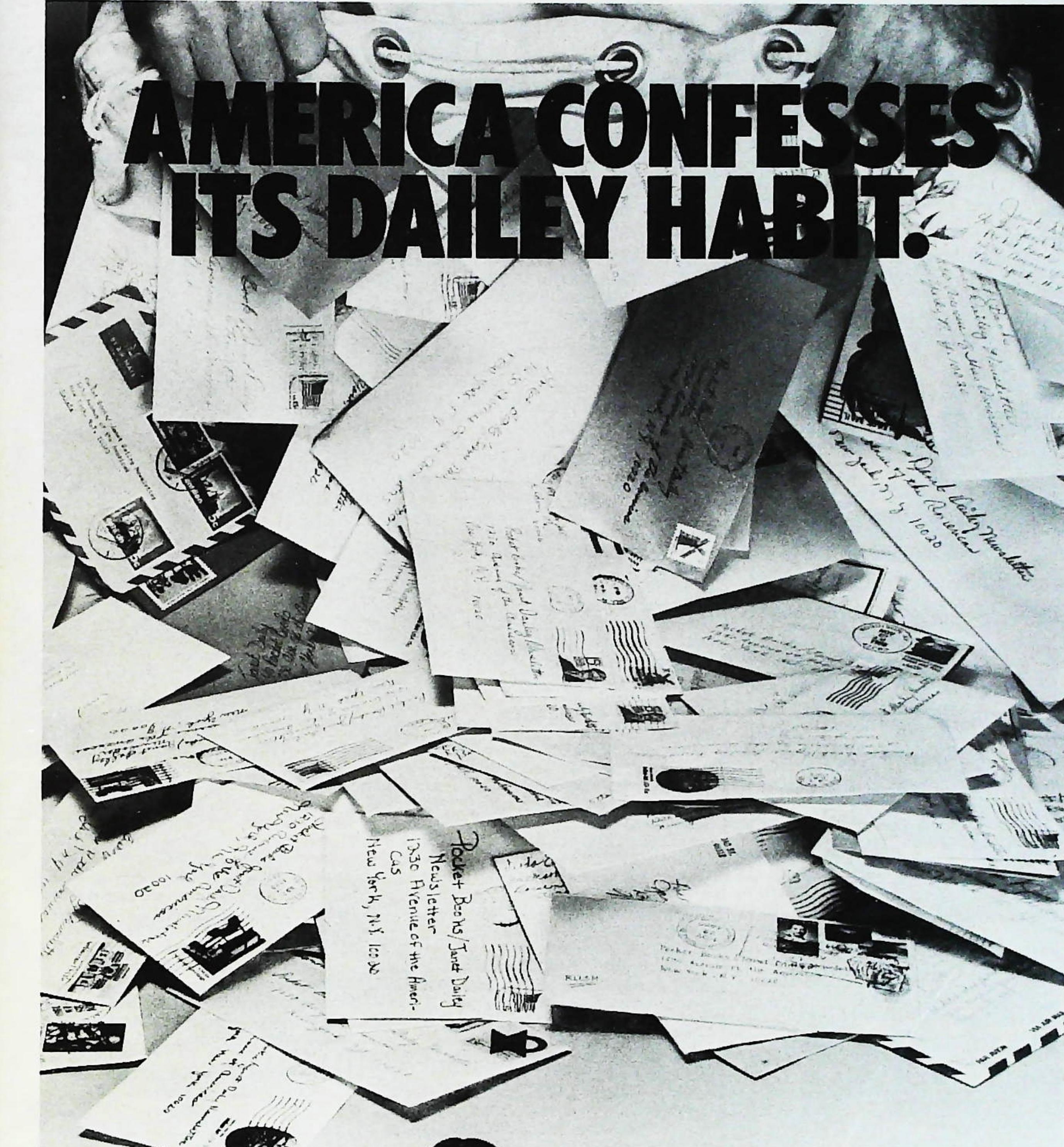
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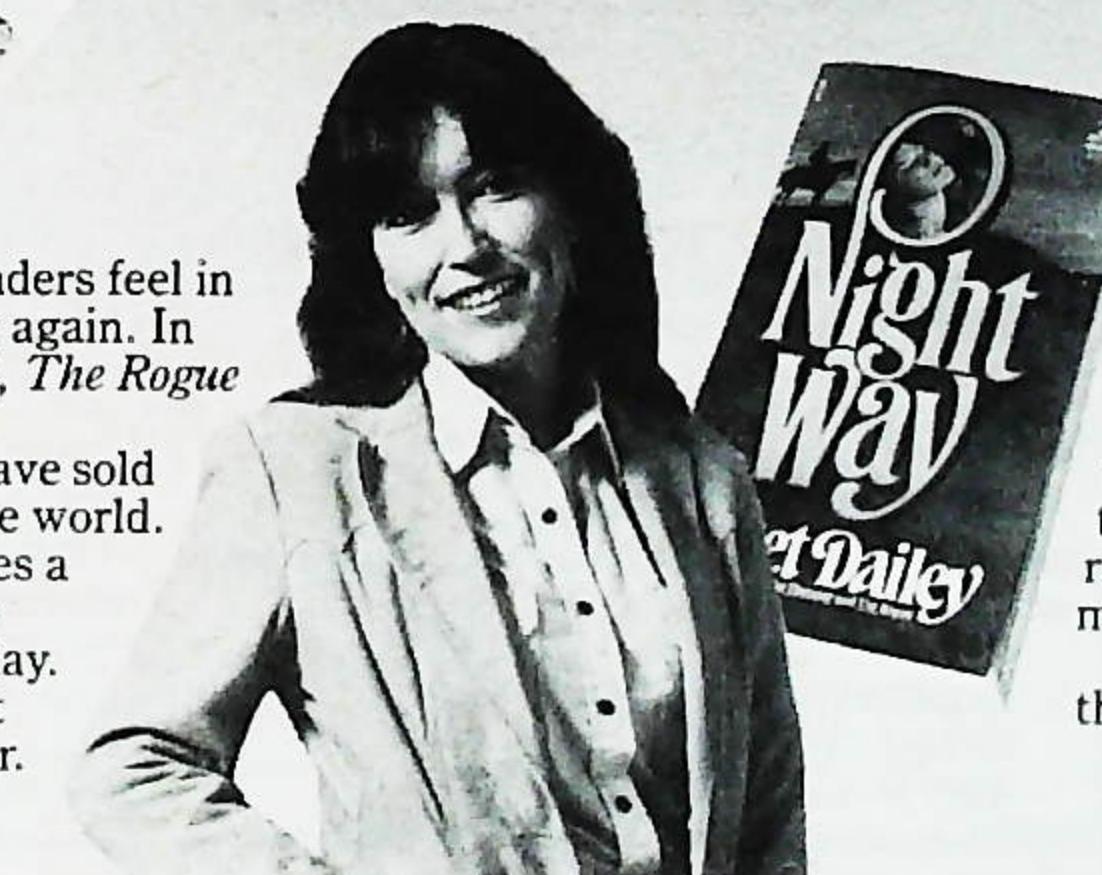
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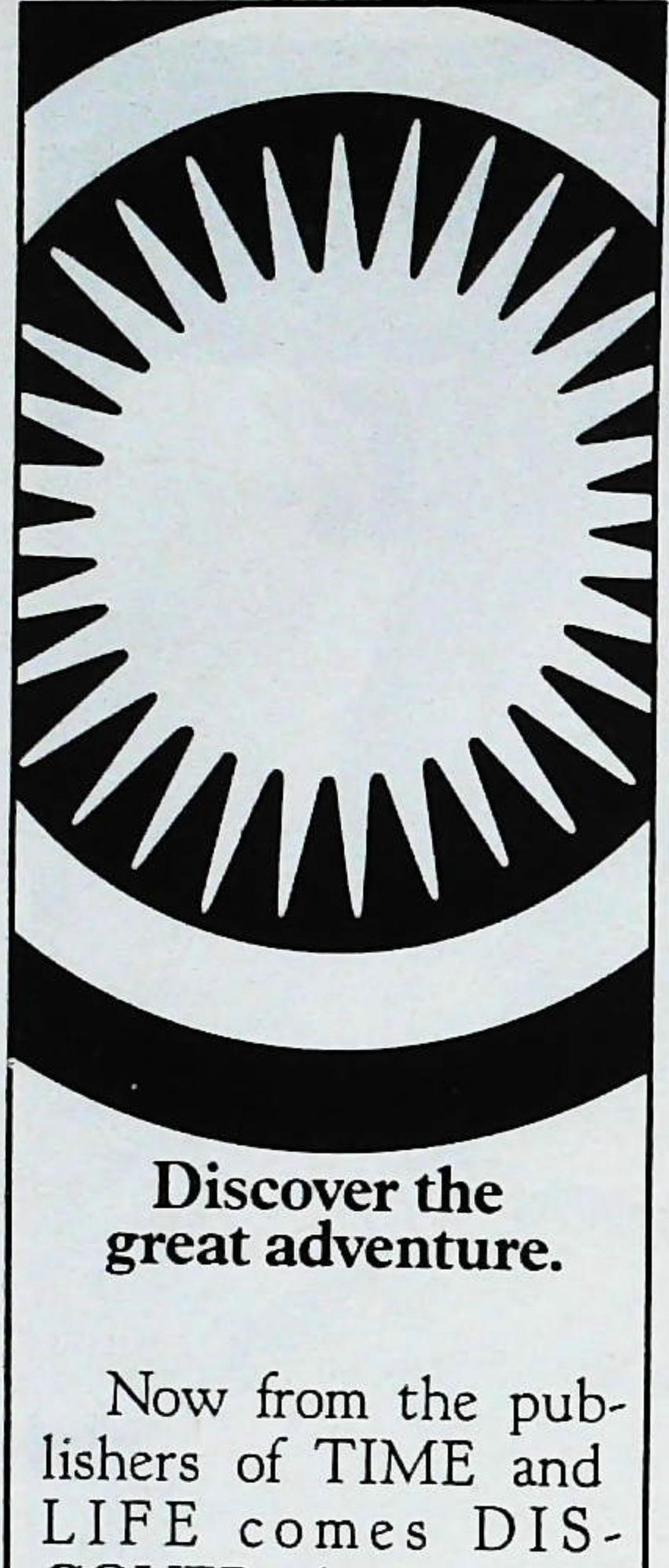
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People

PICKS & PANS

Tube

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings

□ WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE—THE EARLY DAYS
CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)

William Katt and Tom Berenger star in the 1979 movie that shares the name—but not the charm—of the 1969 Robert Redford-Paul Newman original.

ETOSHA: PLACE OF DRY WATER
PBS (check local listings)

It's a bullfrog-eat-bullfrog world, according to this unsentimental *National Geographic* special about wildlife survival around a huge dry lake bed on Africa's parched Namibian plain. Unflinching footage of hyenas snatching baby pelicans and of lion cubs learning to kill a warthog will not endear this excellent documentary to *Bambi* fans.

□ THURSDAY, JANUARY 8
GOLDENGIRL
NBC (8-11 p.m. ET)

Susan Anton stars as a sprinter who suddenly finds herself in the running for three Olympic gold medals. But was she pumped up with hormones and other illegal injections?

Unfortunately this contrived 1979 movie never leaves the starting blocks.

□ SATURDAY, JANUARY 10
EAST/WEST SHRINE GAME
CBS (3-6 p.m. ET)

College all-stars get one more chance to shine as amateurs—and prove their professional potential—at Stanford Stadium in Palo Alto.

□ SUNDAY, JANUARY 11
MAGIC
NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Ventriloquist Anthony Hopkins seems headed for the big time until his dummy starts pulling some strings of its own. Ann-Margret and Burgess Meredith also star in this 1978 thriller.

SHOCK OF THE NEW
PBS (check local listings)

In an illuminating eight-part series, TIME critic Robert Hughes explores the relationship between 20th-century art and social history.

FREEDOM'S DEFENSE:
AMERICA'S CUP 1980
PBS (check local listings)

Newsman Robert MacNeil, an avid amateur sailor himself, examines the 1980 Cup competition.

□ MONDAY, JANUARY 12
DYNASTY
ABC (8-11 p.m. ET)

ABC executives dutifully maintain that there's a



India's "saint of the gutters" is profiled in *The World of Mother Teresa* on PBS.

difference between this new series and CBS' *Dallas*, and they're right: *Dynasty* is set in Denver. So much for the differences. John Forsyth stars as an immoral oil megamillionaire; Linda Evans is his troubled wife; Bo Hopkins is her ex-lover; Pamela Sue Martin is Forsythe's jet-setting daughter; Al Corley is his sensitive and homosexual son; Dale Robertson plays a rival wildcatter. It's no fun being rich, the series suggests, but it sure can make life pretentious and melodramatic. (Premiere)

THE WORLD OF MOTHER TERESA
PBS (check local listings)

This powerful documentary by Ann Petrie chronicles the Nobel Peace Prize winner who has been called a "living saint" for her work in India's wretched slums.

THE DEADLY WINDS OF WAR
PBS (check local listings)

The history and frightening future of chemical warfare are pondered in a documentary that does not duck the moral questions.

□ TUESDAY, JANUARY 13
A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH
CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)

Alice star Linda Lavin brings vibrant strength to the real-life story of Joy Ufema, a Harrisburg, Pa. nurse who fought bureaucratic obstruction to develop a unique method of helping terminally ill patients face the inevitable. Based on her experience, she later set up a hospice program.



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People PICKS & PANS

Pages

□ CONGO

by Michael Crichton

The master of very tall tales plunges into the heart of darkness. His characters, a group of space-age prospectors on a computer-led blue diamond hunt in Africa, are laden down with satellite transmitters, holographic night goggles and NASA-designed pneumatic tents. En route to the Lost City of Zinj, they encounter irate hippos, an active volcano, voracious cannibals and a murderous species of mountain gorilla bent on destroying anyone who approaches the gems. The plot has just about everything, in fact, except a love affair between the beautiful, brainy group leader and her mercenary guide. But sexless or not, their journey is still a dazzling example of how to combine science and adventure writing. Fans of *The Andromeda Strain* and *The Great Train Robbery* will no doubt be anxious to beat the drum about Crichton's foray into the literary jungle. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$10.95)

□ THE DICTIONARY OF IMAGINARY PLACES

by Alberto Manguel and Gianni Guadalupi

Abaton lies in Scotland between Glasgow and Troon. It has been seen "rising slightly above the horizon, especially at dusk." Camelot is "dominated by a huge castle built on the peak of a hill above the river. It was visited in the year 528 A.D. by a mechanic from Connecticut." Edoras was built some 500 years before the beginning of the War of the Ring and is surrounded by "a great wall, a dyke and a thorn fence." Mole End is below a meadow near River Bank. It is "visited by the field mice who go carol-singing each year." Ever been to any of those places? From Bulfinch's *My Heart's in the Highlands*, Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* and Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, they are four of more than a thousand imaginary locales described in this beautiful book, which includes illustrations and maps. It is a splendid volume for anyone in love with legend. (Macmillan, \$24.95)

□ TWENTIETH-CENTURY MUSIC: THE SENSE BEHIND THE SOUND

by Joan Peyser

Though there are more encyclopedic guides, this volume captures the century's mystical, monomaniacal spirit by concentrating on three pioneers: Arnold Schoenberg, who developed dodecaphony (a system for giving structure to atonal music); Igor Stravinsky, champion of neoclassicism; and Edgard Varèse, the father of electronic music. In a preface to this new edition of her challenging 1971 book, Peyser, editor of the distinguished *Musical Quarterly*, laments what she considers the monotony and narcissism of music today. Still, she cautions readers not to think of her narrative as "grim," and her history is at times refreshingly anecdotal. We learn, for instance, that Schoenberg numbered 3 measures 11, 12, 12A, 14, etc. but could not avoid the unlucky number in life. Born September 13, 1874, he died in 1951 on a Friday the 13th. (Schirmer/Macmillan, paperback \$5.95)

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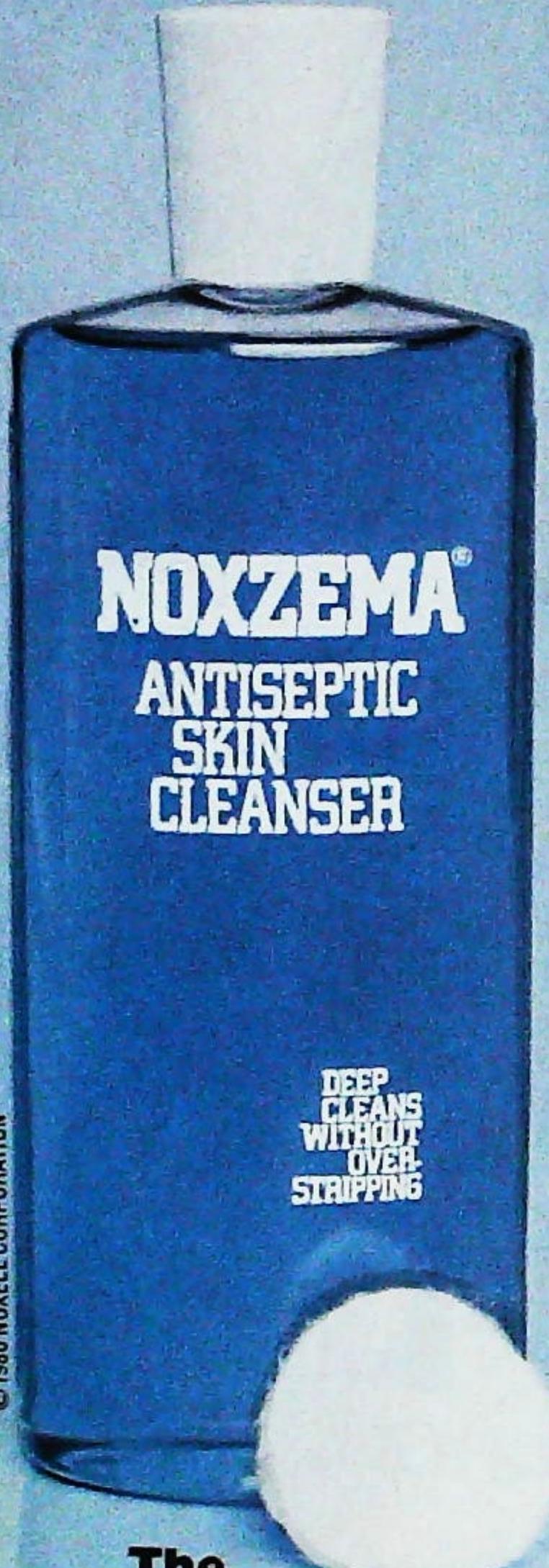
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The tough astringent with the soft touch.

FROM A LIMESTONE LEDGE by John Graves

The regional essayist lives and flourishes, and nowhere does he flourish more vigorously than in Texas. Graves works a poor farm near Fort Worth, eking out a living by writing some of the most sensible, genial prose west of the Mississippi. Author of the beautiful *Goodbye to a River*, he offers here a kind of sequel to his last book, *Hard Scrabble*—recounting more about his 20 years of quiet combat with the forces of nature. He tackles such everyday subjects as home repairs, fences, killing animals for food, growing grapes, making wine and collecting junk. His writing seems as natural as breathing. After the postwar years of plenty, when wastefulness was viewed as a national virtue, Graves says he has found that "our tenure in sinless Eden begins to seem less assured, and here and there among the fruit trees stand prophets calling themselves environmentalists, ecologists, post-industrialists, and other things, who assert loudly that there really is guilt after all. They cry out, these spoilsports, for a return to thriftiness on a grand scale..." (Knopf, \$11.95)

OF WOMEN AND THEIR ELEGANCE by Norman Mailer

Why would America's foremost literary lion want to pretend he is Marilyn Monroe and write her autobiography? Why would a publisher want to wrap Mailer's peculiar text around photographs by Milton Greene, who was a Monroe confidant and is a prominent figure in these pseudo "memoirs"? Mailer has Monroe discuss her men, every kind of sexual activity and even her menstrual cycle.

"She" writes such things as, "Then my shoulder strap broke. I could feel my boob go all exposed and it felt awful cuddly to me." There are irrelevant photographs of Jimmy Durante, Faye Dunaway, Ava Gardner, Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif and Grandma Moses, plus many of Monroe, one of them showing her in an open convertible holding a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. These pictures, Mailer says in a typically enigmatic note, "speak of those little mysteries women traverse on the road to beauty, and that as we know is the beginning of all legend. Three cheers for Marilyn, then. Three for Helen of Troy." This is one of the most curious and exasperating books to come along in some time. It's also fascinating. What the hell. Three cheers for Norman. (Simon & Schuster, \$29.95)

Milton Greene photos in *Of Women and Their Elegance* portray Marilyn Monroe (top) and (above) three unidentified models.

ZENYATTA MONDATTA The Police

The three Policemen—Sting Sumner on bass and vocals, Andy Summers on guitar and Stewart Copeland on drums—have turned their not always complementary talents into an intriguing sound. Copeland drums in a suitably American fluid style, the signature of Andy is his splashy chord work, while Sting's trim bass lines keep the band's reggae roots intact. His icy vocals add a modernistic touch. This LP (whose nonsense title is supposed to convey a mood, not a meaning) reflects the group's eclectic approach. Like their two previous albums, it features some catchy songs, a Middle Eastern influence and, in *Bombs Away*, a

Song

little political satire. "The President looks in the mirror and speaks. / His shirts are clean, but his country reeks." The boys indulge in more harmony than usual, but too often just get by on technique. The Police need a mite more imagination to keep the respect of the folks on their beat.

KEEPING OUR LOVE WARM Captain & Tennille

Toni Tennille the singer merits one of those overgracious introductions Toni Tennille the talk show hostess doles out to not always deserving guests. If she oversells her songs a little too, Tennille has a winsome approach, plus a rugged, versatile voice that carries across genre lines. She is one

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People

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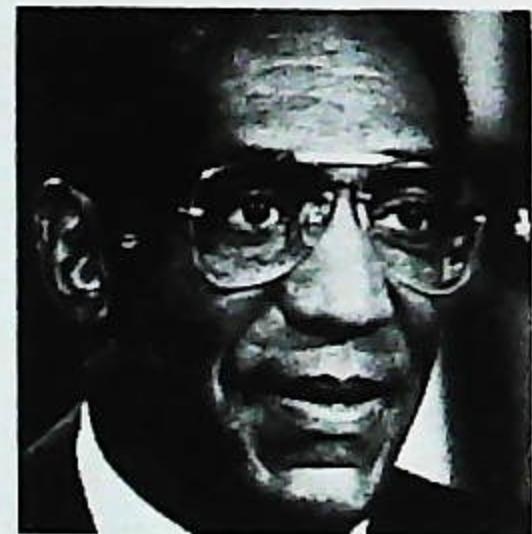


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People PICKS & PANS

of the few white vocalists who can cover tunes by black artists without wallowing in synthetic soul. This nicely varied album includes songs by Isaac Hayes and Stevie Wonder, in addition to five by Tennille. Two of her tunes, *Keepin' Our Love Warm* and *This Is Not the First Time* (originally written for Cher), are prototypical Captain & Tennille pop, slick if not profound. More satisfying are two less commercial tracks. One, an instrumental, is jazz pianist Horace Silver's *Song for My Father*, with the Captain playing acoustic piano as well as his elec-

Working up a sweat on *Keeping Our Love Warm* are Toni Tennille and Daryl Dragon, apparently recommissioned and back in his captain's hat.



trician's nightmare of plug-in instruments. The other is the '40s torch classic *Since I Fell for You*, which Tennille does in a relaxed mood in front of tenor sax noodling by Pete Christlieb.

□ HAWKS & DOVES Neil Young

Nixon had Sammy Davis Jr., Carter had Willie Nelson, and Reagan may have—Neil Young. Consider the title cut's lyrics: "Ready to go, willin' to stay and pay/U.S.A., U.S.A./So my sweet wife can dance another free day/U.S.A., U.S.A." If this sounds more like the work of a GOP speechwriter than the man who wrote *Ohio* and *Southern Man*, it may be some indication that New Wave is giving way to flag wave. The album is red, white and blue in every aspect, from jacket design to patriotic metaphors. While these anthems incorporate Young's wit and literary talents, they don't seem intended as ironic. *Union Man*, for example, is a musical "right to work" manifesto. It depicts a dooley musicians' union in which one member suggests an ungrammatical bumper sticker reading: "Live Music Are Better." The most telling—and complex—tune is *The Old Homestead*, about a rider on a noble but crazy horse buffeted by unseen powers. Is Young urging other travelers of his generation to stay in the saddle? The music is fine, with pleasant melodies propelled by Band veteran Levon Helm's drumwork and Tom Scribner on the saw. Even

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Rate Chart

	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE
ATLANTA	3 16	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
BOSTON	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
CHICAGO	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
CLEVELAND	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
DALLAS	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
DENVER	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
DETROIT	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
INDIANAPOLIS	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
MEMPHIS	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
MILWAUKEE	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
NEW HAVEN	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
NEW YORK	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
OMAHA	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
PHILADELPHIA	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
SAN FRANCISCO	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00
SEATTLE	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00	3 00

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People PICKS & PANS

the recording was done from sea to shining sea in studios in Florida, New York, Tennessee and California. Let's not worry about the fact Young was born in Canada.

□ MAKING MOVIES Dire Straits

The quartet's 1978 debut LP, with its hit single *Sultans of Swing* and the haunting sound of Mark Knopfler's lead guitar, sold 1.5 million copies in the U.S. and did well in 16 other countries too. Perhaps inevitably, the English group's follow-up *Communiqué* in 1979 sounded tentative and at times precious. Afterward, Knopfler's brother David, 27, quit to develop his own material. That left brother Mark, 31, to overdub the rhythm guitar on *Making Movies* himself. (Pick Withers remains on drums, John Illsley on bass.) The album is a commendable attempt at growth. But some points Mark is stretching toward sound familiar. His voice, limited in range and color, has always resembled Dylan's. Adding keyboards has expanded the Straits' sound, but Bruce Springsteen's shadow hangs over at least two cuts, *Hand in Hand* and *Les Boys*. Is it mere coincidence the keyboardist is Roy Bittan of Springsteen's E Street Band?

Screen

□ THE FORMULA

Just before World War II ended, the Nazis were rumored to have developed a formula for producing synthetic fuel efficiently. This movie, an adaptation of Steve Shagan's best-seller, begins with that premise and conjures up an international conspiracy to suppress the formula in order to preserve the high price of oil. When George C. Scott, as an L.A. cop, investigates the murder of a friend and stumbles onto the conspiracy, he ends up chasing all over the world—and into the arms of beautiful Marthe Keller. But the fun of this flick is in Scott's encounters with Marlon Brando, who plays the eccentric head of an oil cartel by recycling some *Godfather* quirks. When these two actors get together, it's like watching two elephants waltz—both are fat and funny. Otherwise the film is refreshingly modest, the screenplay witty, the action fast-paced and the photography breathtaking. This is especially true of scenes at racetracks in California and Switzerland. Director John (Rocky) Avildsen has found the formula for an entertaining adventure. (R)

□ TRIBUTE

What can you say about a 51-year-old Broadway press agent who's dying? That he'll do anything for a laugh. That he's great at parties but can't keep a wife or sustain a relationship with his son, Bernard. (*Same Time, Next Year*) Slade said it in a play that managed a six-month run on Broadway despite a plot that seemed a cross between *Willie the Wicher* and *Smilin' Through*. This adaptation suffers from the same weaknesses. But the film, like the play, has one thing to recommend it: Jack Lemmon's all-stops-out performance as the manic crowd pleaser who, as son Robby Benson charges, "uses the whole world as a straight man." Even when Slade's script and Bob Clark's direction let him down



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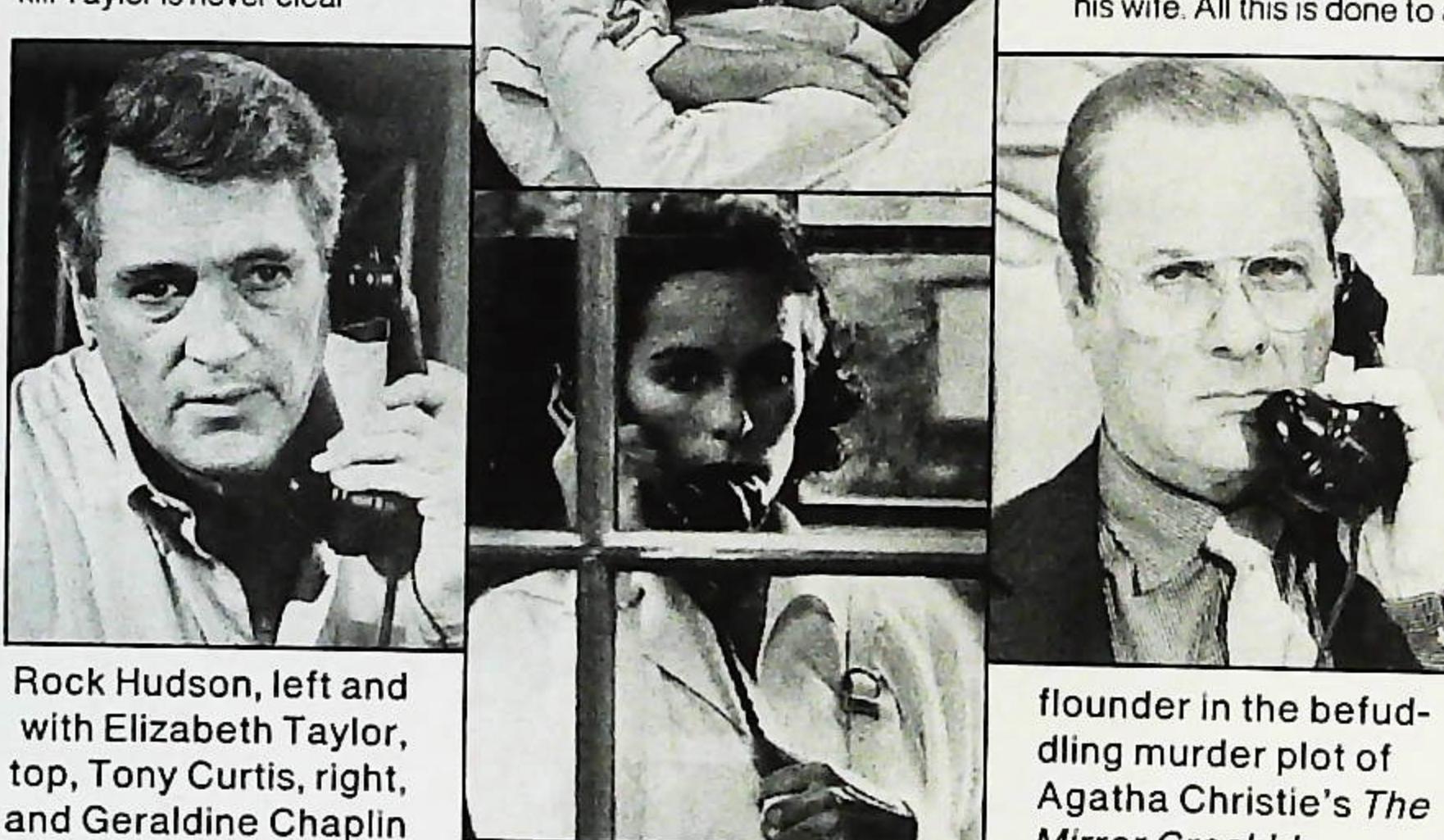
Before you open
that door...

People PICKS & PANS

(which is often), Lemmon reveals the humanity in the character. He is a master at this kind of emoting, and another Oscar nomination is in order, though *The China Syndrome* revealed his finer shadings in a richer context. *Tribute* is merely a chance for an actor to show off. (PG)

□ THE MIRROR CRACK'D

Dear, dear, old Agatha Christie is probably spinning in her grave because of the mess they've made of this one. If the audience is denied a sporting chance to figure out who did it in a whodunit, the plot isn't fair. Neither is this movie, despite an all-star cast. Elizabeth Taylor, in her first feature role in three years, plays an aging actress who suddenly finds herself the center of a murder plot, and Rock Hudson is her anxious director husband. When Taylor hefts herself on top of him in a bedroom scene, audiences will gasp in fear that his is the life in jeopardy. Yet the motive for trying to kill Taylor is never clear.



Rock Hudson, left and with Elizabeth Taylor, top, Tony Curtis, right, and Geraldine Chaplin

□ FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

This is a movie only for those surprised that things ain't what they used to be. Elliott Gould and Susannah York, who teamed up with much better results in 1979's *The Silent Partner*, take off this time on a cross-country jaunt to save their marriage. It's not what you'd call a fun trip. Gould spends most of the journey looking morose; York merely seems puzzled. Produced and directed by Steven Paul, 22, this attempted romance is limp. It's worthwhile only in a satirical sequence when Stuart Paul—Steven's brother, playing Gould at 17—goes into training to woo Susannah's teenage incarnation, played by Michele Pfeiffer. To the strains of a *Rocky*-esque theme, he races around New York, does push-ups on the Staten Island ferry and ferociously punches out a huge fish. (PG)

□ SHOGUN ASSASSIN

There is a moral to this dubbed Japanese-American production: They should have had day-care centers back in medieval Japan. The hero, Lone Wolf, is the Official Decapitator for a shogun, until his paranoid boss tests his loyalty by ordering the execution of Mrs. Lone Wolf. Unsurprisingly, Lone Wolf fails the test and sets off, pushing his baby son in a rickety wooden cart, to hunt the shrieking members of a sect who did dispatch his wife. All this is done to a

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□ THE SEARCH FOR ALEXANDER

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Etc.

has, in spite of occasional tragic attempts: He conquered the known world. A general who never lost a battle, he was also a student of Aristotle, a reader of Homer's *Iliad*, a lover of orgies and possibly an alcoholic. In short, he was born to be a miniseries on *Masterpiece Theatre*, except that so much about his life has been lost—including

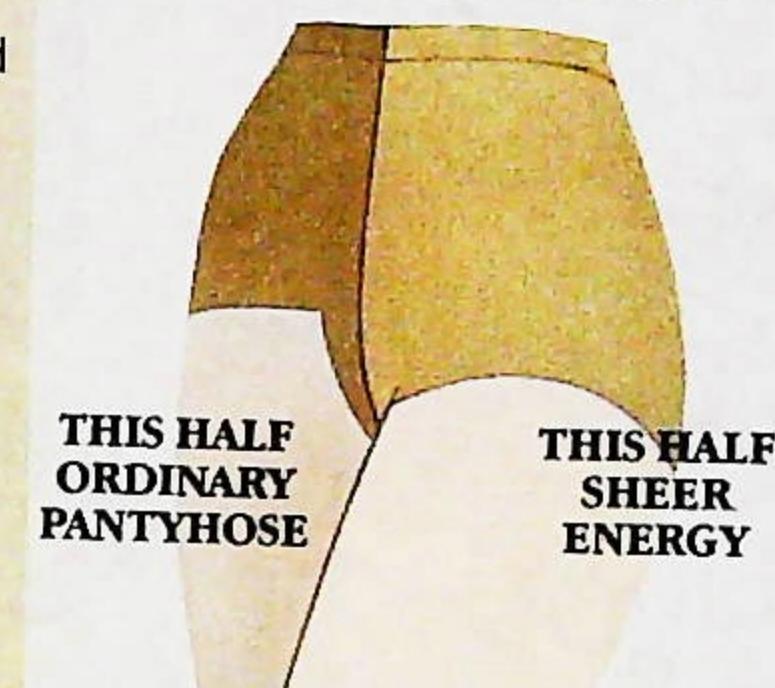
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NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART (3)

"The Search for Alexander" offers a gold wreath from Vergina and varied busts of the conqueror.

People weekly

PICKS & PANS

his body, which was exhibited in Egypt in a crystal coffin for seven centuries, all his personal possessions and even the corpse of his beloved horse, Bucephalus. Much of what we "know" about Alexander is really only speculation. This handsome traveling exhibit, which opened at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. and will remain until April 5, is an attempt to place the elusive legend of Alexander in at least an artistic context. The inspiration of playwright Zachary Morgen, an American of Greek heritage, the show is sponsored by the National Bank of Greece, Mobil Oil and Time Inc. (Morgen is an executive with Books and Arts Associates, a division of Time Inc.) Its centerpiece is a collection of artifacts from a royal burial ground discovered at Vergina, Greece in 1977. A tomb, possibly belonging to Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon, was unearthed intact and objects from it, including a diadem and leg armor, are displayed. They provide the most tangible sense of Alexander. However, a visitor needs a strong imagination to find him in the examples of sophisticated Macedonian metalwork and other items. There is a seven-minute slide introduction to the show, including a Dell comic book and a still of Richard Burton from the 1956 film *Alexander the Great*. There are representations of Alexander of uncertain authenticity, since some of them were sculpted as late as the fourth century A.D. Permeating the exhibit is a sense of mystery as the quest for the almost mythic conqueror goes on. After leaving Washington, the show opens at the Art Institute of Chicago on May 16. It will travel later to Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans and New York. A companion book of the same title has been published (Little, Brown, \$24.95), and a four-part television documentary on Alexander is in production.

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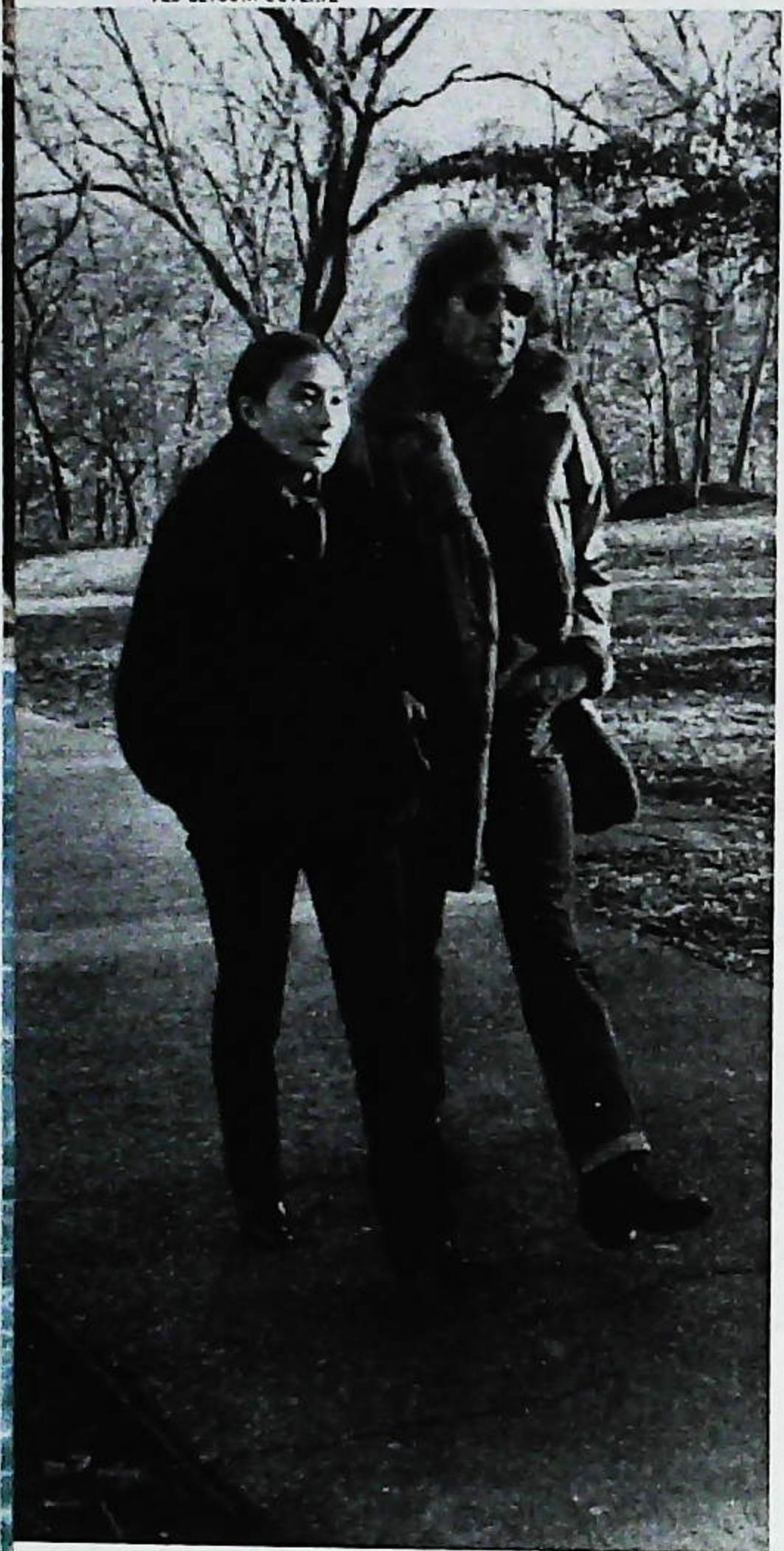
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In the aftershock of his murder, as the fans of John Lennon gathered outside the Dakota and played tapes of his music on their cassette recorders, the sound of her husband's voice came eerily through the night that surrounded Yoko Ono. Numb by the horror and alone in the bed they had shared, she would lie awake in their apartment listening to the songs that had been composed for her.

*Even after all these years
I miss you when you're not here
I wish you were here my dear Yoko,
oh Yoko*

I'll never ever let you go.

At first she was strong, stronger than all the stricken friends and fans who turned to her for consolation. But now, a month later, all the people have gone, the music outside has stopped, and she is left to cope with the silence. Although neither she nor John considered themselves Christian, they viewed Christmas as a beloved occasion for public charity and family closeness. The holiday season was hard. She composed a Christmas message to the staff at her office elsewhere in the Dakota, apologizing for the burden of "the sudden trauma" and adding: "I am deeply touched by your expression of genuine grief and support at this trying time for myself and my family and wish you a happy Christmas nonetheless." But the composure

CONTINUED

In such undertakings as composing a greeting card to accompany Thanksgiving food baskets for the elderly (right) or just taking a stroll in Central Park, John and Yoko were inseparable. Said John: "I'm the famous one, but she's the teacher and I'm the pupil."

ON THIS DAY OF THANKSGIVING

WE ARE THINKING OF YOU

WE WISH YOU A HAPPY LIFE

LOVE, 10/20/80
180

Yoko Ono
John Lennon
SEAN

©BOB ALAN TANNERBAUM

In her Dakota office, Yoko must soon again tend the family business she has managed for five years.



that she mustered in the aftermath of the shooting began to dissolve. Now she cries. Some of her days are nearly unbearable; the rest are merely difficult. In the first three weeks after the December 8 killing, she did not once venture outside her fortress-like building.

Her life has mixed extraordinary privilege with intense suffering, but the loss of her husband poses the severest test yet to Yoko Ono's formidable will. To the outside world, she has often seemed cold and arrogant. But as the Lennons resurfaced after five years of refuge from the limelight, it became clear that Yoko—whose artistic career was aimed always at the few—had chosen to direct her life's performance to an audience of only one.

*Yes, I'm your angel
I'll give you everything
In my magic power
So make a wish
And I'll let it come true for you.*

While John reared their son, Sean, she took over the massive financial involvements that were distasteful to him. What he had sought in the Beatles and the Maharishi and primal therapy and drugs he found finally at home, "staring me right in the face," as he put it. "Yoko taught me everything I know." Even short separations from her could seem almost physically painful to him. "Ah, you're back, my love," a relieved John would sigh as Yoko returned from a business meeting. "Did you slay the dragons today?"



With second husband Tony Cox (behind the camera), Yoko made a 1967 film consisting of 365 shots of bare bottoms.

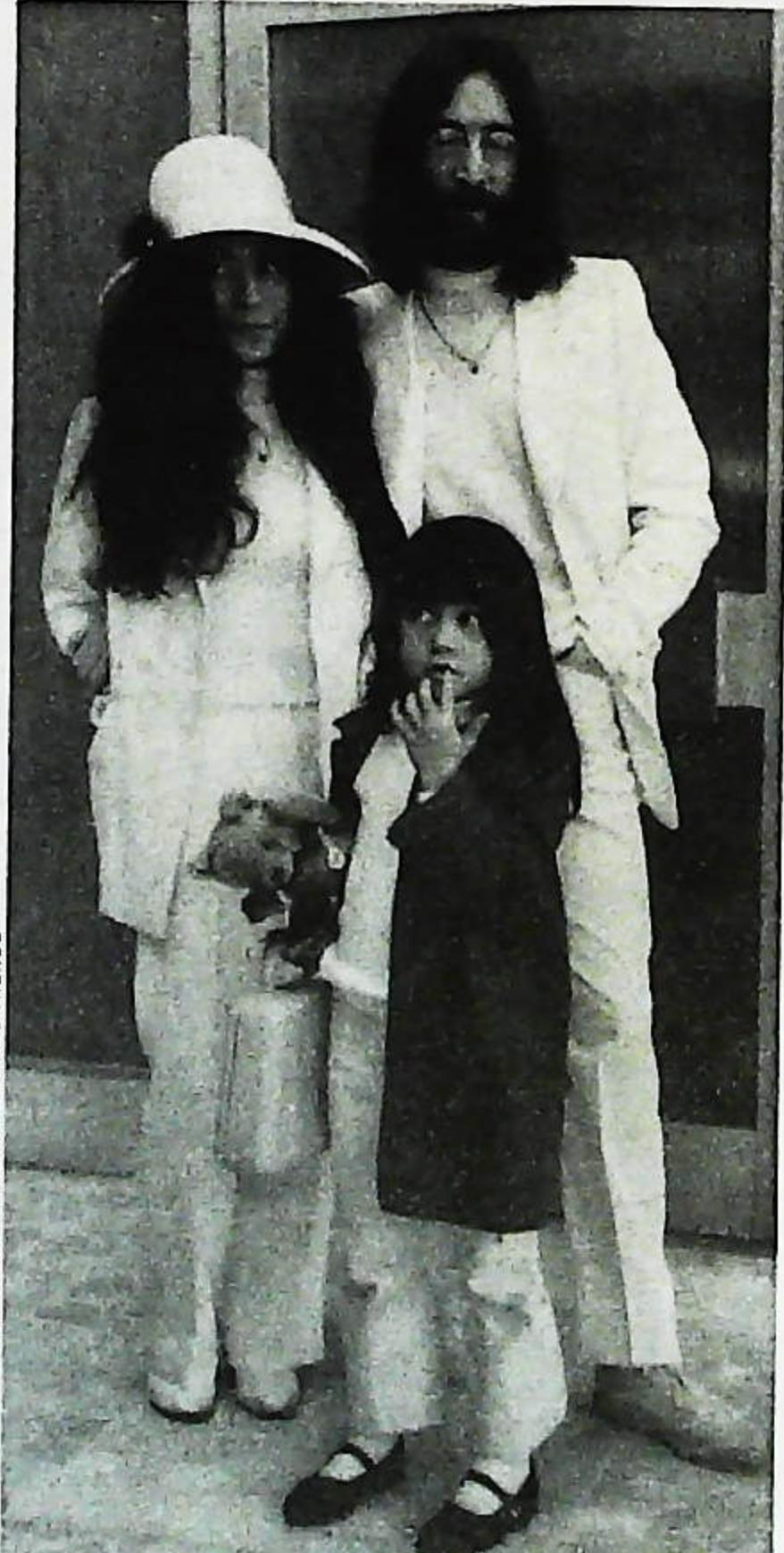
dear?" Her response was always a giggle and a loving grin, glimpses of a part of her that no one else evoked. She recalls such moments as if to engage her power over the grief and her faith that something survives. "It is still the two of us, really," she says. "Our dreams won't ever die."

No life can educate the mind to adapt to an event as brutal as John's murder, but perhaps Yoko is better prepared than most for the passage that faces her now. Her childhood was itinerant and emotionally rootless. The eldest of three children born to a Tokyo banker and his aristocratic wife, Yoko (her name means "ocean child") recalls that she had to make an appointment with a secretary to see her father. The family moved to San Francisco when Yoko was 3, but they returned to Japan at the outbreak of World War II. After the war they came back to the U.S., settling in the elegant New York suburb of Scarsdale. Yoko enrolled at Sarah Lawrence College but dropped out after three years. "It was such a dull scene—just a highly advanced finishing school," she complained.

What fascinated Yoko in the late 1950s was the yeasty art scene of Manhattan. Sharing a Greenwich Village loft with her first husband, avant-garde composer Toshi Ichianagi, Yoko staged such events as a show of paintings placed on the floor to be stepped on. Much of her work was conceptual, consisting of suggestions, for example,

to dig "a shallow hole for the moonlight to make a pond" or to build "a house of many rooms designed so that the wind may blow through, creating a different sound for each room." Divorced in 1964, she married American filmmaker Anthony Cox the same year. One of their collaborative works, entitled *The Stone*, involved helping spectators into a black muslin bag (from the outside, the people-stuffed fabric resembled a stone). When Lennon came to see her exhibition at a fringe London art gallery in 1966, Yoko did not recognize him as a Beatle. "I was very artsy-craftsy and, you know, you did not talk about Beatles in that kind of crowd," she explained. John took an instant liking to her work—particularly a fresh apple on a plastic stand that sold for £200. When he asked her permission to hammer "an imaginary nail for an imaginary five shillings" into a piece entitled *Hammer a Nail In*, she thought, "This guy is playing the same kind of game I am playing."

Their immediate rapport led to an intense but platonic relationship that lasted three years. In 1969, with a tape recorder running by the bed, they consummated their relationship. (They used the tape in their first joint album,



In 1969, John, Yoko and her daughter, Kyoko, then 5, vacationed in the Bahamas. Three years later Kyoko vanished with Cox.

Two Virgins.) Having divorced their spouses (John had been wed for six years to his Liverpool sweetheart, Cynthia Powell), they were married in Gibraltar. Not everyone was as happy about it as they were. At the time, the Beatles were breaking up, and some thought Yoko was to blame. The rifts with Paul, George and Ringo were just healing when John died. "All the bad blood is over with," Yoko says. "All that remains is the love. The rest is past. John felt that way too."

They were not, however, at peace with Yoko's ex-husband Cox, who defied a court decree in 1972 and went into hiding with their daughter, Kyoko, then 8. Father and daughter are still missing. "Since Kyoko left, a part of me has been missing," Yoko says. One of John's last statements was a plea to Cox to let Yoko see her daughter.

The greatest challenge to the mar-

riage began in 1973, when the couple separated for 18 months. John was drinking heavily and romancing his secretary, but he still depended on Yoko. One night he was thrown out of a Los Angeles club for heckling the Smothers Brothers. He telephoned Yoko in despair. "I'm miserable. They're laughing at me. What can I do?" he asked. She replied: "Don't worry what they think." The reunion was painful and tender. "We sat trembling in each other's presence, not talking, and sometimes crying the first times we were together again," says Yoko. When the strain became too great she remembers saying, "You'd better go now." But the reconciliation worked. Numerous physicians insisted they could never have children, but they would not accept the fact. They consulted an acupuncturist in San Francisco, changed their diets, abstained from liquor and drugs, and on John's 35th

birthday Yoko gave birth to Sean. She was 42. John's enthusiasm for house-husbandry was equaled by hers for the business because, she says, "we were both working for the family."

Yoko did sometimes make financial decisions on the basis of astrology or numerology, and the couple was very superstitious about jinxing their happiness. On the *Double Fantasy* album, John briefly changed the title of *Losing You* to *(Afraid I'm) Losing You*, fearing that the unqualified title was an invitation to disaster. He then went back to the original, laughing at his "silliness." Faced now with the knowledge that John is lost, Yoko finds her greatest consolation in Sean, 5—and in the thought that the peace and love they had preached all those years had come closer to them than ever before. "After 14 years," says Yoko, "we were nearly there."

DAVID SHEFF

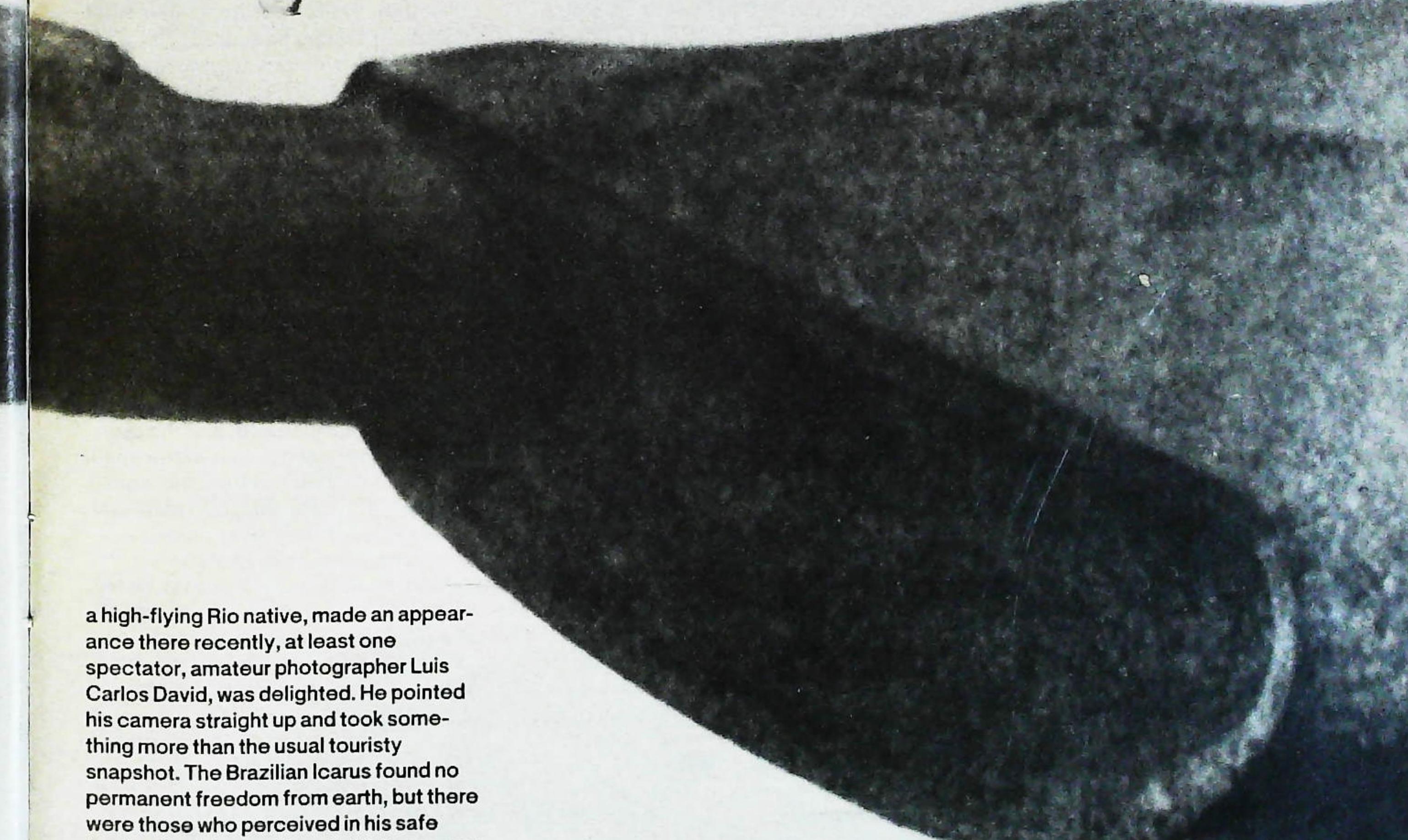
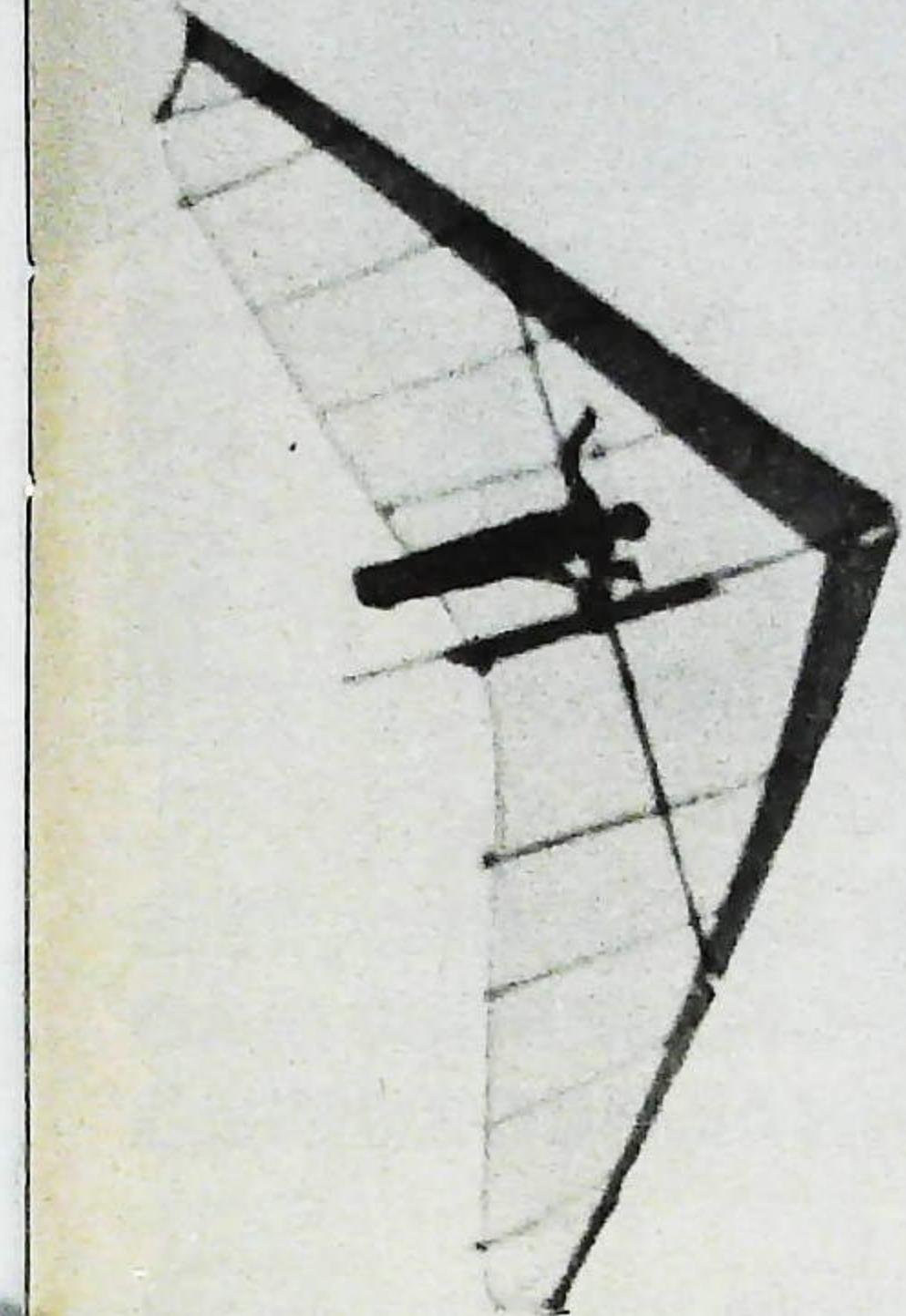


"Hard times are over for a while," Yoko sang on *Double Fantasy*. Sadly, she must now get through the hardest times of all.

IT WASN'T PALM SUNDAY, BUT THIS ARTFUL BRAZILIAN HANG GLIDER DESERVED A HAND

Since it was built in 1931, the 100-foot statue of Christ the Redeemer atop Rio de Janeiro's Corcovado Mountain has drawn millions of visitors. Most (including Pope John Paul II, who went last July) make the 2,300-foot pilgrimage on a cogwheel railway. Lately the monument has become a favorite of seekers on another spiritual path. True, hang gliding over Corcovado is illegal, but when Manuel Navajo,

a high-flying Rio native, made an appearance there recently, at least one spectator, amateur photographer Luis Carlos David, was delighted. He pointed his camera straight up and took something more than the usual touristy snapshot. The Brazilian Icarus found no permanent freedom from earth, but there were those who perceived in his safe landing the intervention of a higher power.



Jiang Qing, a stage name that means "azure river," played Nora in a 1935 staging of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*.



In 1947, after 10 years with Mao at his cave headquarters in Yanan (right), Jiang Qing stood ready for the battles ahead.



STILL DEFYING HER ACCUSERS, THE WIDOW OF CHAIRMAN MAO COMES TO A FINAL RECKONING

The day she was arrested in 1976, so many of her fellow citizens celebrated that the liquor stores in Shanghai ran dry. Since then, literally thousands of Chinese have come forward to accuse her of cruel and unspeakable crimes—and last week in a Peking courtroom Jiang Qing, the 67-year-old widow of the late Chairman Mao Zedong, felt at last the full force of her countrymen's hatred for her. Her conviction a foregone conclusion, the prosecution requested a sentence of death. She responded to her quickening troubles earlier in the week by stunning her judges with a challenge: "I dare you people to sentence me to death in front of one million people in Tiananmen Square."

Vain defiance may be the only weapon left to the former Shanghai movie actress who was once the most powerful woman in China. After four years of confinement, Jiang and her cohorts in the Gang of Four—former bureaucrats Zhang Chunqiao, Yao Wenyuan and Wang Hongwen—were brought to trial for a series of brutal criminal acts. The accusations included causing the death of some 34,000 people during the chaotic Cultural Revolution, which began in 1966. One of the alleged victims of this crude cam-

paign to purify Communist ideology was former head of state Liu Shaoqi, who died in prison in 1969. Six co-defendants were indicted along with the Gang, including senior military officials charged with plotting to murder Mao himself. Jiang's most serious crime, though, may have been helping to mastermind the 1976 purge of Deng Xiaoping, who returned to power in August 1977 and is now vice-chairman of the Communist party and the acknowledged leader of China. Madame Mao insists that her political acts were ordered by the Great Helmsman himself. "I was Chairman Mao's dog," she told the court. "Whomever he told me to bite, I bit."

That defense proved useless at her trial. Mao is now portrayed as less than a superhuman figure in China. He has recently been criticized in the party press, and his hand-picked successor, Hua Guofeng, has all but disappeared from public view. Critics point out that Jiang might have fared better if she had not been such a profoundly unsympathetic figure all her public life, from the day in 1937 when she joined Mao's Red Army in remote Yanan—and proceeded to romance the Communist leader away from his third wife, He Zizhen (who has spent most

of her later years in a Shanghai mental institution). During her career Jiang affected slinky Western dresses and made no secret of her love for the films of Greta Garbo and Charlie Chaplin—even while she forced ordinary Chinese to watch the tedious revolutionary operas and ballets that she and her friends staged during the Cultural Revolution. "Bourgeois democratic films are to be reserved for private showing," she imperiously proclaimed.

As the spectacle of her nationally televised trial made clear, the Chinese people are hungry for revenge. The ways of Chinese jurisprudence are murky and unstructured, and the ultimate penalty (a pistol shot to the head) may never be exacted from the woman whose detractors used to call her "the Empress." Whatever her sentence, she cannot say she was not warned. "These few words may be my last message to you," her husband of almost 40 years wrote in a note to her shortly before his death. "I have tried to reach the peak of revolution, but I was not successful. But you could reach the top. If you fail you will plunge into a fathomless abyss. Your body will shatter. Your bones will break." Last week Jiang Qing calmly told her judges: "I am prepared to die." □

A.F.P. PICTORIAL PARADE



In the 1960s the couple launched the Cultural Revolution. "Mao failed to see through Jiang," a prosecutor charged.

On trial for her life (below), Jiang Qing insisted: "I was following Mao Zedong's revolutionary line." The defense failed.

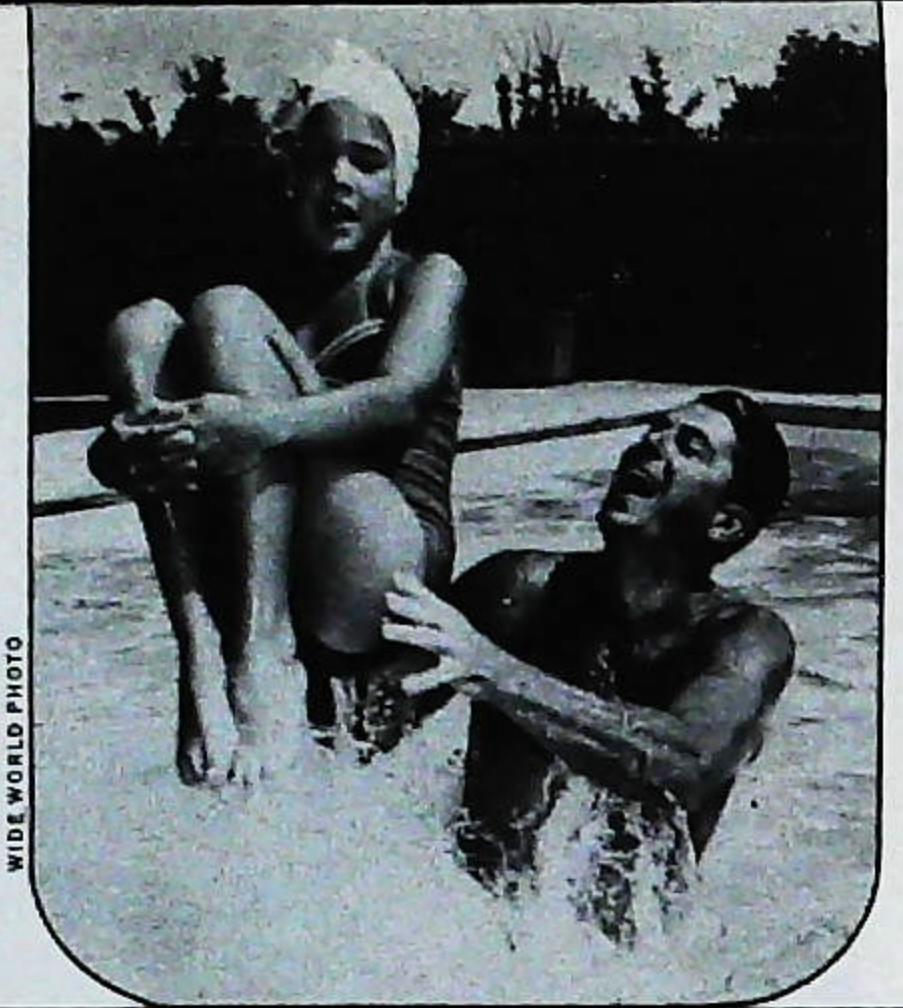


Accused of "bourgeois" tastes by her critics, Jiang Qing (below, in 1972) loved to press orchids and affect Western dress.



At the height of her power in 1972, Jiang Qing (with Zhou Enlai, left) hosted then President Richard Nixon on his state visit.





WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A REAGAN BY ANY OTHER NAME, STAR-ELECT PATTI DAVIS HOPES FOR HER OWN LANDSLIDE

Not long after entering his old profession in 1973, Ronald Reagan's daughter Patti decided she did not want to trade on his name and began calling herself Davis (after her mother's family). But after seven scrambling years in showbiz, she has taken a more

practical view of Dad's coattails since the presidential election. "It's the biggest break I've ever had," Patti admits. "People are interested in me — maybe not for the right reasons, but they're interested. There are a lot of starving actors and actresses, some of

them real talented, whom you'll never hear of because they didn't get the right break. But any of these people, if they had the break," she adds, "would take advantage of it."

Patti began her contingency planning before Reagan was even nominated. Last summer, when her résumé consisted of one recorded songwriting credit, five small TV roles and childhood commercials with Pop for Borax and GE, she decided on more aggressive representation. Her managerial

team now consists of Jay Bernstein (mastermind behind Farrah Fawcett and Suzanne Somers) and Larry Thompson. Her new agent, Norman Brokaw, is also no rookie. His clients have ranged from Marilyn Monroe to Marlo Thomas and, 30 years ago, Patti's mother, MGM contract player Nancy Davis.

The post-election plums have been little short of spectacular. While vetoing a quarter-million-dollar book contract and a \$20,000 "Phyllis George-

type TV sports thing," Patti accepted a role on ABC's *Vegas* (playing a pimp's assistant) and a singing gig on *Toni Tennille's* syndicated talk show. Last month she signed an exclusive one-year six-figure TV contract with NBC. Is she embarrassed by her sudden success at 28? "A little," Patti concedes. "But it's not as if I slid into it. For years I've been going to auditions, getting a few parts, being turned down for others. I've worked as a waitress to pay the rent; I feel as if I've paid my dues."

She also realizes that she isn't through paying. "My creative work is going to be judged more harshly, so I'll never be able to wing it," she acknowledges. "People are going to be extra critical." She understands, too, that many of her father's constituents are concerned about moral laxness on TV and in movies. "It's not that I should or shouldn't take a role because I'm the President's daughter," Patti says, "but my parents don't like foul language in films and they don't like nudity. To a certain point I agree, but I'm not as hard-line as they are. My language isn't entirely pure. I also don't believe in making a blanket statement that I would never do a nude scene. My parents have enough confidence in my judgment that they know I wouldn't do something exploitive."

There was a time when the Reagans' confidence was tested severely. Born in L.A., Patti was attending boarding school in Arizona when Reagan became California's governor in 1967. "I was pretty feisty," she recalls. "My idea of beauty was total beatnik: black turtleneck and black skirt, black around

CONTINUED



Patti's new brain trust is (from left) the managerial team of Jay Bernstein and Larry Thompson and agent Norman Brokaw.

Photographs by Tony Costa



HENRY DILTZ

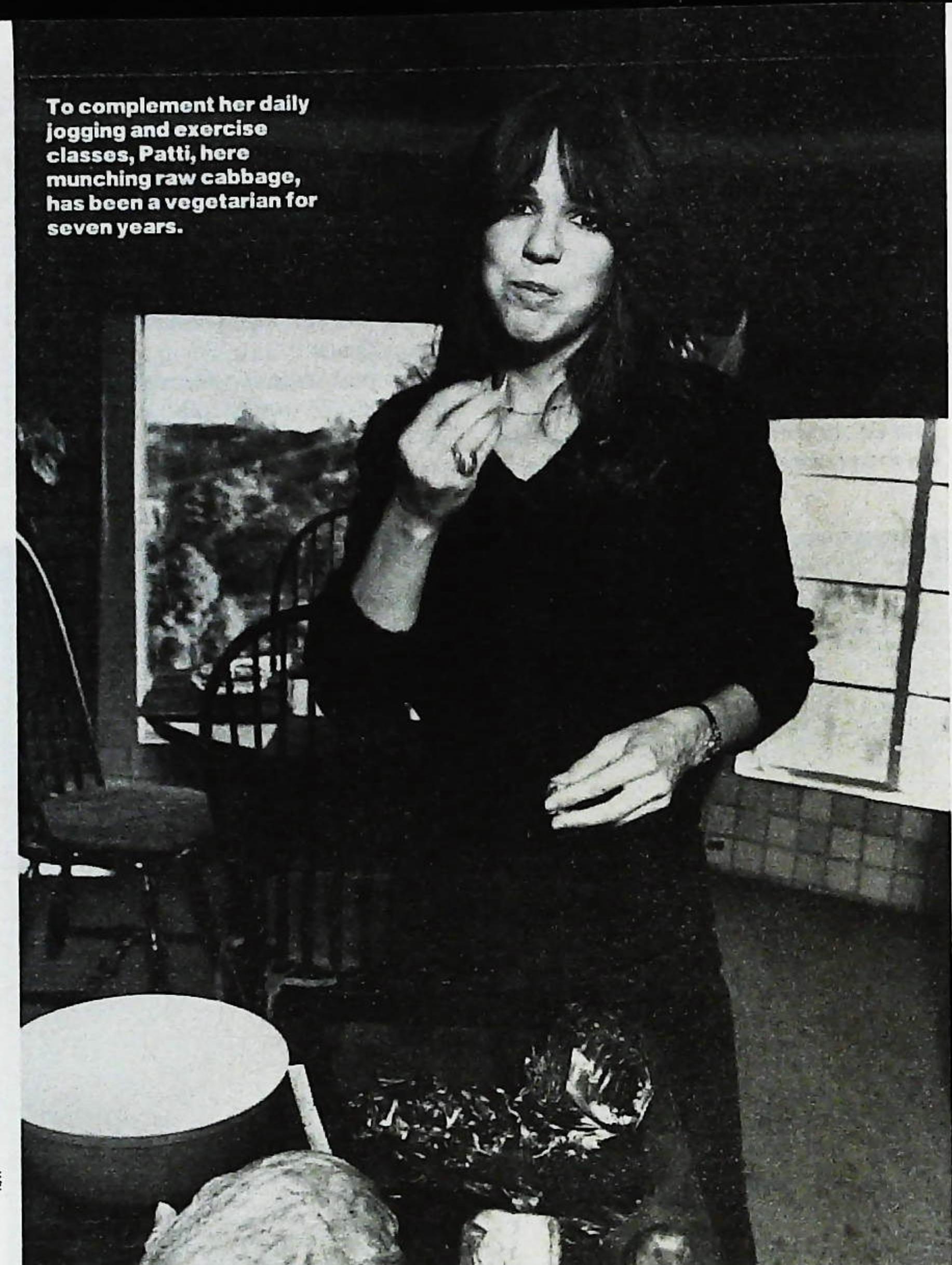
Bernie Leadon, a one-time Eagles guitarist, was Patti's songwriting collaborator and roommate in the mid-'70s.



Jim Hutton's son Tim took Patti to a recent screening, but she insists the *Ordinary People* co-star is "just a friend."

the eyes and white lipstick. I thought I looked ravishing." Entering Northwestern the year after the Kent State killings, she turned politically rebellious as well. "It was a very heavy time," she says. "I was pretty involved with 'the other side,' and I made my views known." Patti later transferred to USC, but dropped out to write songs and move in with guitarist Bernie Leadon of the Eagles, with whom she collaborated on *I Wish You Peace*. Patti's laissez-faire lifestyle ("I don't think pot is such a terrible drug") led to strained relations between her and her parents.

That rift, as well as a certain coolness that once existed between Patti and brother Ron and especially between her and her half siblings Maureen and Michael, finally seems ended. The entire family spent a rare



To complement her daily jogging and exercise classes, Patti, here munching raw cabbage, has been a vegetarian for seven years.

Christmas together this year at the Reagans' Pacific Palisades home, and Patti the ex-beatnik will appear at the inauguration night parties in a red chiffon Dior. Otherwise, she still adheres to her striving actress routine. She exercises daily in Jane Fonda's class ("I admire her as a woman, an actress and an activist") and shares a one-bedroom bungalow in Santa Monica with her mutt, Freebo. Not that she lacks for human company, however. Three Secret Service men now occupy the garage (she requested women agents, but was told none were available), and long-lost friends are coming out of the woodwork. "I got a letter from my first boyfriend," Patti says wonderingly, "a guy I had a crush on when I was 11—we used to go skateboarding together." Anything more current? Patti crinkles her

face. "What love life?" she asks. Professionally, of course, everything is coming up roses. She is excited about a part as a rock singer in a projected TV miniseries based on *Valley of the Dolls*, and hopes to be considered for a possible Robert De Niro film. If Patti is optimistic about her career, so are the high-powered men who are handling it. Says Larry Thompson: "A lot of girls try acting and then move back to Minneapolis. Here's a girl who stuck with it. She has a lot of talent. Now her father's election will make people take a look at it." Chimes in his partner Jay Bernstein: "We're not doing a fast Hula Hoop marketing. We're not putting out T-shirts. What we are doing is maximizing the potential of an opportunity. She'll be a superstar in a year, and that's not hype."

DAVID SHEFF

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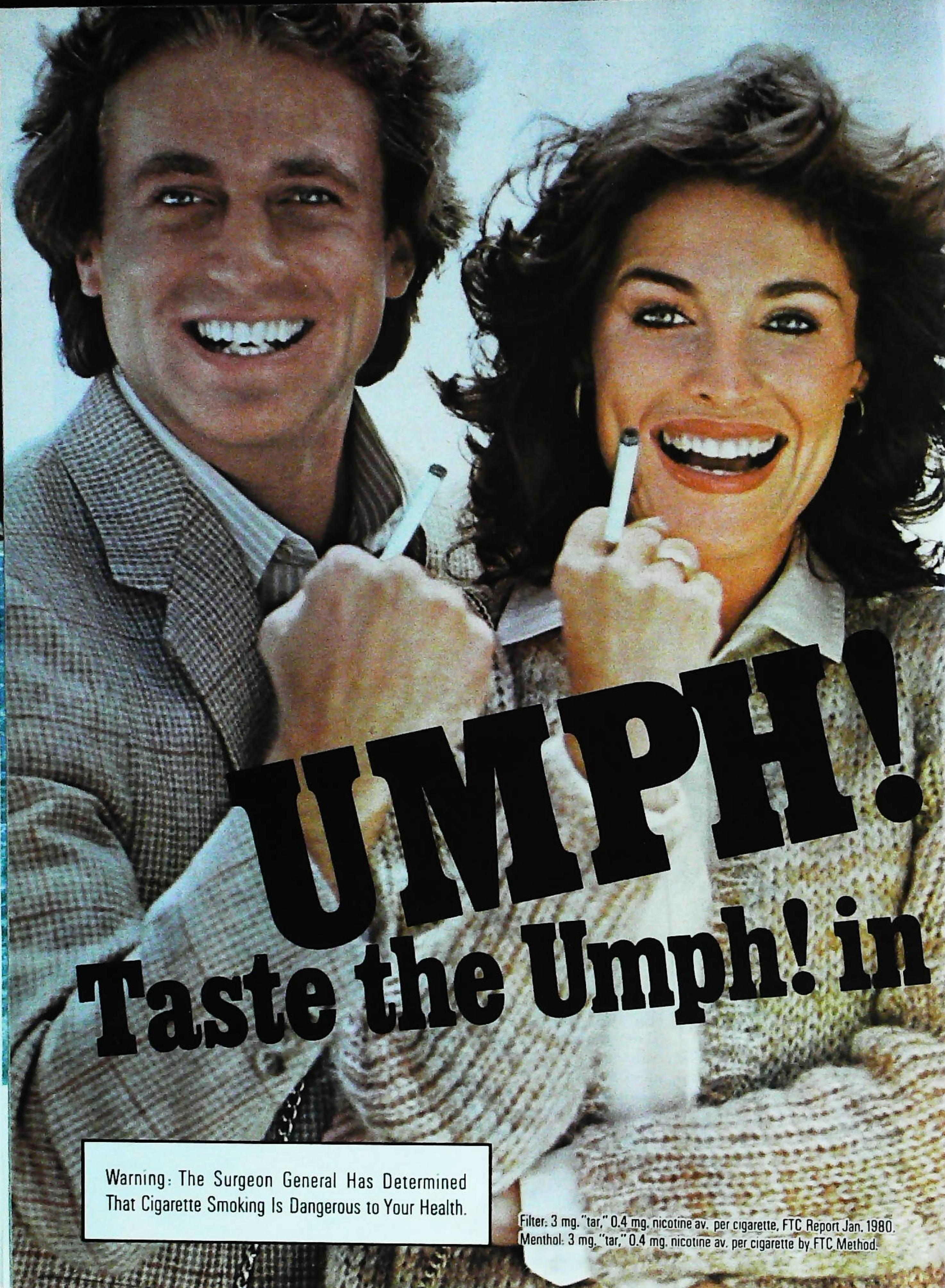
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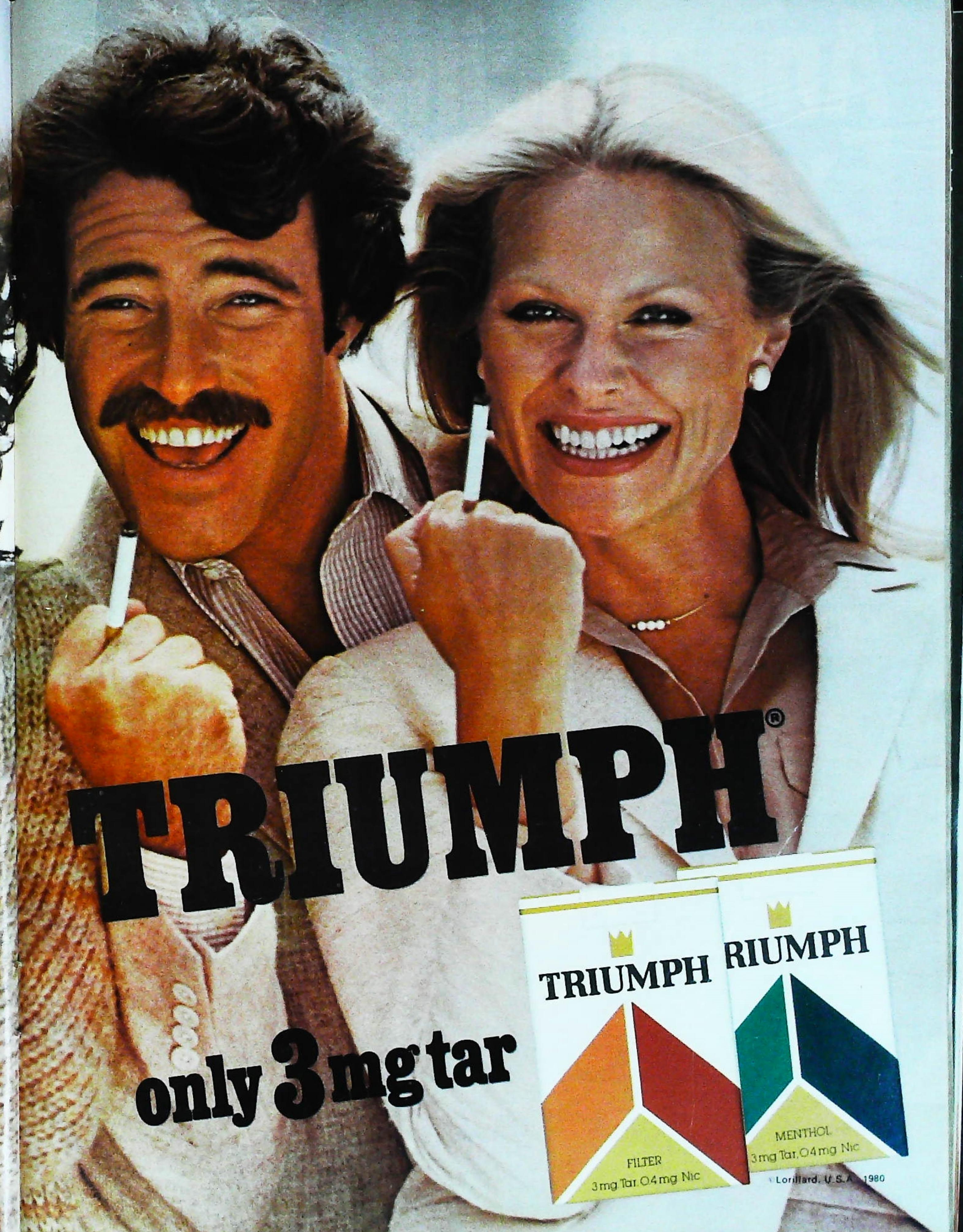
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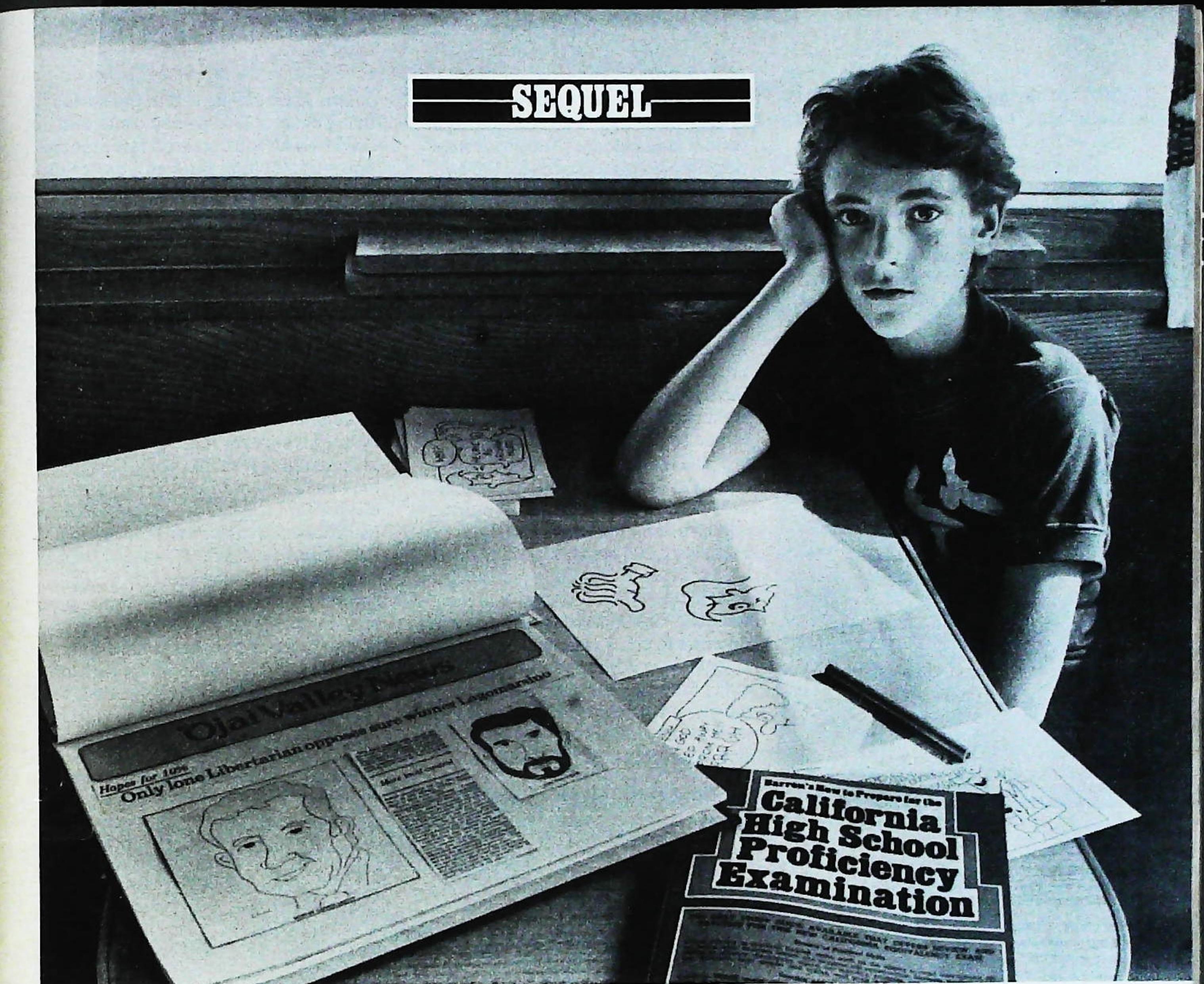
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SEQUEL



David Webb has taken a sample high school proficiency test at home—"and I passed fairly easily," he says.

AUTHOR CHARLES WEBB FIGHTS THE SCHOOL SYSTEM TO KEEP HIS SON FROM BECOMING A GRADUATE

When anti-hero Benjamin (Dustin Hoffman) Braddock showed his disgust for American middle-class manners and morals in the 1967 film classic *The Graduate*, millions of young citizens cheered—and went on to live respectable, Establishment lives. So it goes. But some people never forgot the lesson of *The Graduate*—and chief among them are its author, Charles Webb, his wife, Eve, and their two sons, John, 16, and David, 13. Since 1967 Webb has written several novels, including *Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*. Eve, a painter, shaved her head and put a ring through her nose to argue that women should not

be judged on physical appearance. The whole family wintered at a deserted French beach resort and summered in a Massachusetts nudist camp. Even such cathartic experiences did not wash all the rebellion out of the Webbs' blood. They now live in a VW van and a trailer and move every two weeks from one Ojai, Calif. campground to another. They have also embarked on a new crusade to remove their youngest son from school. "We couldn't function in a situation where I'm a painter and Charles is a writer while David is unable to express himself creatively," says Eve. "It's too much guilt to bear."

Photographs by ©Steve Schapiro/Sygma

The Webbs have filed suit against the state of California, arguing that David should be allowed to take a high school equivalency test and drop out of the alternative school he now attends in an Ojai home—just as his brother, John, did when he turned 16 last June. "There are important things to talk about that the school system does not accommodate," says Charles. "It's not just what kids learn in school—it's the attitudes they absorb. Good manners are almost anathema to them." As an example, he cites John's arrest for shoplifting in nearby Ventura in 1979. "The attitude at his school was, 'A lot of kids do it,'" Webb complains.

CONTINUED
43

"I'm not saying John's school was a particularly bad one—it wasn't—but it got us thinking."

Charles, 41, and Eve, 40, decided to spend eight months last year in France. "There was a language barrier," Charles recalls, "and it seemed a good idea to teach the kids at home." During their trip back to the States in April, the family met some members of a Fall

"There's no reason to keep a kid in school when he wants to leave," says Charles Webb, with David in their mobile home.



SEQUEL

River, Mass. nudist colony who invited them to join and bring their anti-school ideas along. "They said we'd never be disturbed or detected because the authorities were too embarrassed to go into nudist colonies," says Charles. The boys' relaxed schooling grew even more informal. Classes were held in the buff. "We got into anatomy a little bit," says John. But even though Eve had once hosted a Manhattan art show in the nude to protest New York marriage laws, the family found the life unnatural. "Aside from school, we only ventured out in our underwear," Charles says, blushing. That reticence prompted them to return to California—but not before they conferred with Boston deschooling guru John Holt, who told them that at least 10,000 parents across the U.S. were teaching their own children, sharing the Webbs' dismay with conventional schooling. Emboldened, they decided to challenge the law.

California authorities will contest the suit. (They didn't in John's case because he was older.) "The petition fails to show any breach of the law," scoffs one state attorney. "All Mr. Webb

seems to be saying is that the state is being unfair." The Webbs claim that David—who took up art a few months ago—is unable to work as a cartoonist. To support their contention that he is a professional in the field, they point to his more than 20 published efforts in a local newspaper.

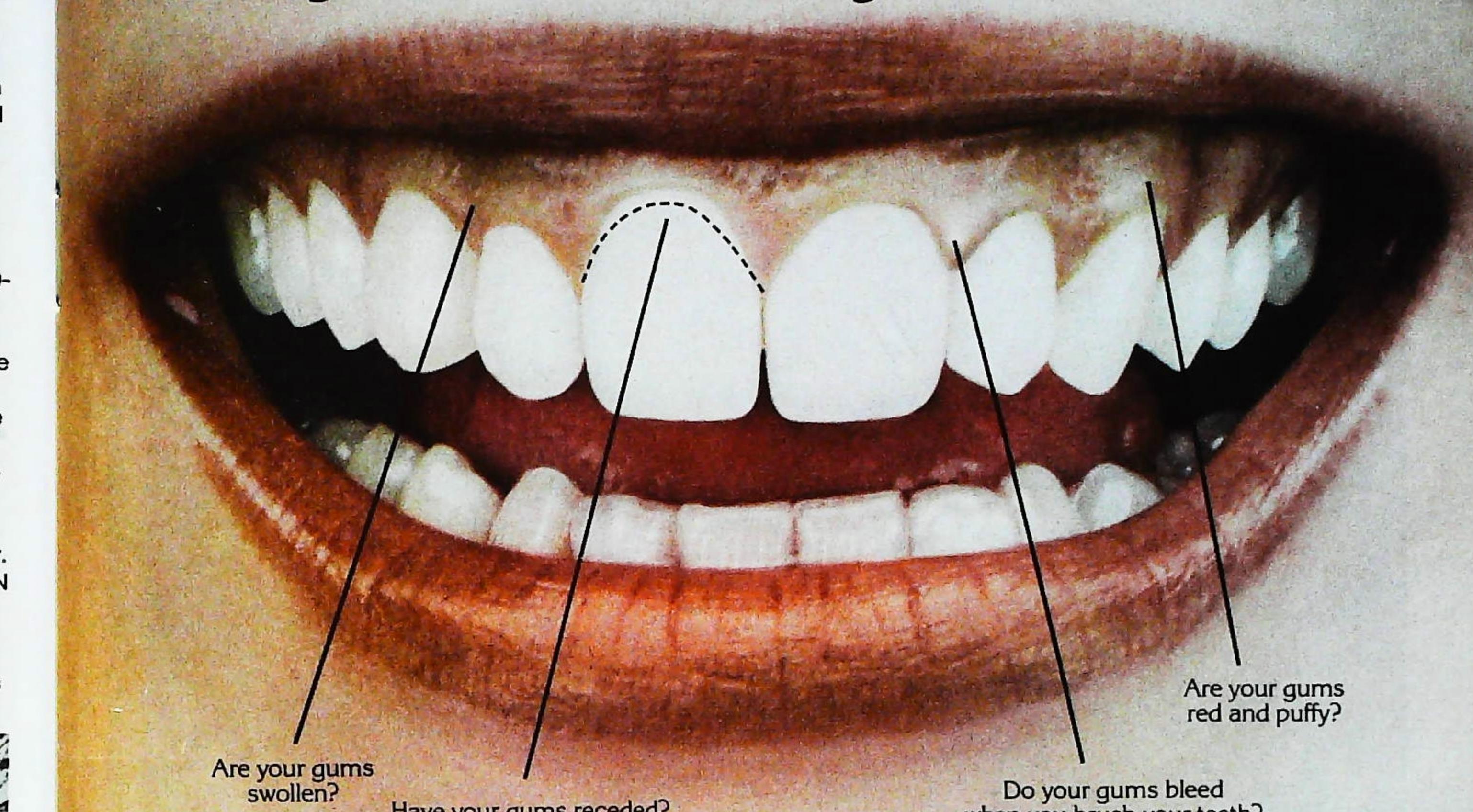
Meanwhile brother John, freed from the discipline of school, has embarked on a journalistic career. His latest project: interviewing students at his school about shoplifting. The deschooling crusade has had its impact on Charles Webb's career too. Since he has given away most of the \$100,000-plus royalties from his books and movies to environmental groups, he can't afford a lawyer. He and Eve wrote the brief in David's case themselves. "It's hard," he sighs. "The legal people we meet aren't very helpful." To research procedure, Charles had to give up work on his new novel—his first in three years. Its perhaps wishful title: *Getting to Heaven without an Attorney.*

DAVID GRITTEN

The Itinerant Webb family lives by scrounging. "People give us fish and bags of apples," says Charles. "It helps."



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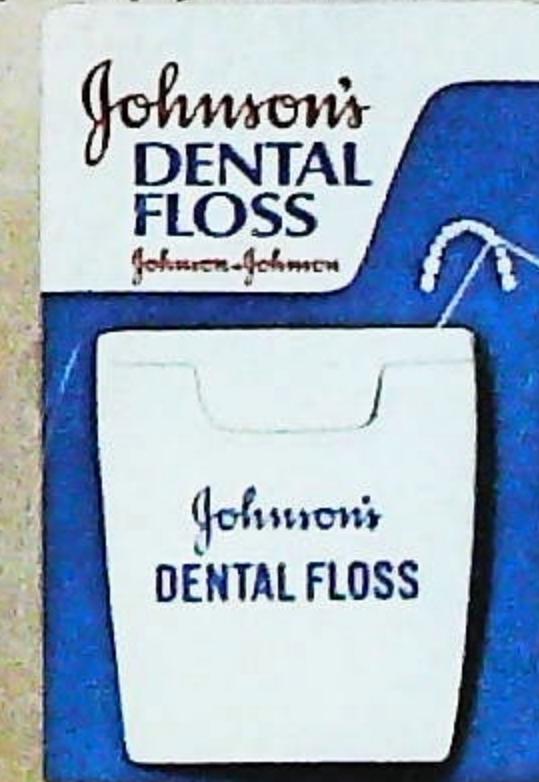
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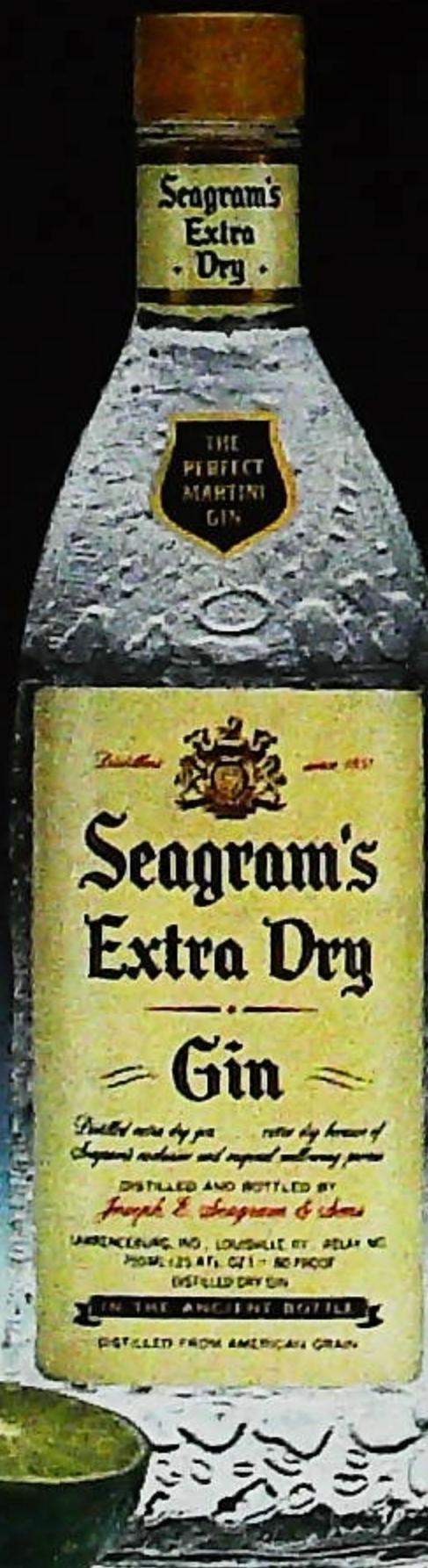
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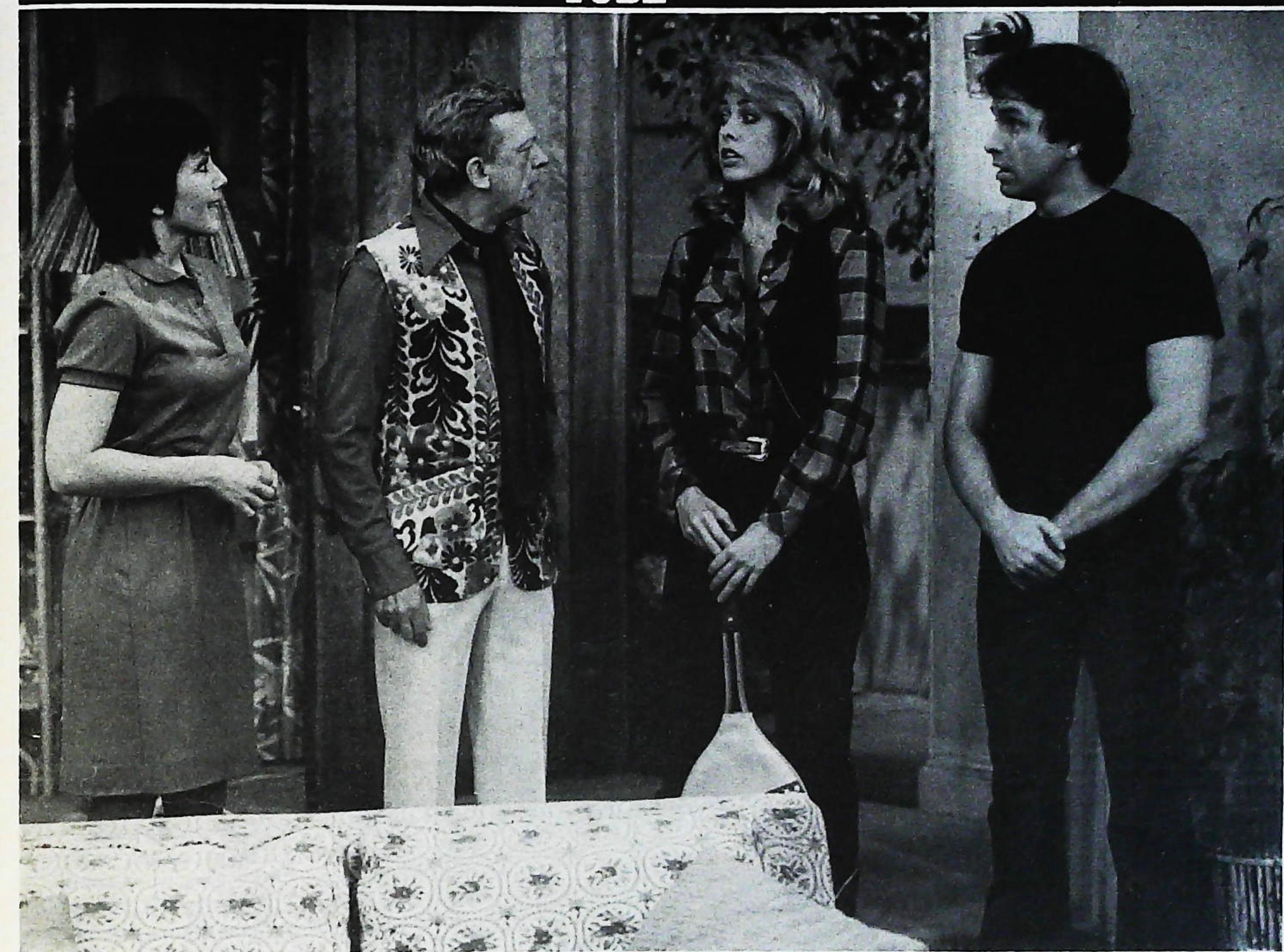
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TUBE



Three's Company stars Joyce De Witt, Don Knotts and John Ritter now only have eyes for newcomer Jenilee Harrison.

IF FOUR'S A CROWD ON 'THREE'S COMPANY,' WILL JENILEE HARRISON BUMP SUZANNE SOMERS?

I identify with the little guy," says Suzanne Somers, and small wonder. Since her salary hassle with the producers of *Three's Company* has begun to approach a state of war, her part on the series has become littler and littler. Her embittered co-stars, John Ritter and Joyce De Witt, reportedly refuse to share the set with her, and her on-screen time has been slashed to minutes per episode. Worse, to prove to Somers that there is not exactly a shortage of blondes in Burbank, the producers have hired Jenilee Harrison, 21, a shapely refugee from the Los Angeles Rams' cheerleaders, a/k/a the Embraceable Ewes. "She's not a re-

placement for Suzanne," insists co-producer Bernie West. "She's an additional character who might remain when Suzanne comes back."

For the moment, though, no one can say when that will happen. The trouble dates back to March, when Somers, who started the five-year-old series at an estimated \$2,500 a week and rose to \$22,500, asked for a raise, and the producers offered \$35,000. "Insulting," declared Somers' husband

CONTINUED



Somers' husband-manager, Alan Hamel, called a press conference to announce a USO tour and to deny she was abandoning the *Three's Company* ship.

TUBE

and new manager, Alan Hamel, who claims that De Witt earns nearly the same amount. (Ritter is said to earn \$50,000.) "You want to name silly numbers, we'll name silly numbers." He thereupon demanded \$150,000 per, plus 10 percent of the show's profits, which, according to Hamel, will ultimately reach \$200 million in syndication.

The silliness ceased in November when Somers missed a pivotal rehearsal, forcing a frantic rewrite. Hamel claims Somers broke a rib taping *The Tonight Show* and couldn't perform. "The producers wanted to have a physician examine her, and we agreed, but they never responded," he says. "The X-rays are there to see." Co-

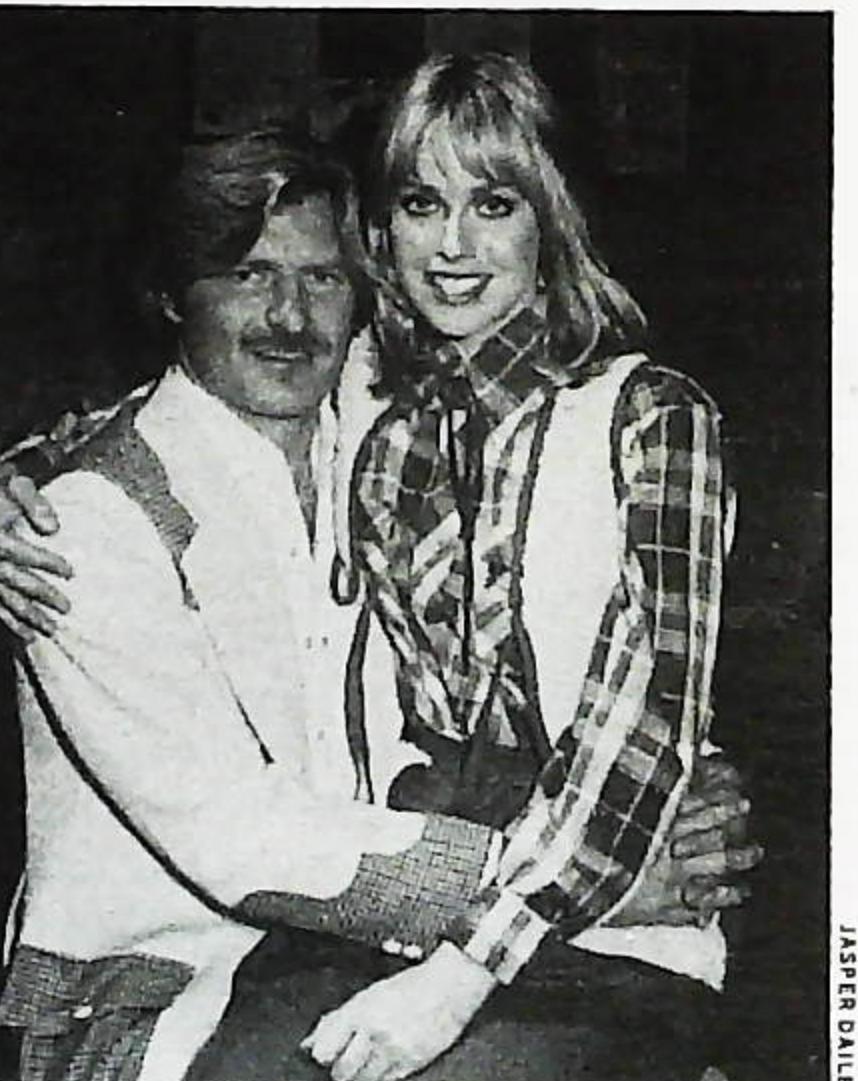
producer Mickey Ross remembers it differently. "Suzanne wasn't ill," he says. "I got a call from Hamel the day before saying she would come in if we settled on more money. She walked out on her fellow actors," he continues. "When she came in the next day and said 'I'm ready,' we weren't." Somers' character, the birdbrained Chrissy Snow, was abruptly written out of the action (she's said to be out of town visiting her mother), while Jenilee Harrison was rushed in to play the part of her cousin, Cindy Snow, who takes over her bed in the *ménage à trois*.

No one holds any grudge against Jenilee. "I've never even met Suzanne," she reports, "and John and Joyce told me I'm part of the family now." She doesn't threaten them with her acting experience: Aside from two

seasons with the Ewes, she had done mostly commercials (currently Pepsi Light and Arco). "This is the biggest thing that's ever happened to me," she admits. "My character, Cindy, is young, intelligent, bubbly and eager to please—I think there are many similarities between us. But I'm also aggressive and tough," adds Harrison, who thinks that growing up one of five children in a middle-class Northridge, Calif. home may have helped: "You had to be competitive just to be heard." She began working as a waitress part-time at 14, paid her way through USC (\$8,000 a year, she reckons) with income from TV commercials, and already owned a Porsche 924, a condominium and part interest in a shopping center before signing for *Three's Company*. "But now I'm like a kid in a candy store," says Harrison, who has a one-season contract with a renewal option. "I'm not going to worry about what might happen tomorrow. If I don't do a good job now, there won't be a tomorrow."

Harrison's tomorrows depend in part on Suzanne Somers, and Somers' future depends on whom you listen to. "We're negotiating," says Hamel. "We aren't negotiating at all," says Ross. "We've met our commitments and we expect her to meet hers." Hamel claims she isn't getting paid. "We're continuing to pay her," says Ross. Sums up Somers, wounded in pride and pocketbook: "It's preferable for me to stay in the show—but there has to be some incentive."

GAIL BUCHALTER



Harrison, who lives in a North Hollywood condo, is shopping for a house and a horse, and working up a singing act with her sweetie, former L.A. Rams defensive back Jeff Severson.



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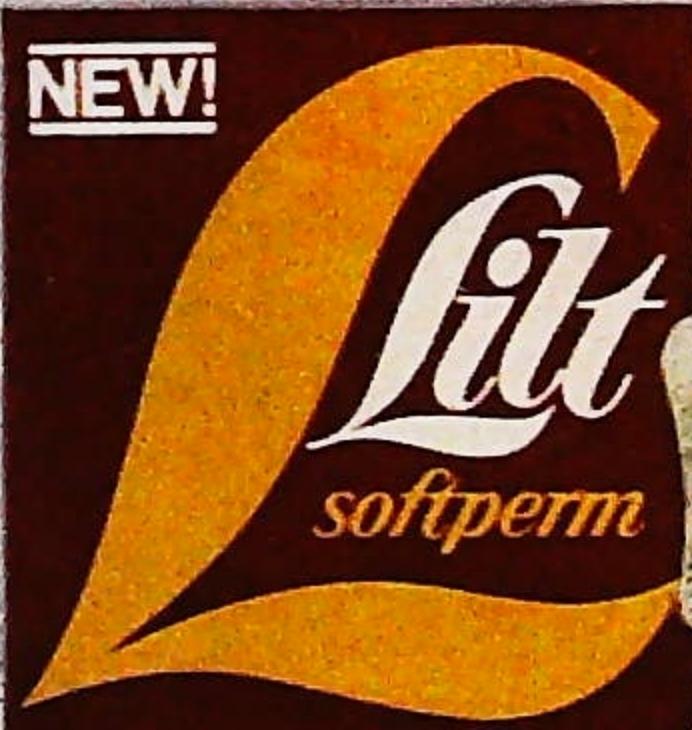
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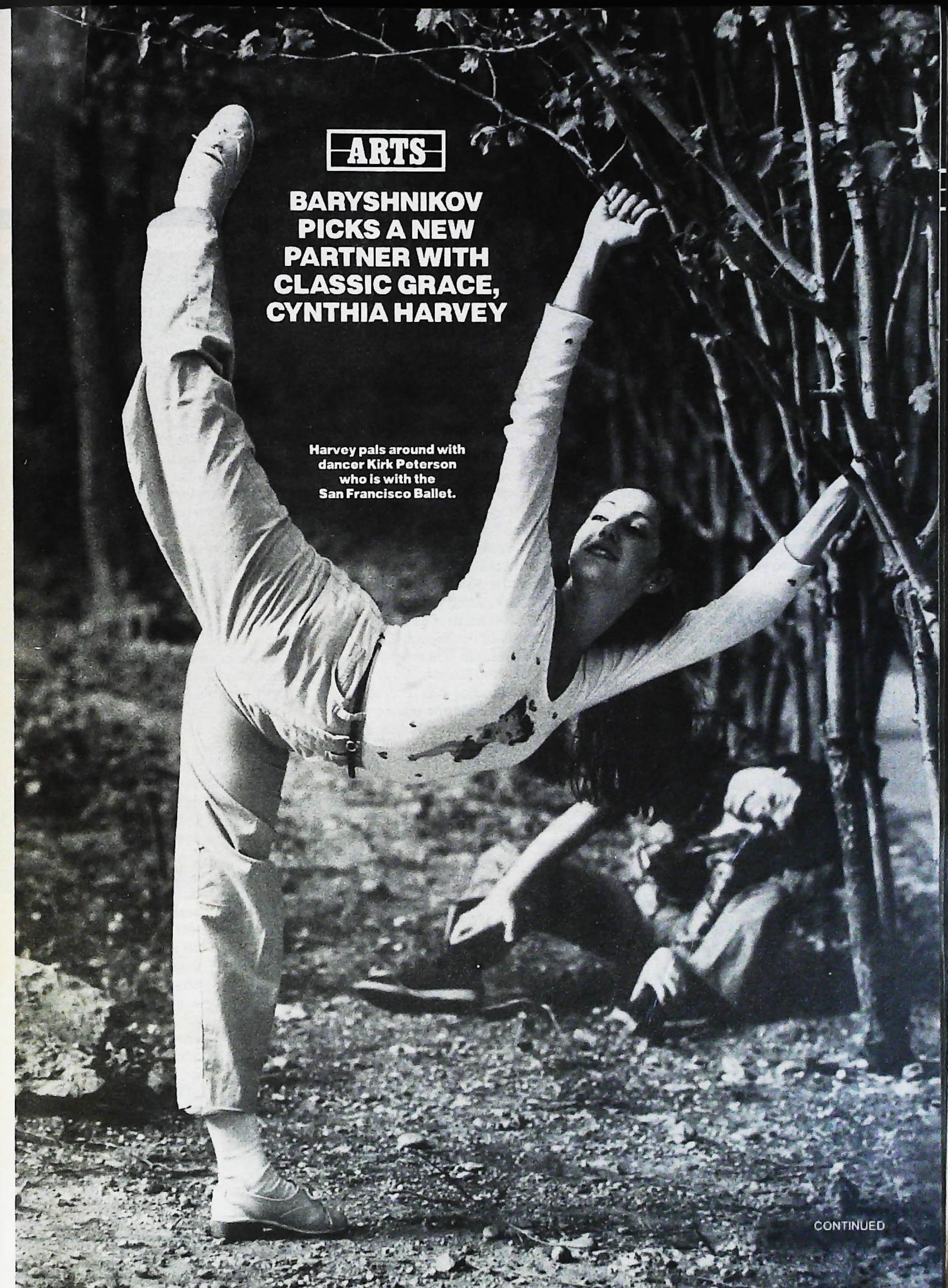
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ARTS

BARYSHNIKOV PICKS A NEW PARTNER WITH CLASSIC GRACE, CYNTHIA HARVEY

Harvey pals around with dancer Kirk Peterson who is with the San Francisco Ballet.



CONTINUED

Misha calls her impulsive. 'I go for the moment,' she admits

ARTS

Working for Mikhail Baryshnikov can be brutal. Since taking over as artistic director of the American Ballet Theatre four months ago, he has fired two stars and is feuding with a third. But that hasn't intimidated Cynthia Harvey, the 23-year-old brunette he has chosen as his new partner. While rehearsing a tender *pas de deux* recently, he instructed her to "whisper something sweet in my ear." As the music swelled, she murmured, "Can I have a raise?" She didn't get one (her salary is \$500 a week), but she has Misha's number. "When he's dancing with you," she reports, "he really stares into your eyes. I just look right back!"

Harvey takes his criticism good-naturedly. During one rehearsal Baryshnikov complained that her arms flopped like "dead chicken wings." She flapped and cackled back to her starting point and did it again his way.

Despite the needling, the 5'4", 106-pound Harvey has become the swan-necked symbol of the new classicism that Baryshnikov hopes to create at ABT. He has decreed that the company, which once spotlighted stars like himself, will henceforth stress pure dance instead of personalities.

To prove it, Baryshnikov did not hesitate to fire Gelsey Kirkland, 28, and her live-in beau, Patrick Bissell, 23, when they missed dress rehearsal on the eve of the company's season debut last month. Kirkland, perhaps the finest lyric ballerina in the West, had been Baryshnikov's partner and lover six years ago, and she was set to return to ABT after a year's absence. Meanwhile Bissell had enjoyed a swift rise to principal dancer. The



Misha has chosen Cynthia as his season-long partner in *Les Sylphides*. Gelsey Kirkland was expected to get the role.

two were frequently late for rehearsal; on this occasion, Misha had had enough.

The season opened at Washington's Kennedy Center with substitutes for the pair, and critics cheered. On the second night a distraught Kirkland showed up backstage in jeans. The company scuttlebutt is that Bissell will be rehired, but possibly not Gelsey. (Meanwhile Natalia Makarova, who walked out when Baryshnikov was named director, has reluctantly signed to do guest appearances.)

In contrast to such mercurial stars, Cynthia Harvey is a determined workhorse. The daughter of a milkman

Harvey tore ligaments in her foot last spring, but physical therapist Traian Popa helped her regain dancing form.



BARBARA ROWES

Photographs by Henry Grossman

turned insurance salesman, she grew up in Marin County, Calif. and was enrolled in dancing school at 9 by her Mexican mother, an office manager. At 14, Harvey began winning ballet scholarships. Her commitment to dance soon made her an outcast at San Marin High. "When other kids were into the drug culture, I was into the yogurt culture," she jokes. At 16, she was accepted by the ABT.

In the mid-'70s its corps de ballet seemed a dead end for Americans. With defectors arriving from the Soviet Union, few U.S. dancers were promoted. But Harvey volunteered to help Baryshnikov create the choreography for his *Don Quixote* in 1977—a long, tiring job—and she was later cast as a flower girl. "I think he recognized my potential as a workaholic," she says. During the 1978 season she subbed for Cynthia Gregory and Martine van Hamel in *Quixote* to glowing reviews and was promoted to soloist. After hurting her hip in a performance of *La Bayadère* last spring, she refused to cancel her next appearance and as a result tore ligaments in her foot. She was offstage for three months.

Now healthy again, Harvey lives with her divorced mother on the edge of New York's Spanish Harlem. Cynthia dates—"whenever I meet someone I like." Her social life has not included Misha. "I've always wanted to get ahead on my ability," she explains. "I've done it the American way, through hard work and endurance." This has warded off backbiting and jealousy in the company. Instead, says Harvey, "Other dancers walk up to me and say: 'You deserve it.'"

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In the 1400s the tip of Africa became known as the Cape of Good Hope. It was certainly that to Paul de Pré, who left Holland for the faraway land in 1686, eager to create fine wine—and a dynasty. The first of three excerpts from 'The Covenant,' the No. 1 best-seller. By JAMES A. MICHENER

BONUS BOOK

A Family Begins A Strange New Life



Illustrations by Stephan Zander

CONTINUED

Seventeenth century South Africa was a melting pot. Portuguese merchants, Dutch and German farmers and roving Arab and African traders streamed to the vast, rugged country. Perhaps the most industrious of the immigrants were the Huguenots, the early French Protestants, who believed in the teachings of reformer John Calvin. In 1685, prompted by the Catholic clergy, Louis XIV suppressed the dissident religion by revoking the Edict of Nantes. It had guaranteed the Huguenots freedom of worship for nearly a century. At Louis' command, all Protestant books were burned. Marriages performed by Huguenot clergymen were declared invalid and non-Catholic children were ordered to convert. Many Huguenots fled abroad, depopulating entire provinces. Having no Fatherland, they became determined colonists.

In his novel *The Covenant* James Michener introduces a fictionalized Huguenot, Paul de Pré, who has abandoned his vineyard in Caix and taken his wife, Marie, and their young sons north to Amsterdam. "The new laws can burn in hell," De Pré declares. "We'll walk to the ends of the earth till we find refuge." He is hired as a gardener by two Dutch sisters-in-law, the Bosbeecq widows. Subsequently, they find him a better job with a prosperous neighbor, Karel van Doorn, a director of the Dutch East India Trading Company. But first, they proffer advice.

The widows spoke alternately, with one making a point and her sister-in-law another: "He's one of the leading citizens of Amsterdam. You're lucky to be working for him." "But watch him."

From the book *The Covenant* by James A. Michener. Copyright ©1980 by James A. Michener. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.



"At the Compagnie, you'll see his portrait painted by Frans Hals."

"And at the Great Hall of the Arquebusiers, you'll see him in Rembrandt's painting of the civic guard. He's there with my husband, standing beside him."

"And you'll notice that her husband has his right hand closely guarding his pocket, which is a good thing to do when Karel van Doorn's about."

"But for a young man like you, he's an influential person to know."

Paul de Pré, who was being lectured by the Bosbeecq widows, was 25 years old. He would profit from being Van Doorn's gardener, though he would be expected to work at such a speed that at the end of three hours he was on the verge of collapse. Anything less than signs of total exhaustion indicated laziness, and Van Doorn was apt toward the end of the third hour to slip away from his desk at the Compagnie and watch through the garden wall, hoping to catch his work-

man resting. When he did, he would rush in and berate Paul as an idle, good-for-nothing Frenchman.

But a hard-nosed French farmer was an adequate match for any avaricious Dutch merchant, and De Pré devised a score of ways to defeat his employer and end the daily three-hour stint in moderately rested condition. In fact, he rather liked the game, for he found Van Doorn meticulously honest in his payments, and when occasionally De Pré returned to the gar-

den on his own time to finish a job, his employer noticed this and paid extra.

"The one thing that perplexes me," Paul told the widows one afternoon, "is that during all the time I've worked for him, he's never once offered me anything to eat or drink."

"He's a miserly man," one of the women said. "Anyone who steals from the Compagnie in Java and from the government in Amsterdam and from his own brother..."

"He never steals from me," De Pré said.

"Ah! But don't you see? The Bible says that you must treat your servants justly. If word got out that he maltreated you, his entire position might crumble. He would no longer be among the elect, and all would know it."

"I don't understand," Paul said.

"It's very simple. A man can steal millions from the government, because the Bible says nothing about that. But he dare not steal a stuiver from a servant, because

CONTINUED

on that both the Bible and John Calvin are very strict."

"But doesn't the Bible say anything about a little food and drink?"

"Not that I can recall."

Then, on the very next day, Karel van Doorn offered his gardener Paul de Pré a drink, not at his house but in the Compagnie offices. He had come home at the beginning of the third hour and said abruptly, "De Pré, let's go to my offices. I need your advice."

So they walked across town to where a new batch of German mercenaries waited, imploring Karel as he passed, for they knew him to be one of the Lords XVII, the council of directors of the Compagnie, but Van Doorn ignored them. When he was seated behind his desk he said without amenities, "They tell me that in France you made wine."

"I did."

"What do you think of this?" From a drawer in his desk Karel produced a bottle of white wine and encouraged the Frenchman to take a glass.

"How is it?" Van Doorn asked.

Pursing his lips and spitting onto the floor, De Pré said, "The man who made that ought to be executed."

Van Doorn smiled thinly, then broke into a laugh. "My brother made it."

"I'm sorry. But it's a very bad wine. It shouldn't be called wine."

"My own opinion."

"They told me that your brother's in Africa?"

"This comes from his vineyard. He's been working it for 30 years."

"He must have a very poor vineyard."

"I wonder if he mixes in something beside grapes?"

"He wouldn't dare."

"Then how can it be so bad?"

"In making wine, there are many tricks."

"Could this wine be saved?"

Gingerly De Pré took another sip, not enough to strangle him with its badness but sufficient for him to judge the miserable stuff. "It has a solid base, Mijnheer. Grapes are grapes, and I suppose that if a vintner started fresh..."

"I have a report here. It says the vines are still healthy."

"But are they the right kind?"

"What do you think should be done?"

De Pré sat with his hands in his lap, staring at the floor. Desperately he want-

ed to get back to the soil, in Java preferably, where gold proliferated, but his heart beat fast at the possibility of once more raising grapes and making good wine. Since he did not know what to say that might further his plans, he sat dumb.

"If the Compagnie were to send out some men who knew wine," Van Doorn was saying as if from another room. "And if those men took with them new strains of grape, couldn't something be done?"

Ideas of wonderful challenge were coming at him so fast that De Pré could not absorb them, and after a while Van Doorn said, "Let's look at the map," and he led the way to a council chamber decorated with a Rembrandt group portrait and a large map that had been done by Willem Blaeu of Leiden. On it four spots showed conspicuously: Amsterdam, Batavia, the Cape of Good Hope and Surinam in South America.

Here was a man to be wary of, but De Pré remembered what the women said: He dared not steal from a servant.

"We're concerned with these three," Karel said, jabbing at the Cape, which stood midway between Amsterdam and Java. "If our ships sailing south could stop at the Cape and load casks of good red wine and strong vinegar, they could maintain the health of their men all the way to Java. And we'd save the freightage which we now spend on bottles from France and Italy." Suddenly the spot representing the Cape assumed considerable importance.

"But the soil—will good vines grow there?" De Pré asked.

"That's what we intend to find out," Van Doorn said. "That's why I've been watching you so closely."

De Pré stepped back.

"You didn't think that I hired you to simply clean up my garden?" Van Doorn laughed. "I could have hired a hundred Germans to do that, good gardeners some of them." He actually placed his arm about De Pré's shoulders, leading him back to the first office. "What I sought, De Pré, was an estimate of you Huguenots. What kind of people you were. How you worked. How dependable you were religiously."

"Did you find out?" De Pré was angered with this man, but his own canny approach to life made him respect the Dutchman's caution.

"I did. And your honest reaction to my brother's wine has made up my mind." He rose and strode nervously about the room, galvanized by the prospects of new engagements, new opportunities to snaffle a florin here or there.

Resuming his seat, he said softly, "De Pré, I must swear you to secrecy."

"Sworn."

"The Lords XVII are going to send three shiploads of Huguenots to the Cape. We like you people—your stubborn honesty, your devotion to Calvinism. Your family is going to be aboard one of those ships, and you"—he reached over and slapped De Pré on the knee—"you will take with you a bundle of first-class grape vines."

"Where will I get them?"

"In France. From some area whose vines you can trust."

"They won't send vines to Amsterdam. Forbidden."

"No one sends the vines, De Pré. You go get them."

"I'd be shot."

"Not if you're careful."

"The risk..."

"Will be well paid for."

Again he rose and stormed about the room, tossing his white head this way and that. "Well paid, De Pré. I hand you this first bag of coins now. I hand you this second bag when you return to Amsterdam with the grapevines. And if you get them to the Cape, you and I will sell them to the Compagnie and share the profits."

De Pré studied the offer, and he was glad that the Bosbeecq women had alerted him to this canny gentleman: He was buying the vines with Compagnie money, and then selling them back to the Compagnie for more of its money. He remembered something one of the women had told him: "Van Doorn has a mind that never stops working. As a Compagnie official, he imports cloves from Java. And whom does he sell them to? To himself as a private trader. So he earns double, except that he trebles the price of cloves, since he's the only one who has any, and makes a princely profit." Here was a man to be wary of, but he also remembered something else the women had said: "But he dare not steal a stuiver from a servant."

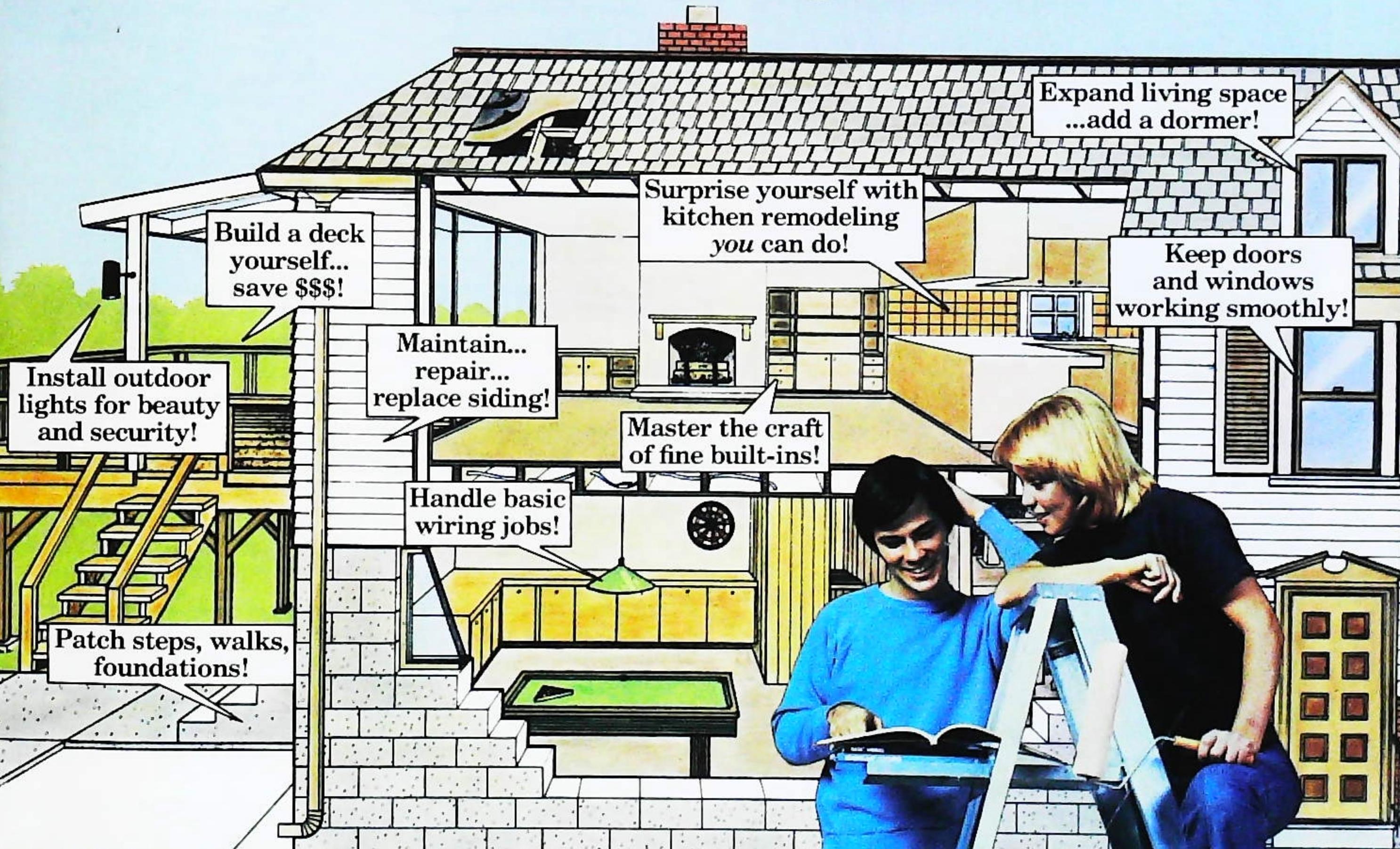
"Will you pay me the two other times?" he asked directly.

"Would I dare do otherwise? A member of the council?"

And then De Pré's stolid French hon-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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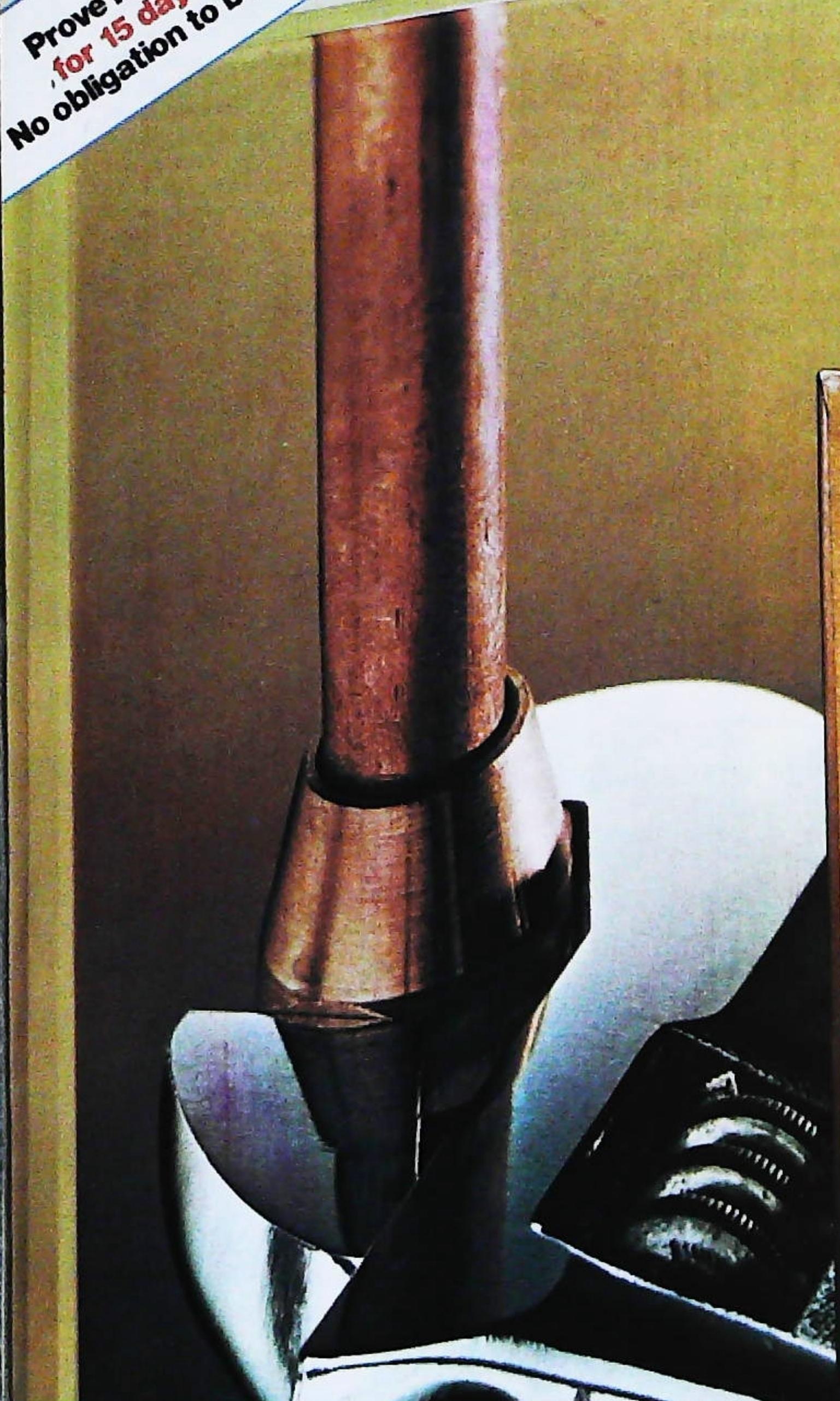
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Faucet Repairs: The Right Method for Every Model

A dripping faucet is not only annoying but stains and erodes a sink or lavatory and wastes water—25 drops a minute may consume one gallon a day. Although faucets come in a bewildering variety of sizes and shapes, there are actually only two basic types: stem faucets and single-lever faucets.

Single-lever faucets—once used mainly in kitchens but now popular in bathrooms because of the convenience of controlling the water and getting the right temperature with a single flick of the wrist—require repair less frequently. Water from both hot and cold supply pipes is controlled in most types by a single cartridge set into a chamber where hot and cold water supplies mix while passing through the faucet. If a

drip does occur, you replace the cartridge as described on pages 38-41.

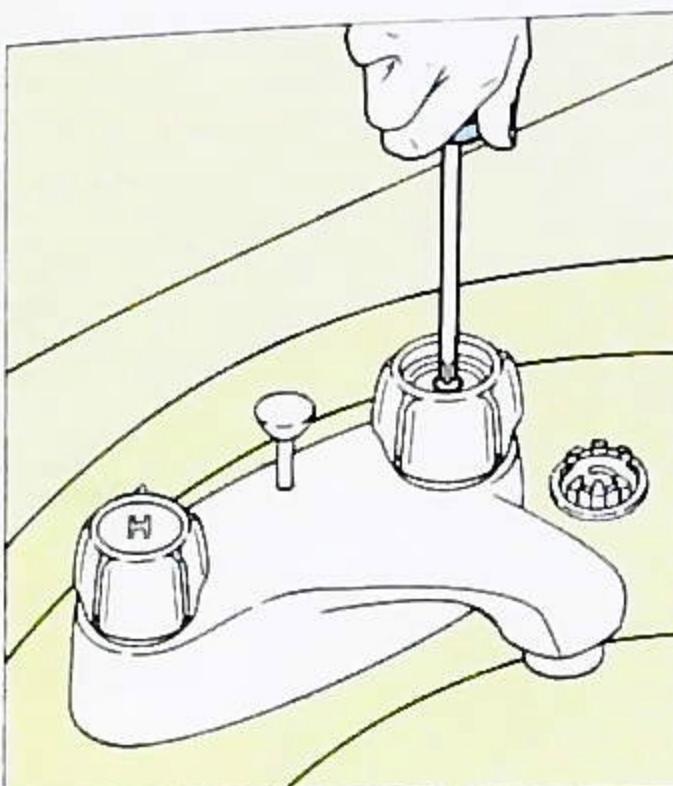
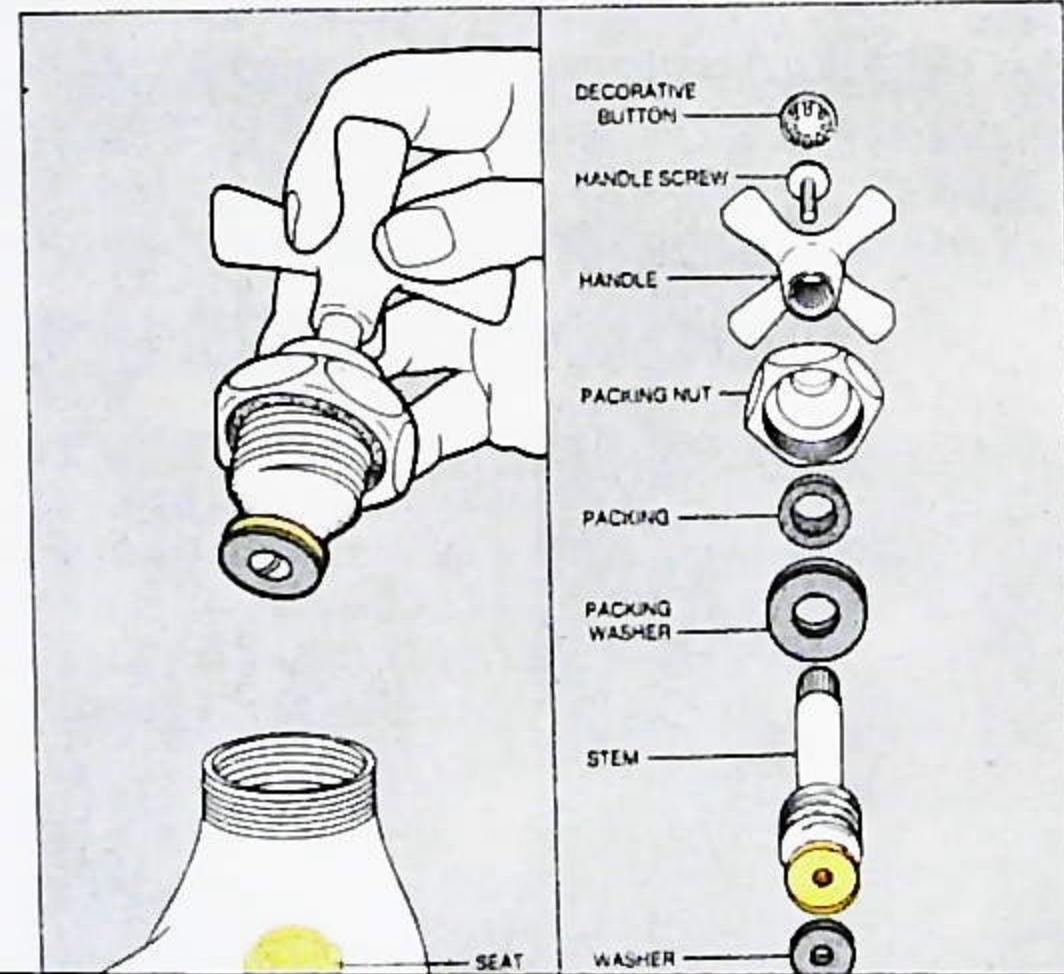
A stem faucet is a threaded rod that fits into the port attached to the supply pipe—one faucet for hot, one for cold. If hot and cold mix, they do so in a shared spout, after passing through the faucet's stem. Stem faucets are prone to leaks. Most often water drips from the spout because the seat washer or its mating metal seat wears, preventing a tight seal at the inlet in the off position. But water can also leak from the faucet body when the faucet is turned on—some of the flow to the spout escapes through materials that are supposed to seal the hole for the handle. Such defects are easily repaired by replacing washers or metal parts that are badly worn, the stem and seat. In fact,

the trickiest part of the job may be figuring out how to take the faucet apart.

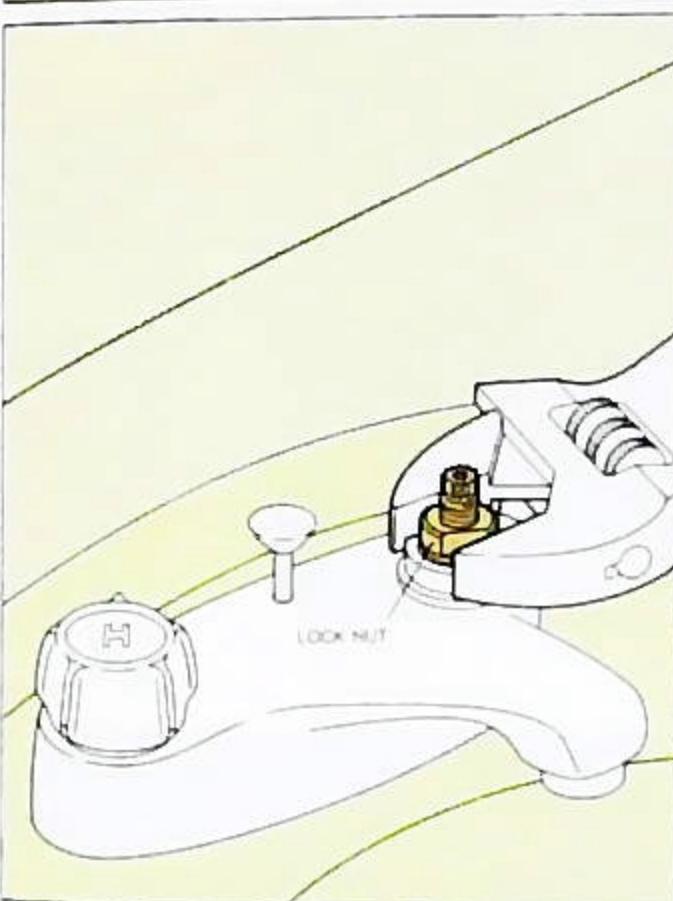
Before starting any faucet repair, turn off the water supply at the valve that is closest to the faucet—usually it will be underneath the fixture. Then turn the faucet on to allow any remaining water to run out. To prevent a pipe wrench from marring the chrome of the faucet, line the jaws of the wrench with electrician's tape. Or you can use a smooth-jawed monkey wrench.

Plug the sink drain so that small parts cannot fall down it, and line the sink with a towel to prevent damage from accidentally dropped parts or tools. Place the parts beside the sink in the exact order in which they were removed to facilitate reassembly.

Anatomy of a stem faucet. A number of metal parts (generally brass) together with sealing materials of fiber, rubber or plastic make up the stem, which screws into the faucet body. The washer on the end of the stem seals against the seat, and the packing nut closes off the body. Leaks occur at the packing nut and seat. A decorative button generally covers the screw fastening the handle to the stem.



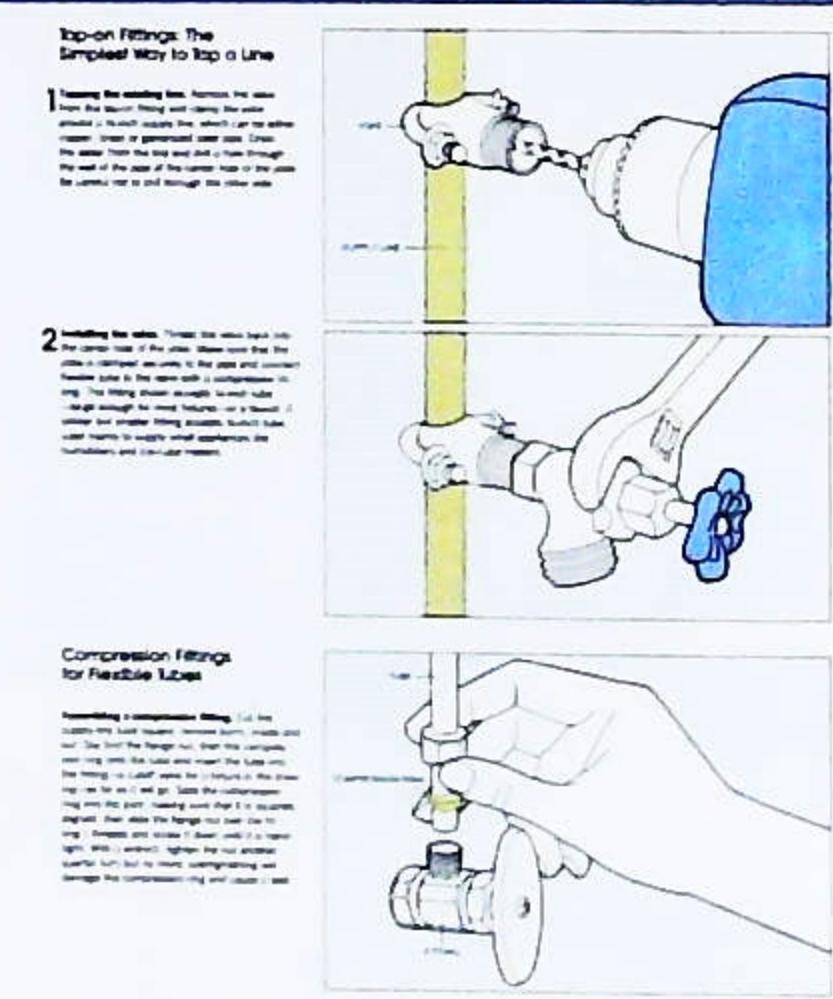
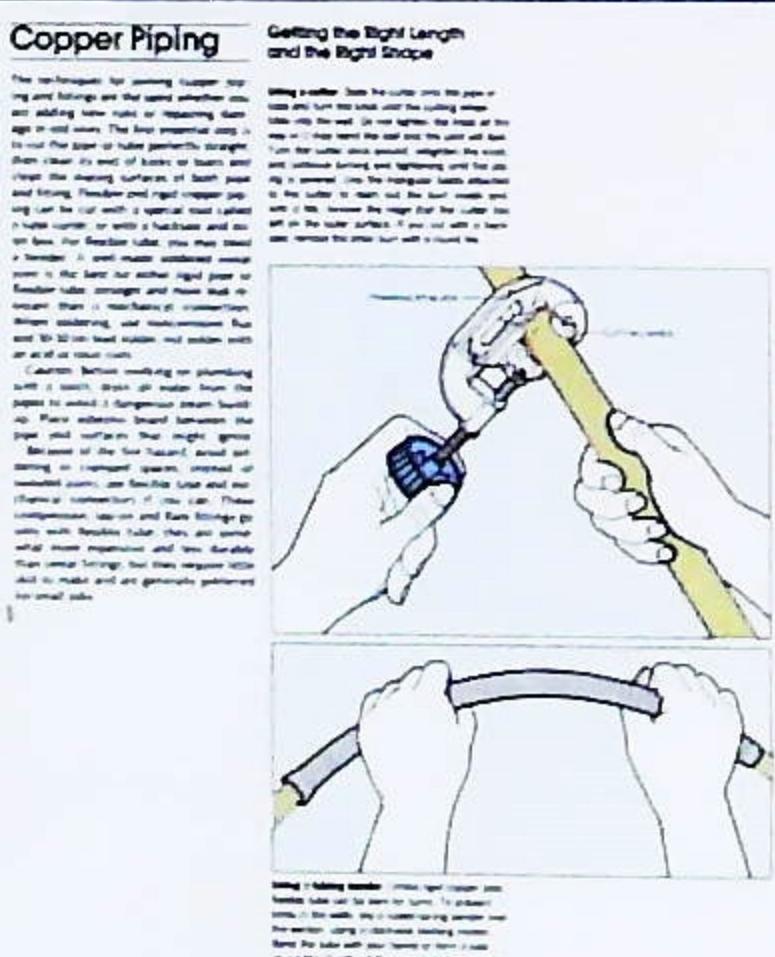
1 **Removing the handle.** On some stem faucets the handle blocks access to the packing nut and must be taken off first. The screw in the top of the handle may be hidden by a decorative button. Use the point of a utility knife to pry it out. Remove the handle screw and pull the handle straight up. On older faucets like the one on the opposite page, the packing nut is directly accessible, and you need not remove the handle from the stem when replacing a washer.



2 **Removing the locknut.** In this type of faucet a locknut serves as a packing nut; turn the faucet

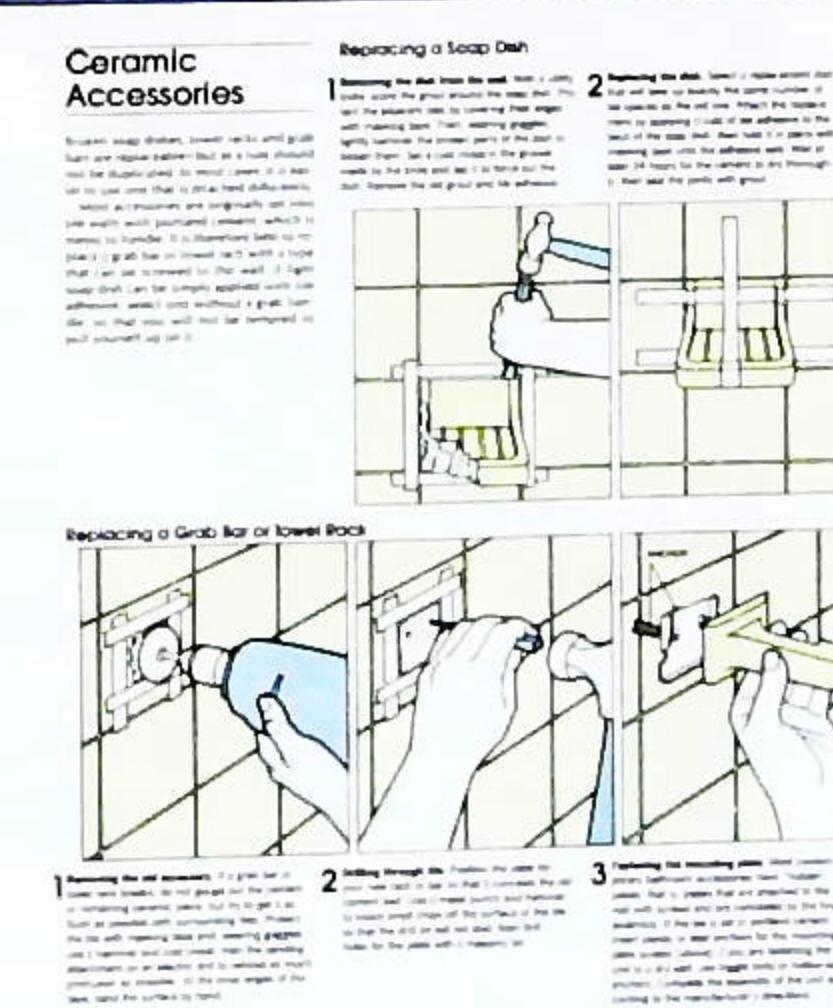
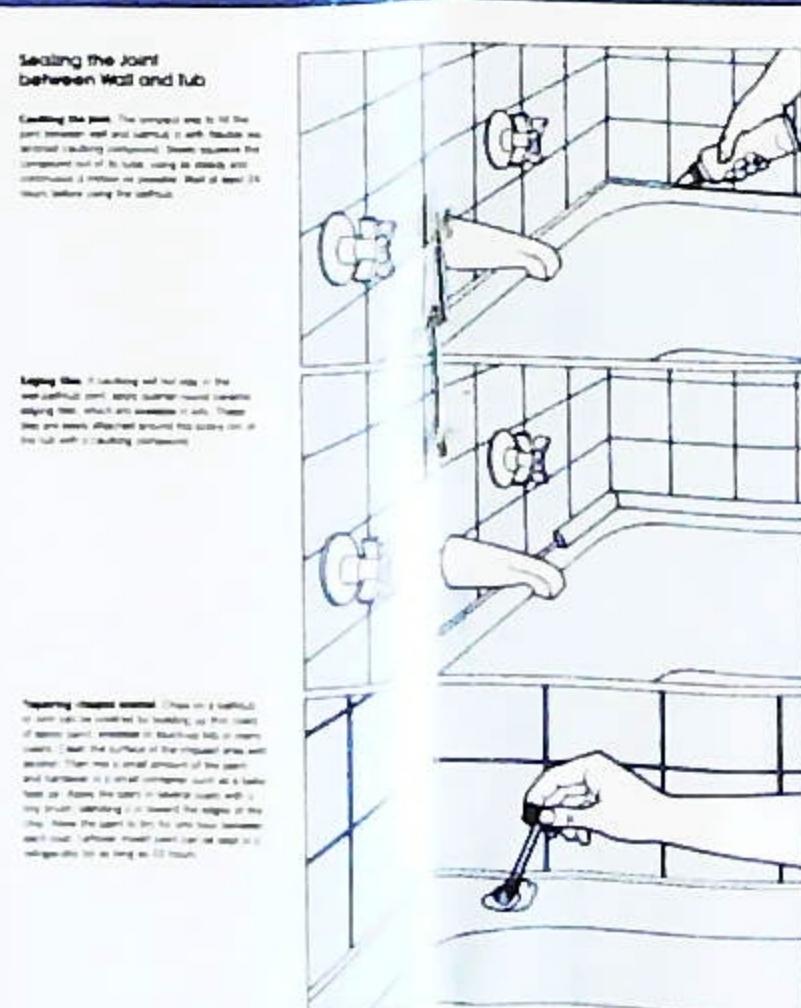


3 **Taking out the stem.** If the stem does not turn, try a pipe wrench.



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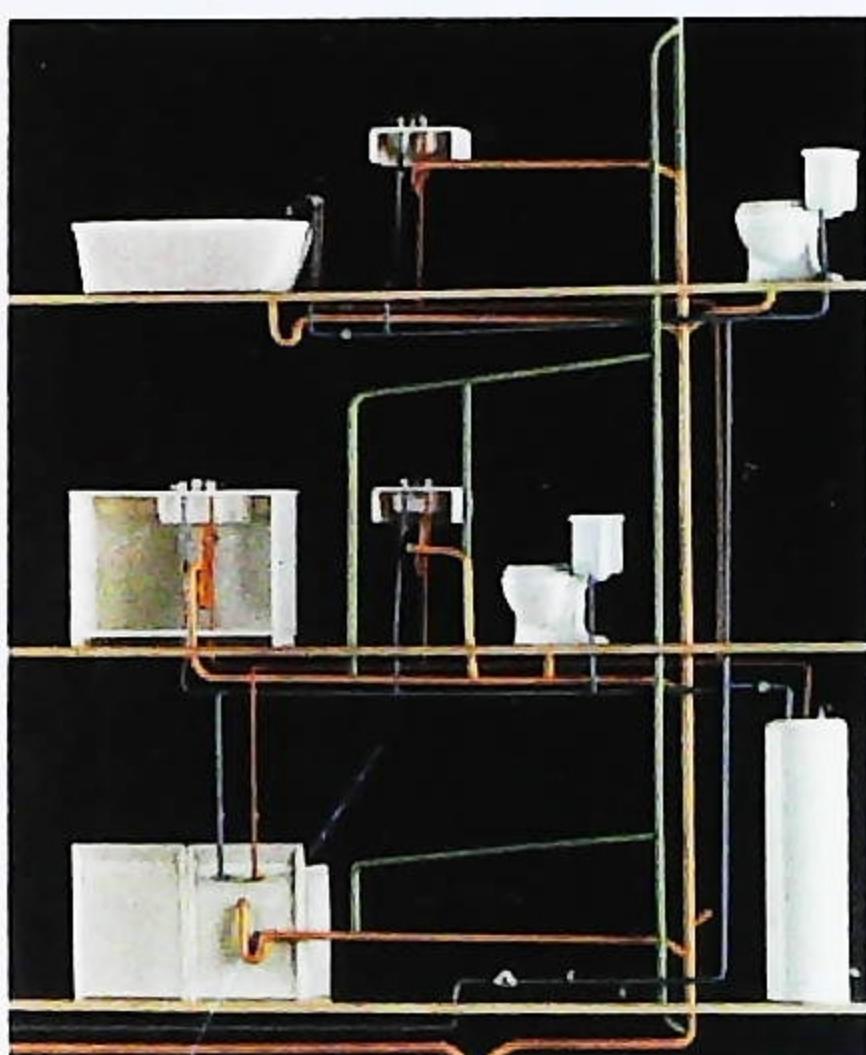


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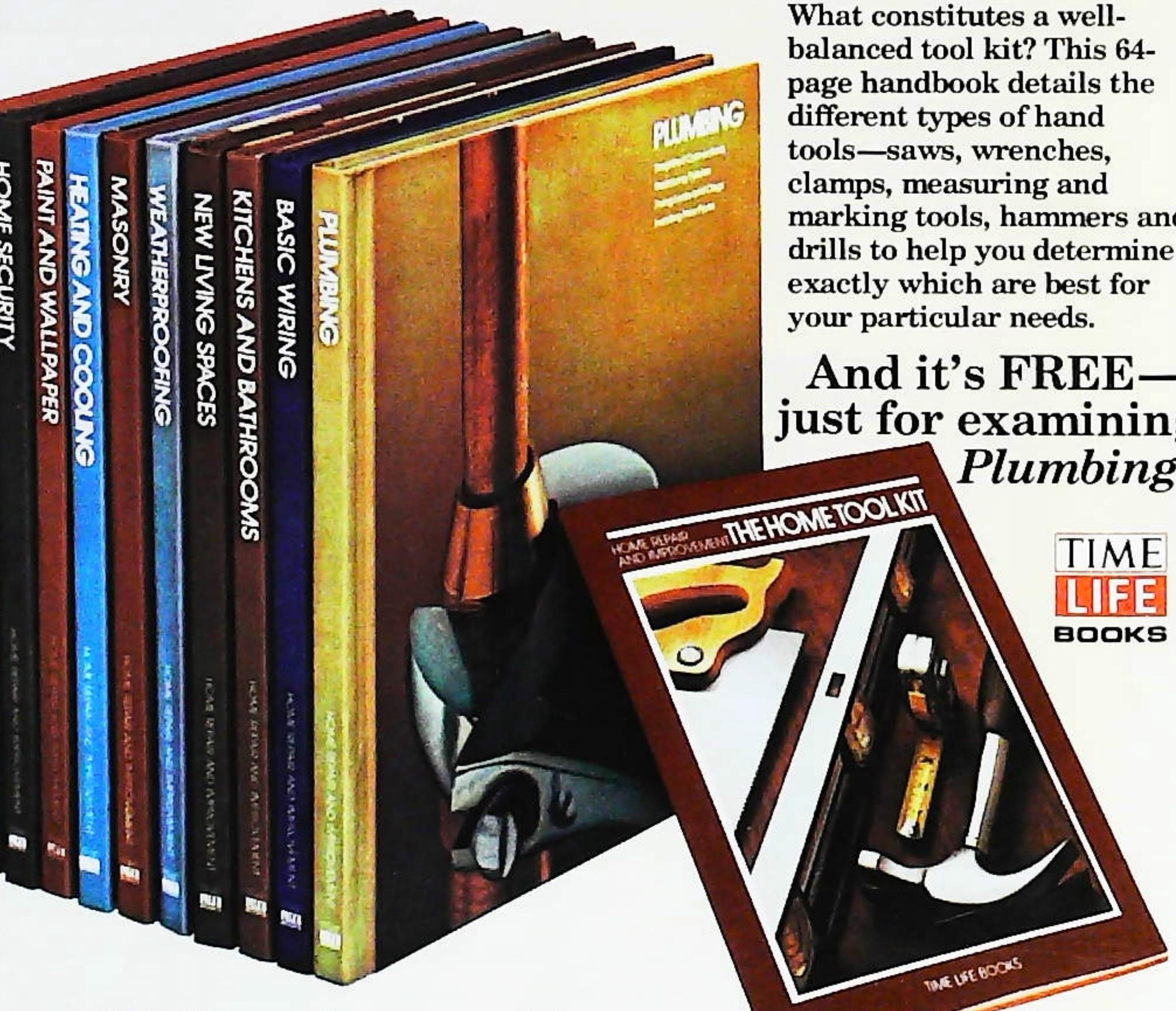
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BONUS BOOK

esty manifested itself: "You didn't share with your brother." The widows had explained that when Karel's mother died in Java, he had hurried out and sold her possessions and smuggled all the money into Amsterdam. His brother Willem, the failing vintner, had not received a silver shilling.

Van Doorn ignored the insult. "In life," he said, "accidents occur. My brother was a dolt. He gave me no help in spiriting the family fortune out of Java. He was a man to be forgotten. You're a man to be remembered."

payment for acquiring the grapevines. Instead of handing over any money, the captain informed Paul that Mijnheer van Doorn had arranged for the delivery of some 120 acres of land toward the eastern mountains. He produced a document affirming this: "The Compagnie Commander at DeKaap is directed to give the French emigrant Paul de Pré 60 morgen of the best land, contiguous to the farm

him, tossing him back into the sea. The land was so bleak, the vast emptiness so foreboding that he began to shiver, feeling himself rebuked for his insolence. Clasping his two sons to protect them from the loneliness he felt, he muttered in French, "Our grapes will never grow in this Godforsaken soil."

That night the Dutchman in whose wagon he was riding pitched camp on the

loneliest stretch of the flatlands, and Paul stayed awake, listening to the howling wind and testing the harsh, sterile earth with his fingers. Driven with fear, he rose to inspect his grape cuttings, to see if they were still moist, and as he replaced their wrappings he thought: They are doomed.

But toward the end of the second day, when the laden wagon completed its traverse of the badlands, he was allowed a far gentler view of Africa, for they now traveled along the bank of a lovely river edged by broad meadows and protected by encompassing hills. He thought: This is finer than anything I knew in France or Holland! A man could make his home here!

Begging the driver to halt, he lifted his sons down so that they could feel the good earth that was to be their home, and when he had filtered it through his fingers he looked up at the Dutchman and shouted in French, "We shall build a vineyard so great..." When the driver looked at him in stolid unconcern, for he understood not a word De Pré was saying, Paul cried in Dutch, "Good, eh?" and the driver pointed with his whip: "Ahead, even better."

They camped that night beside the river, and by noon the next day they saw something that sealed Paul's love of his new home. It was a farmhouse, low and wide, built of mud bricks and wattles, and so set down against the hills rising behind it that it seemed always to have been there. He noticed that it stood north to south, so that the west face looked toward Table Mountain, still visible on the far horizon. From this secure house a lawn of grass reached out, with four small huts along each side for tools and chickens and

CONTINUED
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The crippled old man spread out the map and said, 'Son, they've given you the very best land.'



Five months later Paul de Pré and his family sailed for the Cape on the *Java*. She was a medium ship, not small and swift like a flute, nor large and wallowing like an East Indiaman. It was a slow ship, requiring 130 days for the tedious passage, and it carried no lemons or pickled cabbage. For four long months the passengers ate only salted meat, and scurvy rampaged through the lower decks.

At the 100th day Paul became aware that his wife, Marie, was not handling the long passage at all well. She began to cough blood. Frantically Paul sought assistance among the passengers, but to no avail. There were scholars aboard the *Java*, and a failed clergyman, and some excellent farmers, but no doctors or nurses, and Paul had to watch in despair as his wife declined.

The *Java* rolled and pitched through the South Atlantic, with all hands praying that the wind would steady so they might make land before everyone was dead. Under these circumstances it was not strange that Marie de Pré should sink closer and closer to unconsciousness; her husband watched in horror as her vital signs diminished. A few days later she died and was buried at sea.

When the *Java* finally anchored in the lee of Table Mountain, Paul de Pré, 30 pounds lighter than when he sailed, reported to the captain, asking for his final

of Willem van Doorn in the settlement of Stellenbosch, there to raise grapes and make wine."

By paying De Pré in Compagnie land rather than his own money, Van Doorn had saved himself 90 florins.

Paul, brooding over the loss of his wife, was halfway across the desolate flats before the immensity of Africa struck him, and he was suddenly overcome with dread lest this enormous continent reject

BONUS BOOK

the storage of hay; they were so placed, and at such an angle, that they seemed like arms stretching to invite strangers. Paul whispered to himself, "Mon Dieu! I should like to own this farm!"

"Has the master a daughter?" he asked the driver.

"He does."

"How old?" he asked casually.

"Nine, I think."

"Oh." He said this in such a flat, disappointed voice that he added quickly, lest he betray himself, "That's good. Someone for my boys to play with."

"He has two sons as well."

"Interesting."

"But you understand, the farm really belongs to the old man."

"Who?"

"Willem van Doorn. And his old wife, Katje."

"Three generations?"

"Working the fields, you live a long time."

When they reached the farmhouse, coming down the lane between the eight huts, a tall Dutchman, broad of face and open in manner, came out to greet them: "I'm Marthinus van Doorn. Are you the Frenchman?"

"Paul de Pré, and these are my sons Henri and Louis."

"Annatjie!" the farmer cried. "Come meet our neighbors!" And from the house came a tall, gaunt woman with broad shoulders and big hands. She was obviously quite a few years older than her husband, in her late thirties perhaps, and she bore the look of one who had worked extremely hard. She did not smile easily, as her husband had done when greeting the strangers, but she did extend a practical welcome: "We've been waiting for your knowledge of grapes."

"Is it true, you've made wine?" her husband asked.

"A great deal," Paul said, and for the first time the woman smiled.

"The old man is out with the slaves," Van Doorn said. "Shall we go see him?"

In the field was a crippled old man in his mid-60s, walking sideways as he supervised the slaves in pruning vines. "Father, this is the Frenchman who knows how to make good wine."

"After 30 years they send someone," he joked. Since that first joyous pressing decades ago, hundreds of thousands of

vines had been planted at the Cape, assuring a local supply of wine, but even the best vintages remained far inferior to those of Europe.

The old man jammed his pruning knife into his belt, walked awkwardly to greet the newcomer, and said "Now, let's figure out where your land's to be."

"I have a map..."

"Well, let's fetch it, because it's important that you get started right."

When the map was spread, the old man was delighted: "Son, they've given you the very best land available. Sixty morgen! With water right from the river! Where will you build your house?"

"I haven't seen the land yet," Paul said hesitantly.

"Let's see it!" the old man cried, almost as if the land were his and he was planning his first house. "Annatjie, Katje! Get the boys and we'll go see the land."

So the entire Van Doorn establishment—Willem and his wife, Katje; Marthinus and Annatjie; and the children Petronella, Hendrik and little Sarel—set off to see the Frenchman's land. After they had surveyed it and assessed its strengths, all agreed that he must build his house at the foot of a small mound that would protect it from eastern winds. De Pré, however, said with a certain stubbornness, "I'll build it down here," but his reasons for doing so he would not divulge. They were simple: When the Van Doorns indicated the spot they were recommending, he immediately noticed that it did not balance the house they had built, and he wanted his home to be in harmony with theirs, for he was convinced that one day these two farms must be merged, and when that time came he wanted the various buildings to be in balance.

"We'll put it here," he said, and when several of the Van Doorns started to protest the obvious unwise of such a location, old Willem raised a hand and quieted them: "Look! If the house is put here, it balances ours over there. The valley looks better."

"Why, so it does," Paul said, and soon the building commenced. Willem Van Doorn sent his slaves to work on the walls, as if the house were to be his own, while the three De Prés toiled alongside the swarthy Madagascans.

"De Pré's a Frenchman," Willem said approvingly. "He knows how to work for what he wants." And as the house grew,

CONTINUED



its mud bricks neatly aligned, the Van Doorn family willingly conceded that it was not only spacious, but also solid and attractive.

"It's a house that needs a woman," old Katje said, and on the next evening when the Frenchman came to dinner at her house, she asked him bluntly, "What are



your plans—it's time you had a wife."

"I have no plans."

"You better get some. Now, you take Marthinus"—she pointed to her sturdy son—"he was born at the Cape when there were no women, none at all available for young men. So we moved out here to Stellenbosch, except it wasn't named that in those years, and here I was—the only woman for miles around. So what to do?"

Paul looked at Marthinus and then at Annatjie, and asked, "How did he find her?"

"Simple," old Katje continued. "She was a King's Niece."

This news was so startling that Paul stared in a most ungentlemanly manner at the tall, ungainly woman. "Yes," Katje said, "this one was a King's Niece, and you'd better be sending for one of them, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Orphans. Amsterdam's full of girl orphans. No one to give them in marriage, no dowry, so we call them the King's Nieces, and he gives them a small dowry and ships them out to Java and the Cape."

"How did..."

"How did Marthinus know that Anna-

tje was his? When news of the ship reached out here, we supposed all the girls would be gone. But I told Marthinus, 'Son, there's always a chance.' So he rode at a gallop, and when he got to the wharf all the girls were gone."

She placed her work-worn hands on the table, then smiled at her husband. "I

The De Pré boys found their new surroundings even more exciting than the canals of Amsterdam. The spaciousness enchanted them; they loved the flashing sight of animals moving through the swards of long grass; and playing with the Van Doorn children was a joy. But the Dutchman they loved was old Willem. He moved slowly among the vines, his left leg out of harmony with his right, and he coughed a lot, but he was a reservoir of stories about Java and the Spice Islands.

Paul studied the old Dutchman and was confused. Willem proved the most generous of neighbors, lending his slaves whenever needed. He was in no way the dour and heavy Dutchman Paul had expected, but he did have one mortal failing; he could not make good wine. In a way, this was not surprising, for none of his countrymen could, either. For a thousand years Frenchmen to the south of Holland and Germans to the east had made fine wines, but the Dutch had never mastered it.

"Van Doorn," Paul said one day in exasperation, "to make good wine requires 15 proper steps. And you've done all of them wrong except one."

Willem chuckled. "What one?"

"The direction of your vines. They don't fight the wind and the sun." De Pré studied the lines and asked, "How did you get that right?"

"But if the girls were all gone, how did your son..."

Old Katje looked at Marthinus and laughed. "Spirit, that's what he had. Got to the ship, all the girls gone. But before he rode back empty-handed he heard that one of the men at the fort didn't like the girl he got, so he shouted, 'I'll take her!' And one of the other men said, 'You haven't seen her!' But Marthinus shouted again, 'I'll take her,' and the girl was sent for, and there she is."

Paul could not determine in what spirit the woman pointed to her daughter-in-law, whether in derision for being so

much older than her son, or in disgust at her being so ungainly, or in pride for having had the strength to surmount such a poor beginning. "Look at her fine children," the old woman said, and Paul noticed that the three youngsters were looking at their mother with love. He would never have told his children such a story, but when he and his sons got home, he was startled to hear Henri say, "Father, I hope when you go to the ship, you get someone like Annatjie."

In next week's excerpt the wily Paul de Pré cultivates a fine vineyard, as he predicted, but he loses out in his marriage scheme to a slave.

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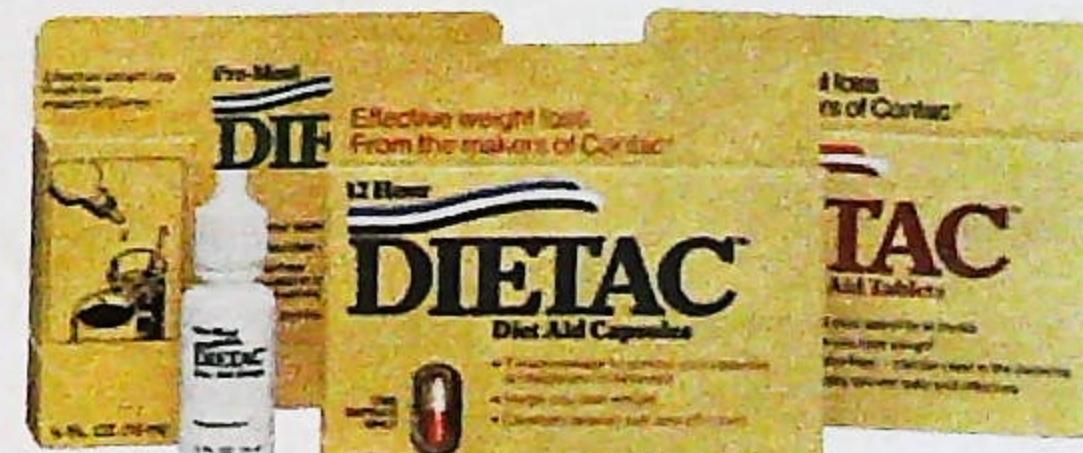
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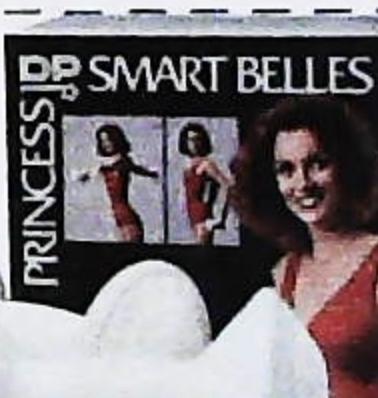
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**BASSIST-COMPOSER RANDY MEISNER
COURAGEOUSLY BAILED OUT OF THE EAGLES
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ON THE MOVE



Testing a new speedboat at his Studio City home, Randy finds himself without a paddle. His other sports include skiing, bowling and poker, but his dickest challenge was leaving the Eagles.

Below at a 1975 New Year's Eve gig, their lineup was (from left) Meisner, Joe Walsh, Don Felder, Glenn Frey and drummer Don Henley plus guests (at right) Linda Ronstadt and Jackson Browne.

Rock's scrap heap is littered with the careers of hotshot players who dared to leave brand-name bands. So when bass-man Randy Meisner left the Eagles' cushy nest in 1977 for a solo flight, some friends wondered if he weren't heading over the cuckoo's nest instead. Meisner might have agreed with them, momentarily, when his first album fizzled in 1978.

But Randy's fine new follow-up LP, *One More Song*, is climbing up the charts. "He's one of the nicest guys in the business and he deserves it," says friend James Taylor. Other compatriots must feel the same way, because plenty of music heavies helped in the taping studio. Kim Carnes joined in the plaintive *Deep inside My Heart*, which was the album's first big single, and other participants included Eric Kaz,

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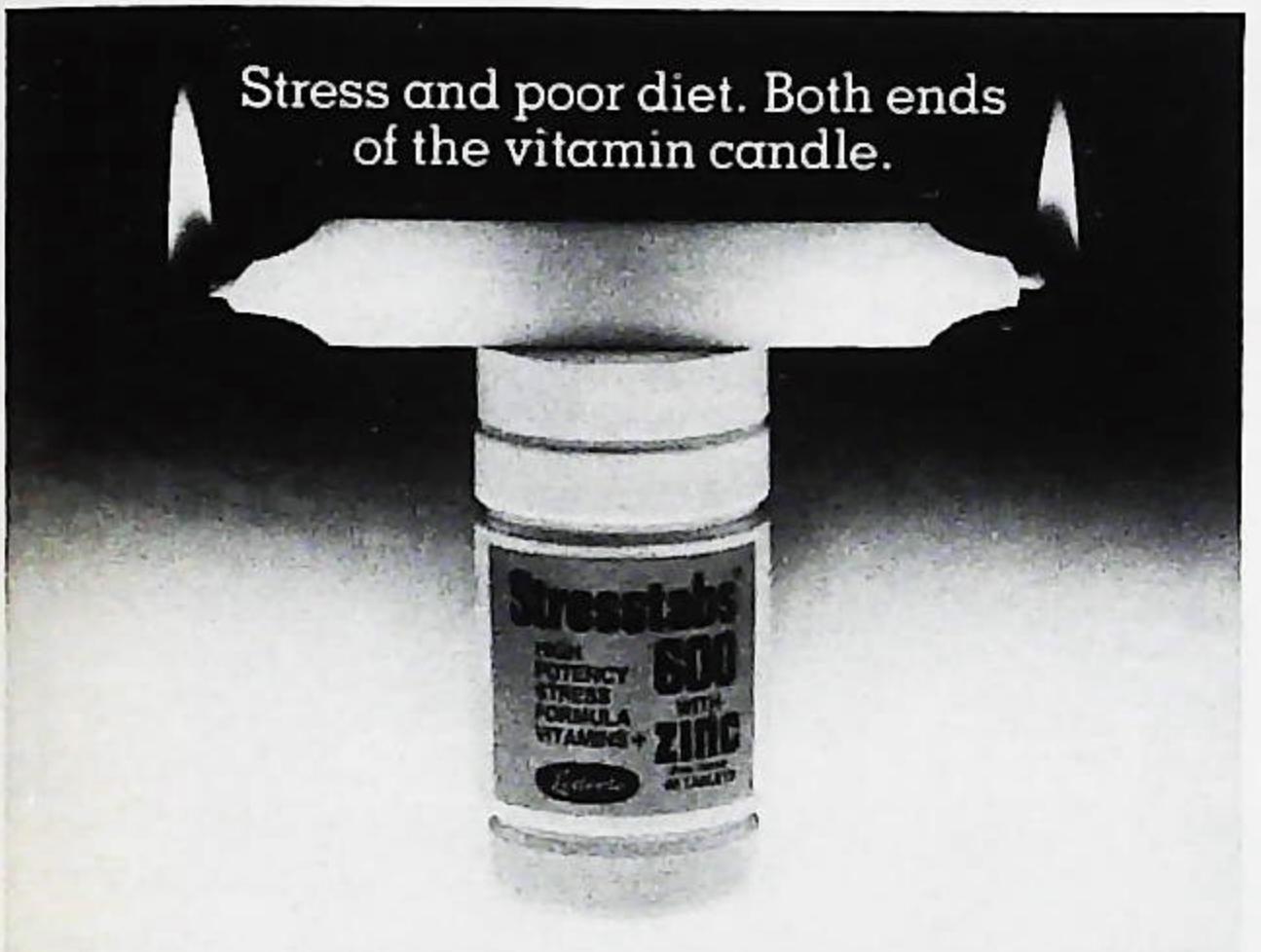
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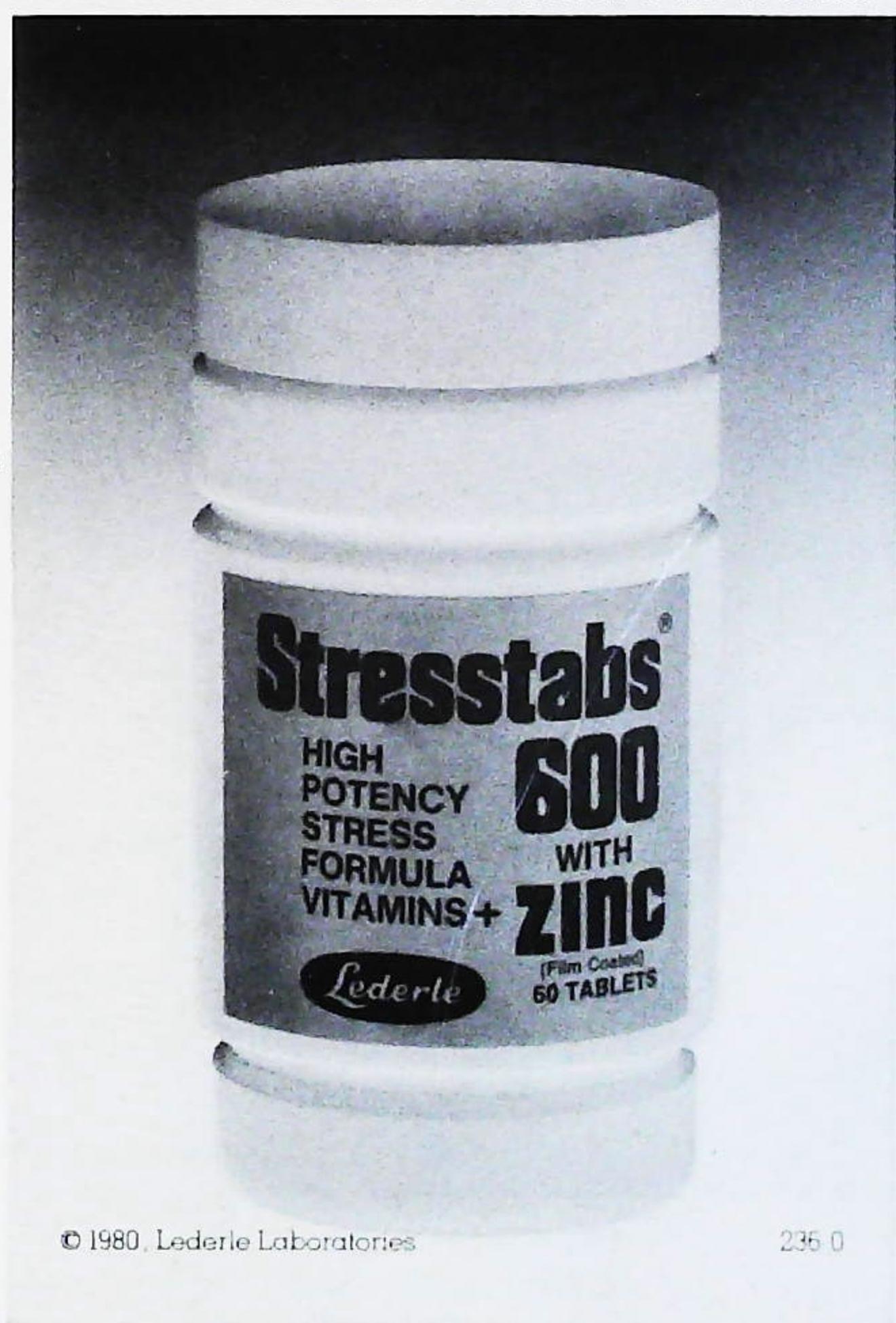
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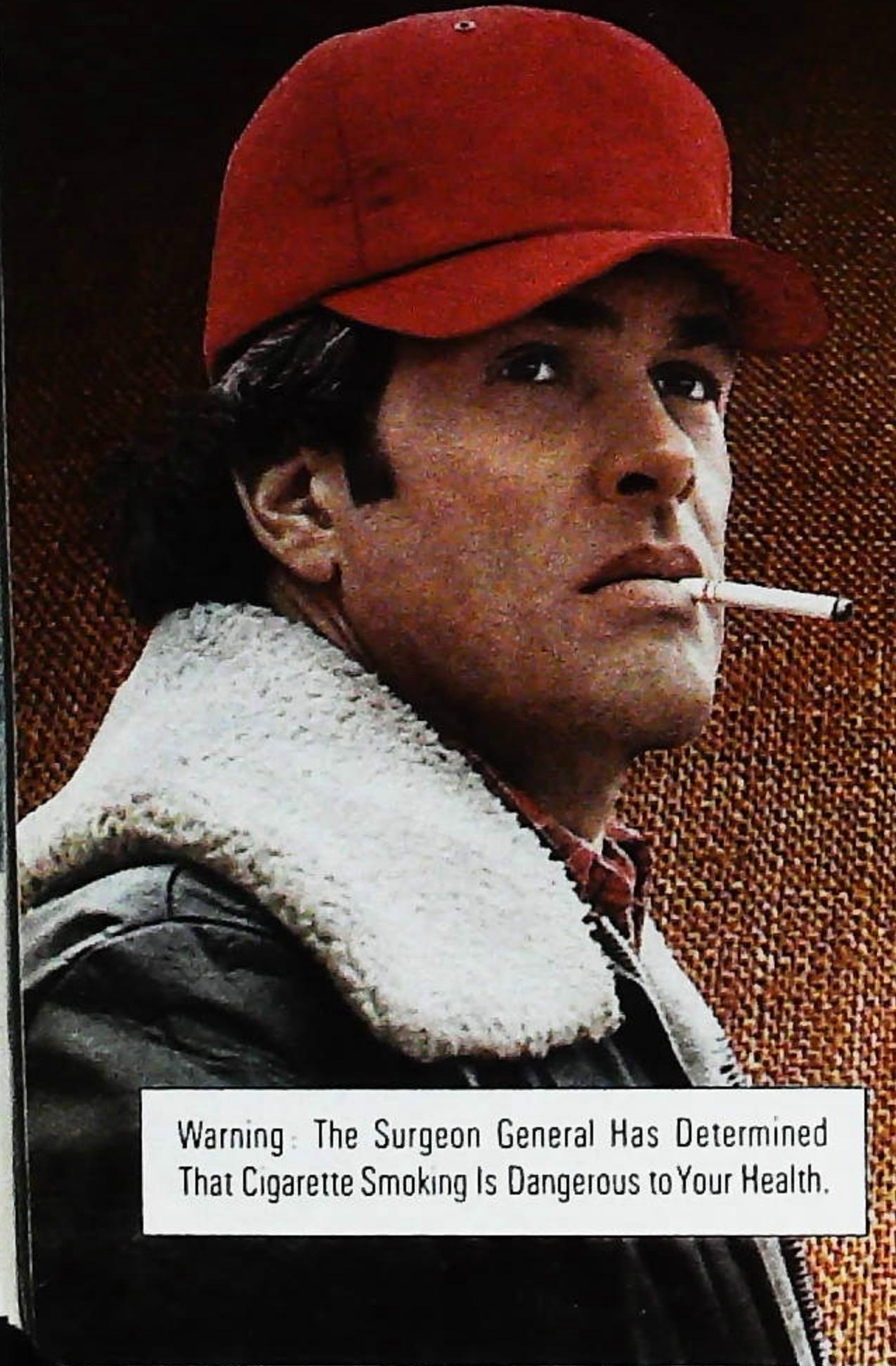


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ON THE MOVE

Wendy Waldman and producer V. H. S. Ray. Jackson Browne suggested the title cut, which chronicles a young artist's last gig with a band called the Silverados, and none other than Eagles drummer Don Henley and guitarist-singer Glenn Frey came in to record harmony. "It's appropriate," Meisner says amiably, "since it's kind of about me leaving the group." Their donation of time seems fair, since the current double LP *Eagles Live* is enhanced by four Meisner appearances, including his memorable rendition of *Take It to the Limit*, which he co-wrote.

When Randy opted out after the Eagles' *Hotel California* tour in 1977, his biggest beef was the Frey-Henley creative domination of the group. He took the view that "a lot of their studio music was sterilized and safe." The other factor was the carousing that they immortalized in their 1976 classic *Life in the Fast Lane*. "I could have tripled my money if I'd stayed," Meisner says now, without regret. "But I was just tired of the touring. It's a crazy life that you live at twice the normal speed. When it got to the point of sanity or money," he says, "I thought I'd rather have sanity."

To try to find it, Randy returned to his native Scottsbluff, Nebr. and bought an 80-acre farm to "grow my own vegetables and get as far away from the music business as I could." He soon

discovered there wasn't much to do in the slow lane but drink beer and roar around town on his Harley-Davidson. "I realized I'd changed so much," he observes, "and I missed the city. I thought I could get away, but music's in my blood."

Randy recalls that as a kid, "Farms and corn were just about it" until his German immigrant grandfather, a classical violinist, cultivated his first interest in music. By his 12th birthday, Meisner was picking out Presley and other rock tunes on a guitar, then switched to bass to play with local bands. At 16, he married his high school sweetheart, Jennifer Barton, and began touring the state with a group called the Dynamics. Finally, at 19, Randy made it to L.A. with the Denver-spawned Soul Survivors. "Seeing Sunset Boulevard," he recalls, "was a fantasy come true."

The band soon renamed itself the Poor, a wry comment on their standard of living—"five of us in one room in East L.A." But Meisner made some big connections playing with one of the pioneers of country-rock, Poco, followed by Rick Nelson's underappreciated Stone Canyon Band. In the early '70s Randy was on the road with an up-and-coming rocker named Linda Ronstadt. "She loved my singing but hated my playing," he remembers. "She gave me looks that could kill." The diva's distemper proved historic. When his fellow backups Henley and

Frey broke off to form their own band, Meisner followed—and the supergroup called the Eagles took wing.

Randy, now 34, shuttles between a Palm Springs condo ("Most people say it's boring, but to me it's relaxing") and a rented place in L.A.'s Studio City. He is presently divorcing his wife, Jennifer, who stayed back in Scottsbluff with their son Dana, 17, and 10-year-old twins Heather and Eric.

With his Eagle royalties, Meisner is free of financial worries. Besides his working farm (which he left in the stewardship of his father), Randy has a remarkable car collection including 15 antique Fords, a Porsche, a Jaguar XJ-S plus '57 and '67 Corvettes. He hangs out these days not with the Eagles but with his own band, which he has dubbed the Silverados. (After old pal Henley, 33, was charged last month with possession of 22 ounces of cocaine and offering drugs to a 16-year-old girl, Meisner lamented, "It's terrible. I'm really concerned.")

Following three relatively placid years, Meisner plans to hit the road next month with the Silverados. "I have fond memories of the Eagles," he says, "but there's no looking back. The I-told-you-sos didn't make me feel too good, but it was right to leave when I did. I haven't wanted to return."

DAVID SHEFF

Echoing the Eagles' "Desperados" nickname, Meisner's band, the Silverados, gathers for cards.



TEACHER

EX-FACULTY BAD BOY MARK MEDOFF TAKES A TONY HOME TO NEW MEXICO



To hear him tell it, playwright Mark Medoff is the social equivalent of an unguided missile. He walks out on boring dinner parties, and when his writing goes badly he rams his fist through the

wall or his foot through the TV. "My ego is obnoxious," he says. "I'm just hostile in general." But Medoff doesn't have much to get sore about these days. At 40, he is the winner of

Photographs by Dale Wittner

the 1980 Tony Award for Best Broadway Play, *Children of a Lesser God*, the recipient of \$1.25 million for movie rights, and the pampered head of the drama department at New Mexico

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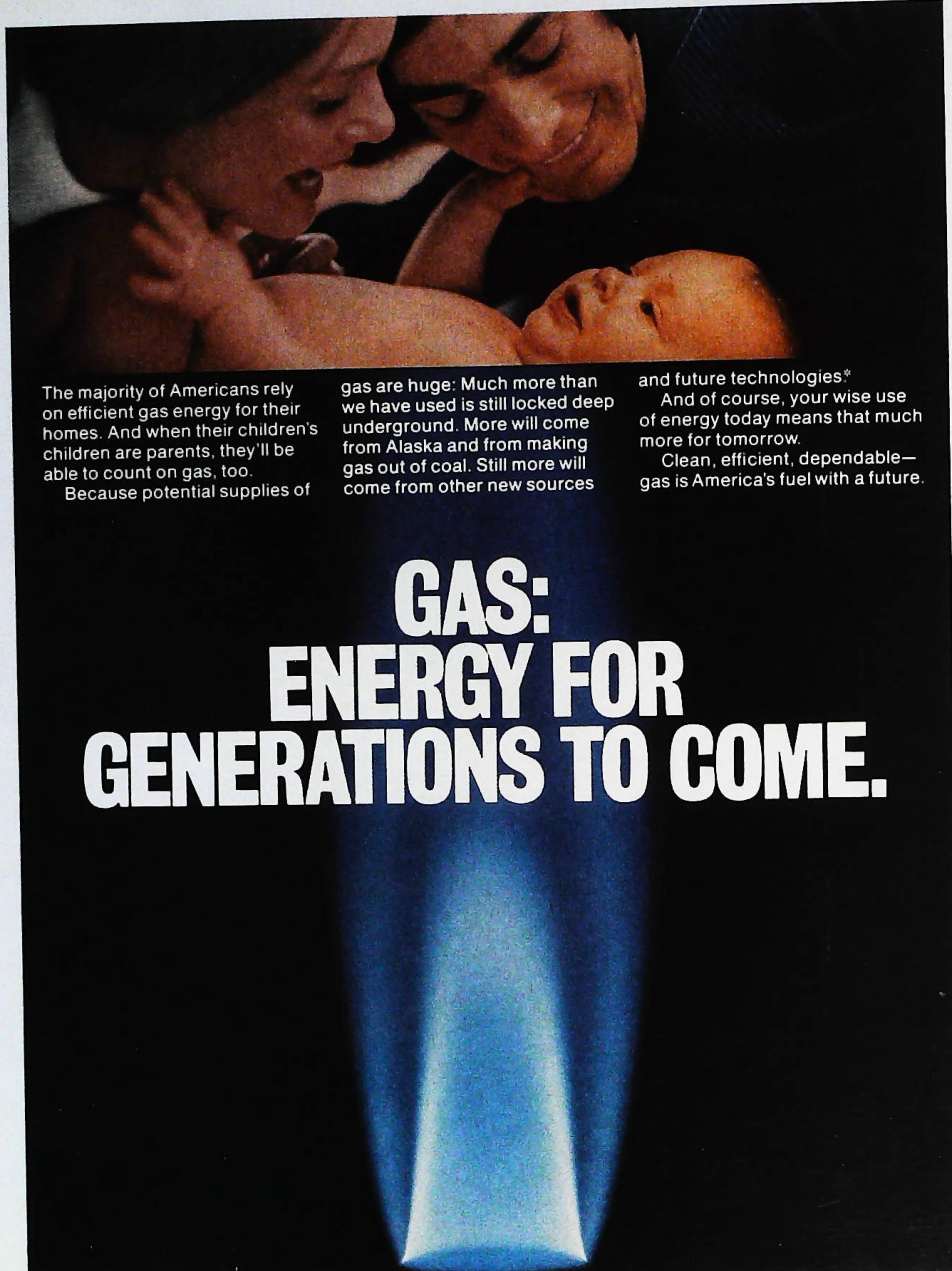
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TEACHER

State University at Las Cruces. As if that weren't enough, he has a good marriage (on the second try) and three little girls. "I guess," Medoff admits, a bit reluctantly, "I am happy."

Medoff's caution is understandable. For years he ignored faculty meetings and delegated his administrative duties to others, outraging many of his colleagues. Medoff couldn't have cared less. His first marriage, to an actress, collapsed after three years. "I was terrible to that poor woman," he admits. "I was far too selfish to be married." An antiwar activist during the Vietnam years, he was accused of being a Marxist when he came up for tenure. Even his first success as a playwright, the angry, O'Brien-winning *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*, about violence and American values in the '60s, won him few friends on campus. "It generated a lot of resentment," Medoff recalls. "It was an unhappy time."

Medoff credits his mellowing to Stephanie Thorne, a former student he married eight years ago. "I've changed a good deal and it shows in my work," he says. "Stephanie is solid, sensitive and very together. I trust her as no one else with my awareness of my own failings and frustrations." "Everyone says he is nicer since he married me," Stephanie, 34, admits. "At first he used to come home and overwhelm me with this 'In-the-theater-the-playwright-is-king' routine, and for a while I went along. Now I see the king cleaning the floor after the baby has puddled on it."

His standing at the university has changed just as dramatically, bringing him affection as well as respect. "I tell my students that I can't teach them a thing," he says. "What I can do is pass on a certain theatrical experience, and if they have any talent I can push them, punish them and, trite though it may sound, perhaps even inspire them. But I don't encourage students to be drama majors. I tell them the likelihood of their ever being on a theater stage is minimal." Still, his office is often filled with students, many of whom he browbeats into joining his drama school football team. Naturally, Medoff is captain and quarterback. "He gives an extraordinary amount and always in a positive way," says one ex-pupil. "But I'd hate to be around

"There are only 32 plots," Medoff tells students. "Choose one. Someone will change it anyway."

him if he ever failed at anything."

Fortunately, his failures are few. Since taking over as head of the drama department two years ago, Medoff has emphasized high-quality student productions, transformed a dispirited two-member department into a first-rate program with 11 teachers, and sold 2,300 season subscriptions—seven times more than two seasons ago.

Medoff was raised in Miami, where his father is a doctor and his mother a therapist. "I've been to a whole flock of therapists myself," he says. "One told me I was the only kid he'd ever seen who was rebelling against a happy home." A star athlete in school, Medoff dreamed of playing professional baseball until an English teacher singled out one of his short stories for praise. "From then on I was a closet writer," he says. "There was something a bit effeminate about writing in those days." After graduating from the University of Miami and earning an M.A. in English at Stanford, he landed a teaching job at New Mexico State. The first time he saw the stark desert campus he was so depressed he drove straight home to Florida, but his parents persuaded him to turn around and go back. "For the first three years I threatened to resign," Medoff recalls. "I knew I was



With wife Stephanie and his Tony in hand, Medoff reflects on the beauty of the desert and its peace.

talented and wonderful, but I hadn't been able to convince the rest of the country yet."

The success of *Children of a Lesser God* laid that frustration to rest. The

CONTINUED

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"Dame Ngaio Marsh builds her house party murder to a dazzling crescendo." —Publishers Weekly

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Little, Brown

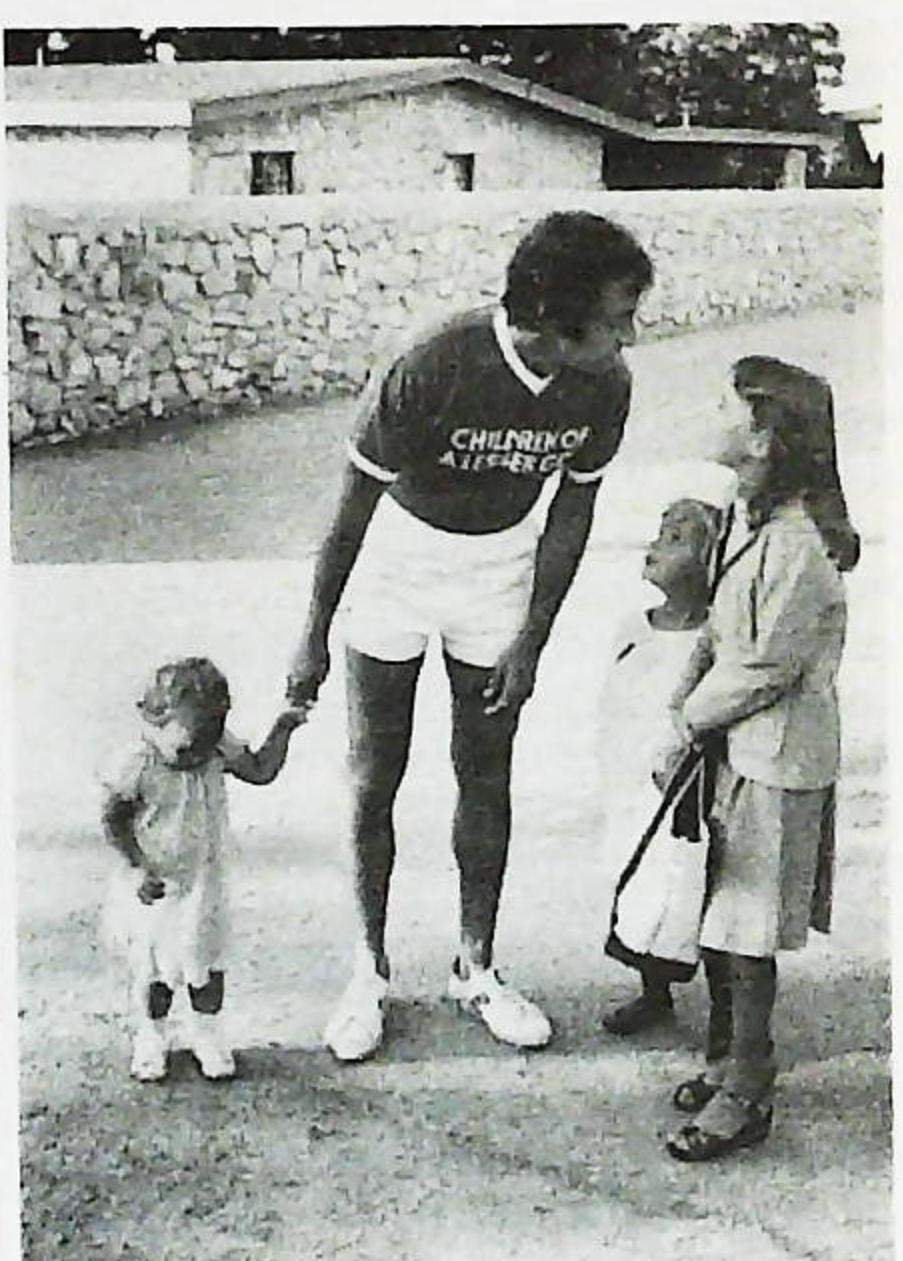
TEACHER

Idea for the play came to Medoff two years ago at a workshop in Rhode Island, where a young deaf actress named Phyllis Frelich complained to him about the dearth of roles for performers without hearing. "Come to New Mexico and I'll write one for you," he told her. Subsequently Frelich and her husband, stage manager Robert Steinberg (who can hear), spent six grueling months allowing Medoff to probe the depths of their emotions and marriage. The result meant not only recognition for Medoff but a Best Actress Tony for Frelich.

Luxuriating in success, Medoff rises early these days and takes a walk before waking the children and fixing them breakfast. He writes from 8 to 11, then jogs three to five miles. "I love the desert," he says. "I love having money to spend. And the older I get the more I'm drawn to a smaller and smaller space—the people I love and work with." Of all the accolades in the past year, he particularly treasures one he overheard a few months ago. "I was sitting in a diner eating Mexican food when a couple of truck drivers came in," Medoff recalls. "One of them asked the waitress if she knew this guy in town who had written a play. He said to his friend, 'I hear he's just a good ol' boy.' Now out here, that's a compliment."

SARAH MOORE HALL

The Medoff brood (below) now includes Debbie, 12, Stephanie's daughter by a previous marriage, Rachel, 5, and Jessica, 2.



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Available in both single kit and convenient double kit.

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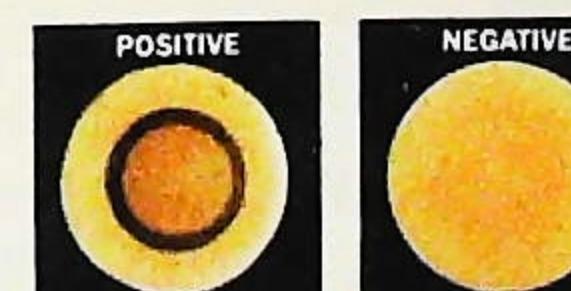
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C'mon up!

the
coolest
taste around
C'mon Up!

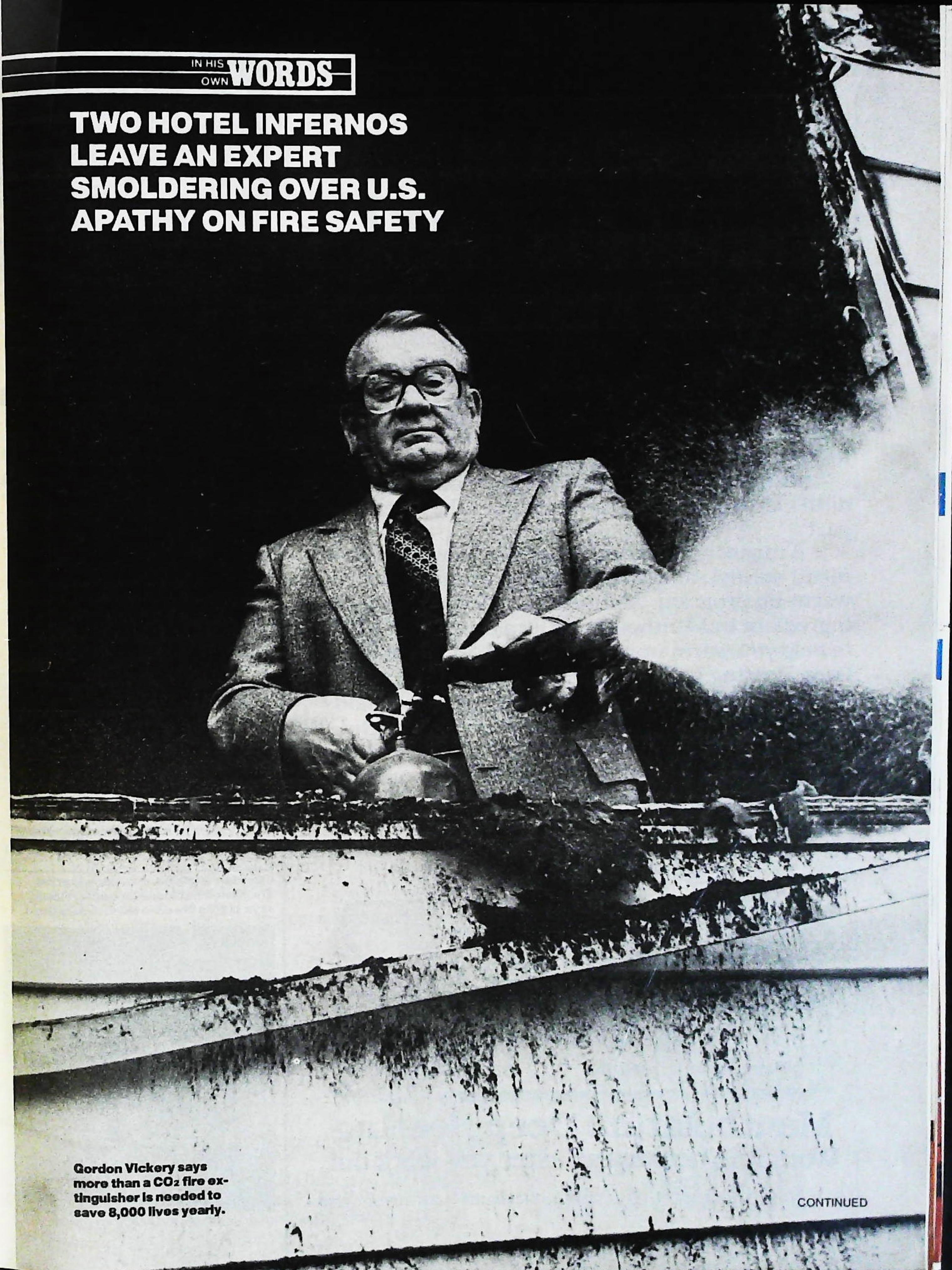
Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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IN HIS
OWN WORDS

TWO HOTEL INFERNO
S LEAVE AN EXPERT
SMOLDERING OVER U.S.
APATHY ON FIRE SAFETY



Gordon Vickery says
more than a CO₂ fire ex-
tinguisher is needed to
save 8,000 lives yearly.

CONTINUED

How would a doctor recommend you work out?

The first thing a doctor would tell you to do is warm up properly. That's because warming up helps increase your flexibility and range of motion and can even help reduce the risk of injuries. And as an added benefit, the right warm up can help you perform better.

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Work it in before and after you work out.

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Claiming a total of 493 lives, the 1942 fire at the Cocoanut Grove nightclub in Boston was one of the worst in American history.

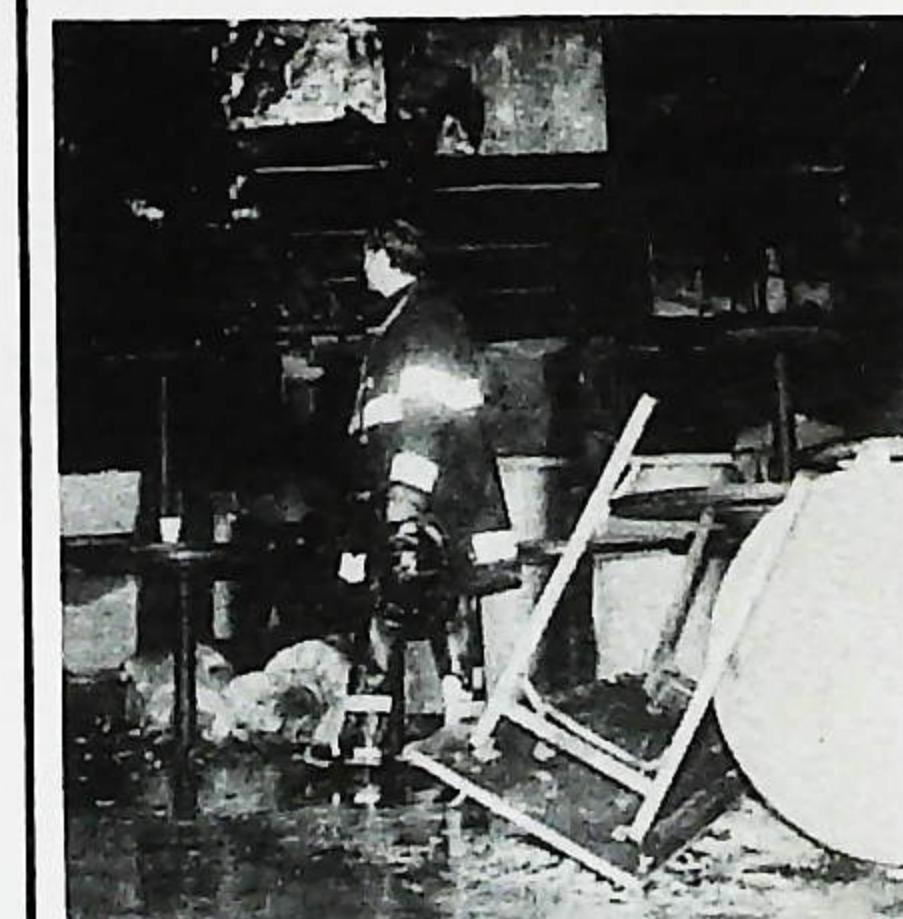
IN HIS OWN WORDS

'Sometimes I think Americans don't give a damn about fire'

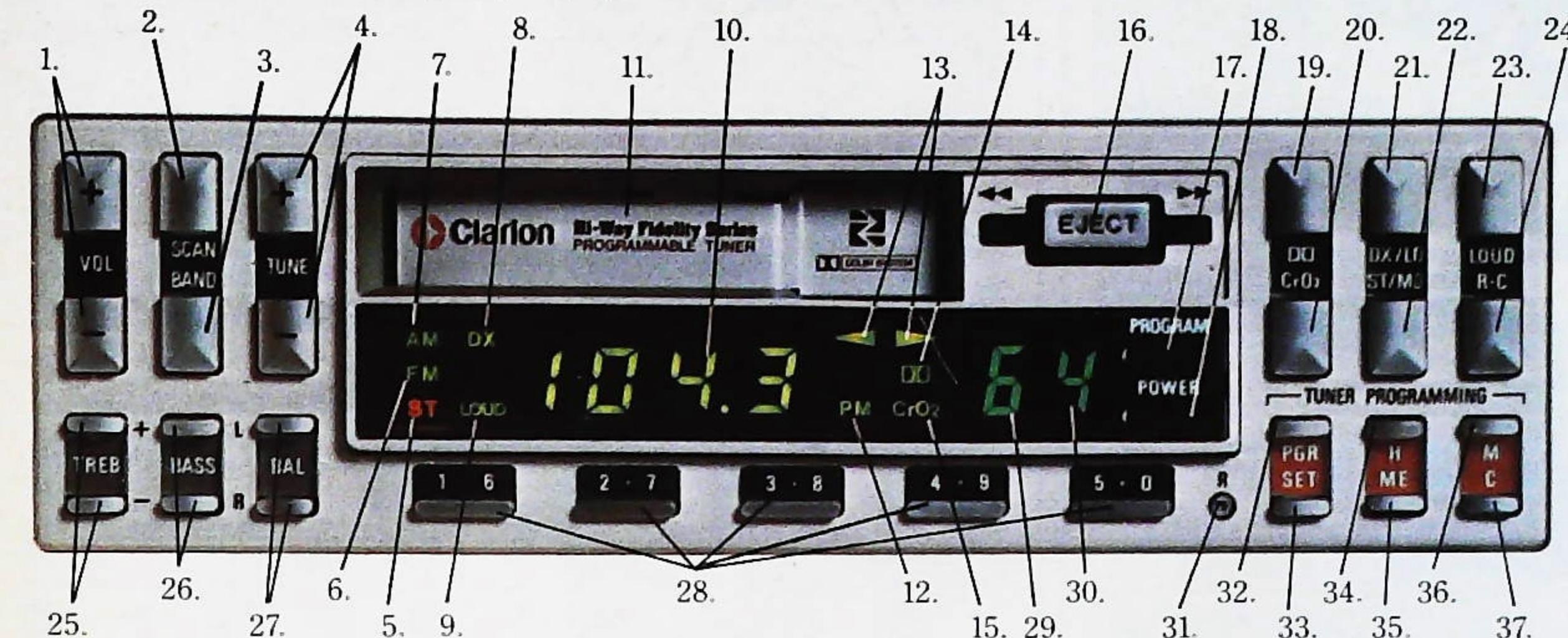
In the space of 12 days at Thanksgiving, 110 people died in fires at two American hotels—the MGM Grand in Las Vegas (84 fatalities, 738 injured) and Stouffer's Inn in Harrison, N.Y. (26 dead). Gordon Vickery has seen many such tragedies in his 34 years as a professional fire fighter, and he believes that most of them were avoidable. In nine years as chief of the Seattle Fire Department, Vickery built it into one of the most efficient and modern in the nation. After retiring in 1972, he ran the Seattle City Light Company until 1979, when President Carter named him head of the U.S. Fire Administration, a national training and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Sprinklers would have saved lives at the Stouffer's Inn conference center, Vickery says, but the fire code didn't require them.



1. Volume Control Buttons 2. Scan and Hold Button 3. AM/FM Band Switch 4. Manual Tuning Buttons 5. Stereo Indicator Light 6. FM Indicator Light 7. AM Indicator Light 8. Local Distance Indicator Light 9. Loudness Indicator Light 10. Digital Display (Frequency, Clock) 11. Tape Slot Door 12. Clock PM Indicator Light 13. Tape Program Indicator 14. Dolby NR Indicator Light 15. Tape Selector Indicator Light 16. FF/REW Lever and Eject Button 17. Tape Program Button 18. Power On/Off Switch 19. Dolby NR Switch 20. Tape Selector Switch 21. DX/Local Switch 22. Stereo Mono Switch 23. Loudness Switch 24. Program Reserve/Cancel Button 25. Treble Control Buttons 26. Bass Control Buttons 27. Balance Control Buttons 28. AM (1-5) and FM (6-0) Pre-Set Buttons 29. Pre-Set Number Indicator Light 30. Program Number Indicator Light 31. Reset Button 32. Program Mode Start and Number Button 33. Pre-Set Number Setting and Time Calibration Button 34. Program Hour Setting & Hour Correction Button 35. Pre-Set and Program Memory Button 36. Program Minute Setting and Minute Correction Button 37. Program Clear and Frequency Display Button.



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Clarion asked Ed Bott, Hi-Fi Editor of *Oui Magazine* if \$900 for their new PE959A is too expensive.

Bott smiled, then answered, "You should have asked me if \$900 for the first fully programmable car radio *too cheap?*"

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There's little question with audio-philes that the new PE959A is a great investment—even at \$900. And that today, when quality is hard to come by at any price, the same value permeates every aspect of Clarion's business, from the middle range products right up to the top of the line.

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PEOPLE

By Gerard Mosler

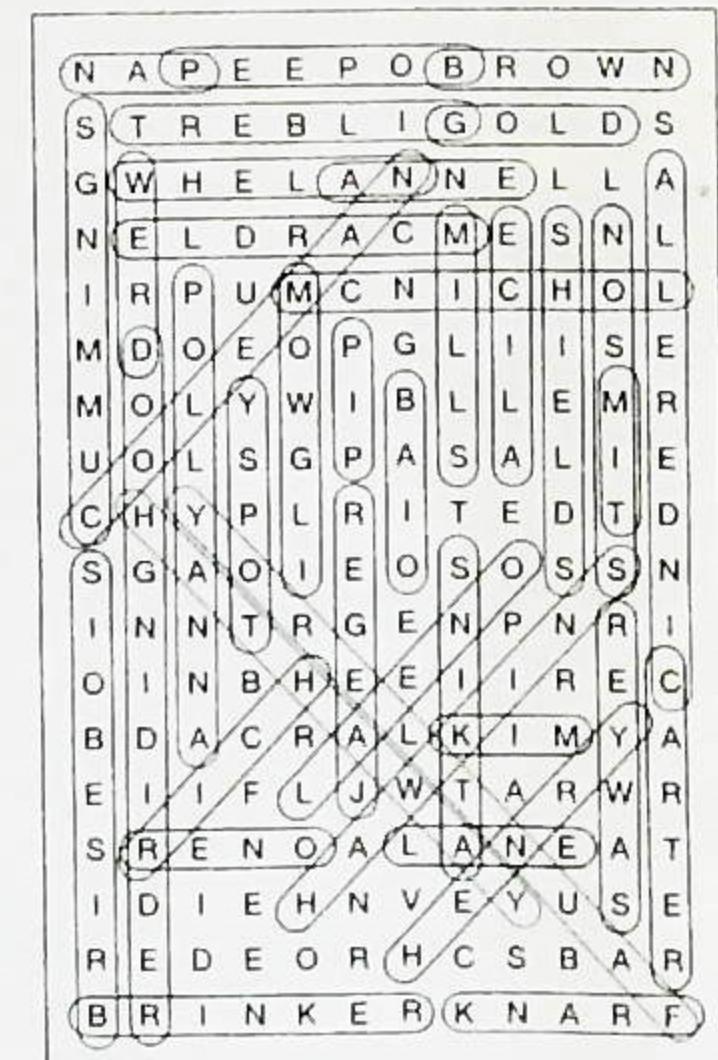
The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off.

by circling FUNT, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.

V	E	R	N	O	N	A	G	A	S
A	O	E	I	T	S	R	O	O	C
L	U	N	D	E	N	A	R	B	A
L	N	O	O	U	E	E	D	O	P
E	O	T	R	H	N	M	O	W	I
E	O	A	G	E	K	A	N	I	N
G	S	R	A	T	M	I	W	E	C
A	S	E	R	N	I	L	T	A	A
P	A	H	B	U	R	E	A	T	Y
E	S	S	O	F	O	R	D	P	S

Clues

1. Candid camera-man
2. Hartmann's subaltern
3. It's his turn
4. TV's Evita!
5. Cooking for Archie
6. Colorado beer baron
7. Queen of seclusion
8. Broadway monster
9. Smash success ...
10. ... and his open-book wife
11. Henry's designing daughter
12. Bendix biggie
13. Jockey shorts pitchman
14. Cosmic showman
15. Joe Gideon at heart
16. That vagabond lover
17. Likes women in their elegance
18. Knots Landing housewife
19. Patti, the '50s rage
20. Spain's diminutive art giant



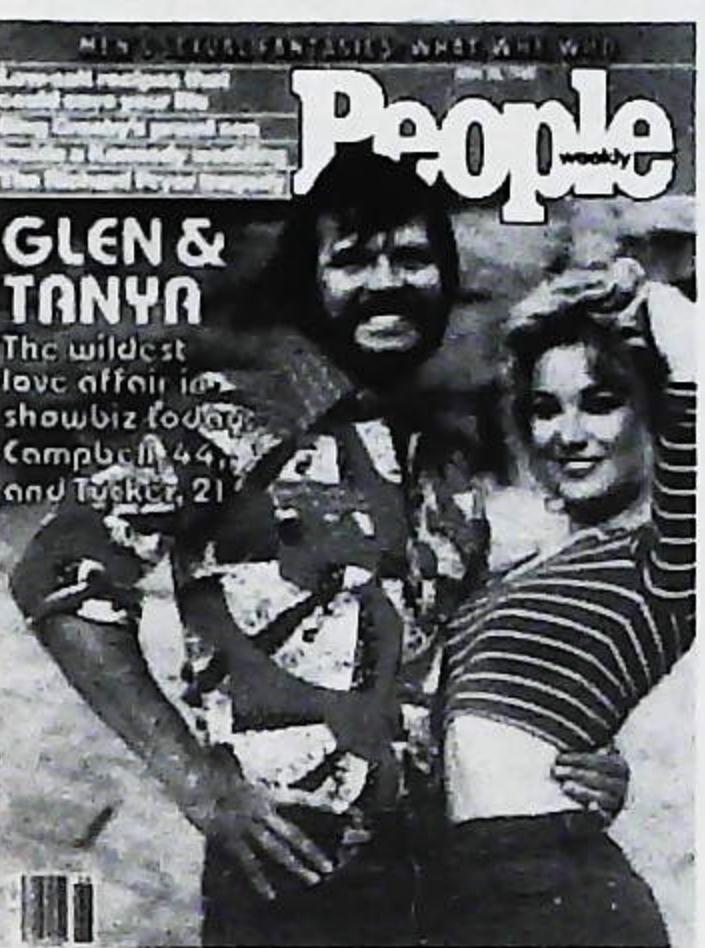
Answers to Dec. 29-Jan. 5 Puzzle

1. Kelly Reno
2. Lord Fauntleroy
3. Gary Coleman
4. Justin Henry
5. Topsy
6. Chris Atkins
7. Brooke Shields
8. Noah Hathaway
9. Jim Hawkins
10. Danielle Brisebois
11. Tom Sawyer
12. Tatum O'Neal
13. Pollyanna
14. Diane Lane
15. Anne Frank
16. Missy Gold
17. Hans Brinker
18. Adam Rich
19. Anne Carter
20. Sara Stinson
21. Nancy Drew
22. Kristy McNichol
23. Red Riding Hood
24. Tiny Tim
25. Kim
26. Louise Brown
27. Bo Peep
28. Melissa Gilbert
29. Amy Carter
30. Alice
31. Jill Whelan
32. Pip
33. Scott Baio
34. Quinn Cummings
35. Cinderella
36. Andrea McArdle
37. Mowgli
38. Stephanie Mills
39. Andrea Jaeger
40. Peter Pan

WHO'S HAPPENING?



WHAT'S GOING ON?



WHERE'S SHE HEADING?



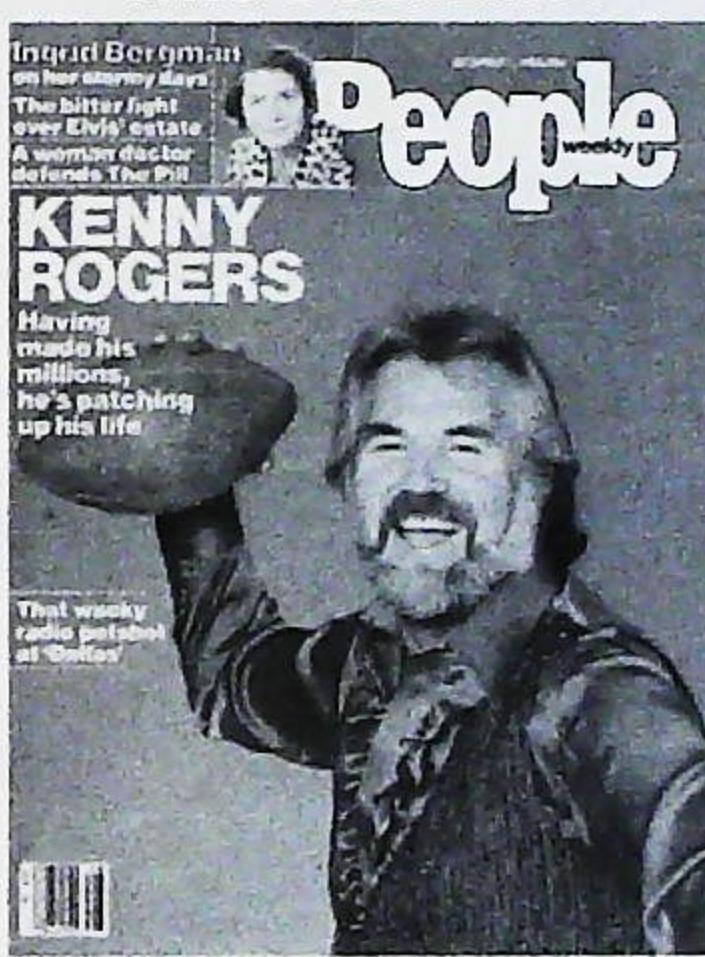
WHAT'S HE SAYING?



WHO'S SWINGING?



WHO'S SMILING?



WHAT'S HE THINKING?



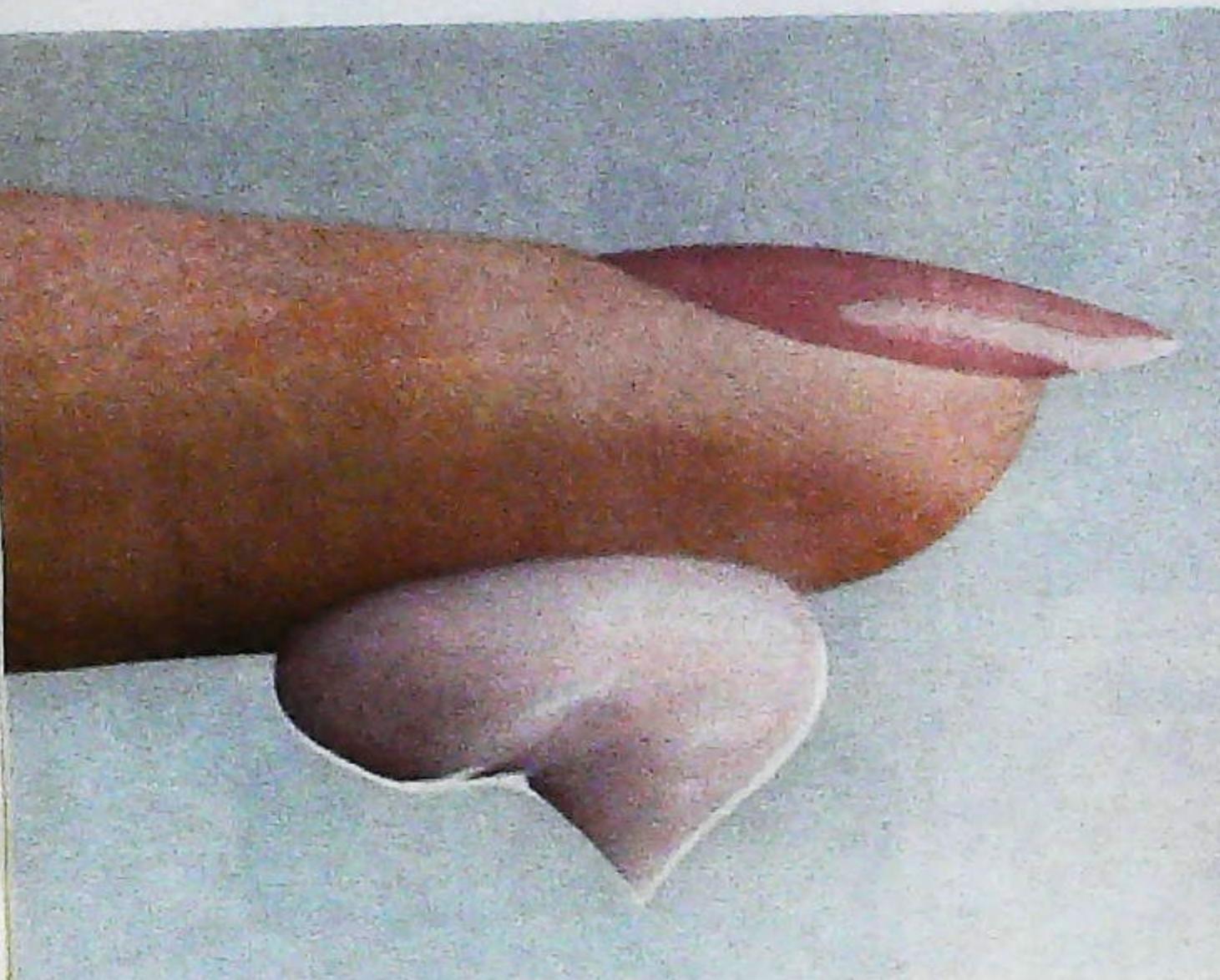
WHO'S NEWS?



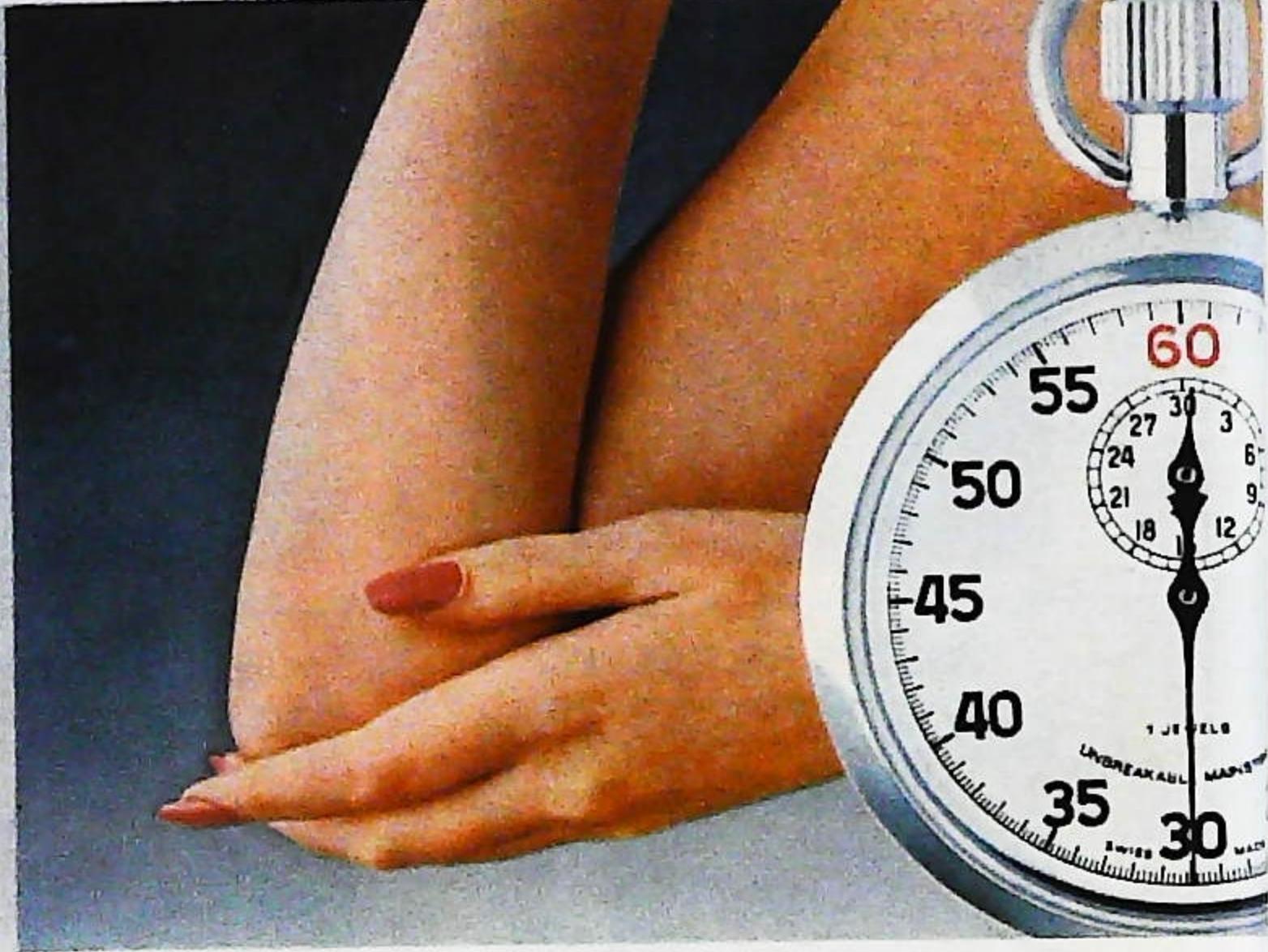
Treat yourself, treat your family,
to a PEOPLE this week.

People
weekly

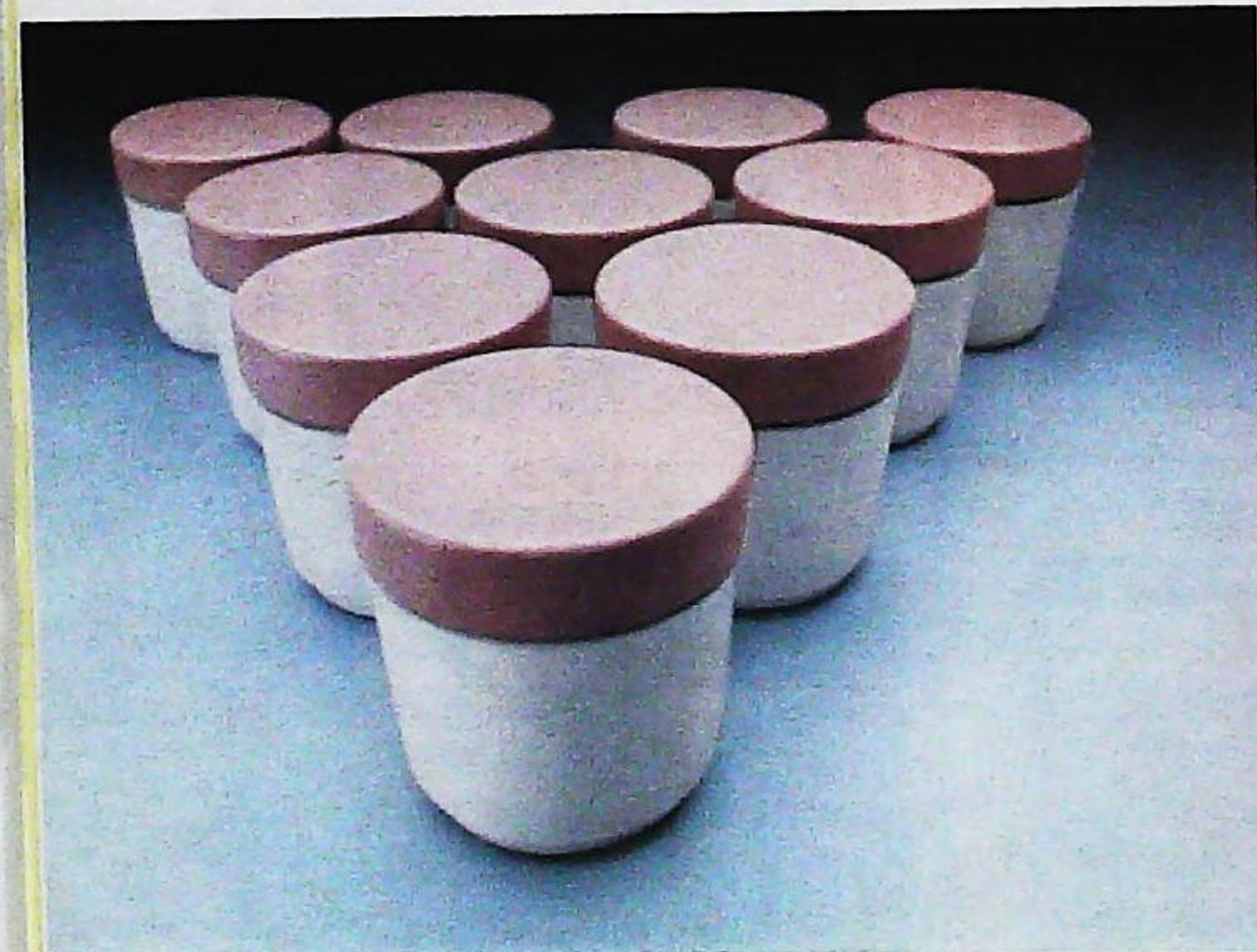
Four good reasons why Johnson's Baby Lotion is the best "grownup" body lotion you can buy.



Thicker and richer than other lotions.



Absorbs fast. Goes to work instantly.



Unique combination of 10 skin softeners.



Leaves you feeling beautifully soft all over.

When it comes to keeping skin soft, JOHNSON's Baby Lotion has everything you want in a body lotion and more. Its super-rich formula gives a new beauty to your skin and leaves it with a healthy, youthful glow. In short, JOHNSON's Baby Lotion is a terrific body lotion. We've told you four good reasons why. But don't take our word for it. Just give it a try.

It's a perfect lotion for grownup skin.

Johnson + Johnson



In Stowe, Vt., fire swept the lodge (above) run by the Trapp family, who inspired *The Sound of Music*. In Las Vegas, helicopters plucked guests from the flaming MGM Grand.



IN HIS OWN WORDS

research center in Washington. Vickery, 60, who hopes to continue in the job in the Reagan administration, and his wife, Frances, live in an Arlington, Va. apartment with a "No Smoking" sign on the front door. He discussed the two recent tragedies and the scope of the fire menace in the U.S. with Margie Bonnett of PEOPLE.

Could deaths have been prevented in the MGM Grand and Stouffer's Inn fires?

If the entire MGM Grand had had sprinklers instead of just the basement, first and top floors, you would have had a smaller fire that soon would have been extinguished. At the Stouffer's Inn, the hotel section was fully sprinklered, but the conference center—where the fire started—was not. There were some graphic examples in both tragedies where the flames stopped exactly at the point the sprinklers began. Sprinklers are the answer. The problem is getting owners to install them and other safety equipment in existing buildings.

Do they resist for economic reasons?
Largely. Installing sprinklers in new

CONTINUED



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When you stop to think about it, most receivers are pretty much the same.

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It's got an incredible miniature computer that can do some amazing things to make your listening a lot easier.

It can automatically search out the next station on the dial. And then lock it in perfectly.

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An Outstanding Opportunity for Collectors of Western Art

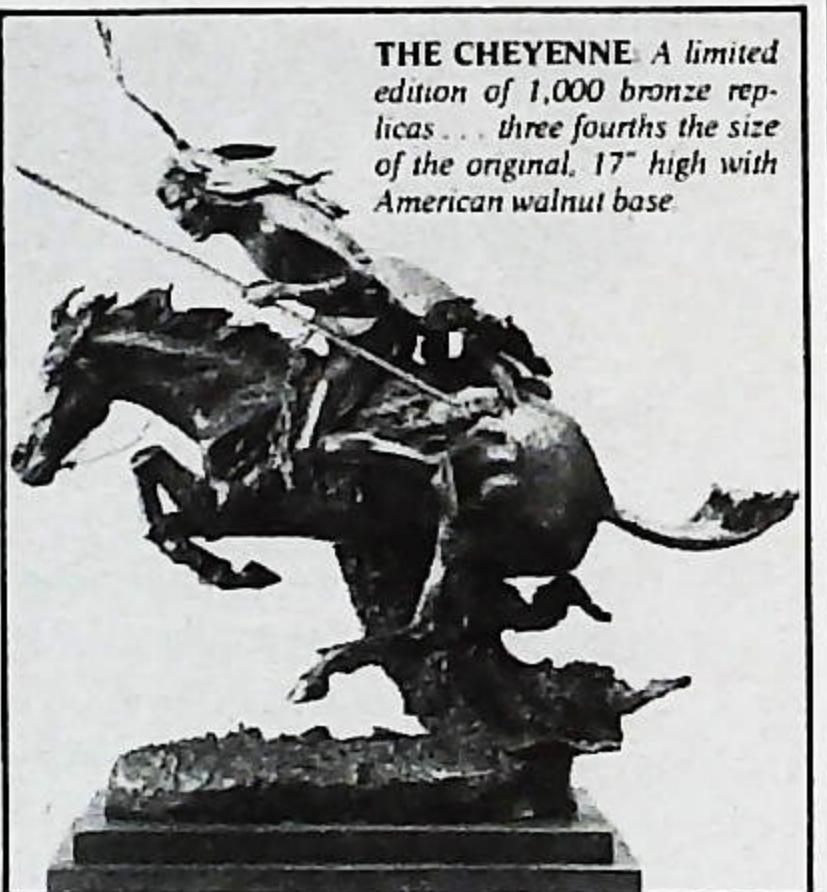
Museum Collections Inc. Announces The Third In A Series of Museum Quality Replicas Of Frederic Remington's Incomparable Bronzes

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IN HIS OWN WORDS

buildings costs about \$1 to \$1.50 a square foot. In an existing building, the cost can be double that. Then there is the lost income as parts of the building are shut down for the installation. On the other hand, there will be a return on the investment. Through savings on insurance premiums, a sprinkler system in one 300-room hotel in Seattle paid for itself in seven years. That's the big incentive right now, but local, state or federal laws should be passed providing tax credits as well. The biggest incentive in the world, though, is going to be public opinion demanding safe accommodations.

How else can buildings be made more fireproof?

Smoke detectors should be placed in individual rooms and public areas. It is now possible to pressurize stairwells to keep smoke out. New buildings should be designed with fire-retardant separations between rooms and floors. Basically, almost anything will burn, given the right circumstances. Nothing is really "fireproof." So the practical thing is to make separations using a material or type of construction that will resist burning for a length of time—usually an hour between rooms, an hour or two between floors, and up to four hours in walls around a furnace. The exact durations are up to each locality to determine in its fire code.

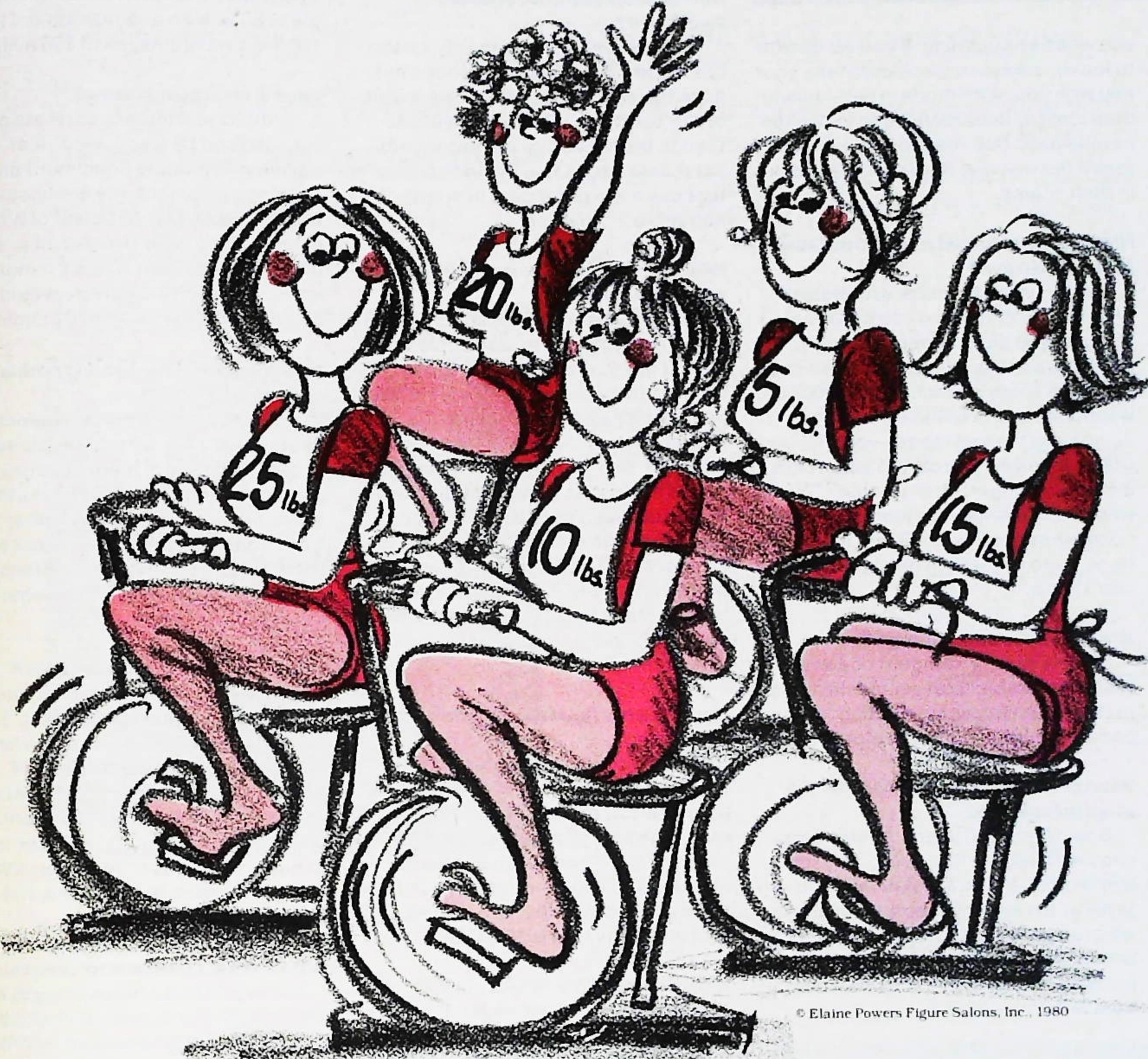
If a fire does start, what is the proper reaction?

You have to take precautions before there's a fire, or it'll be too late. When you check in, ask for a fire evacuation plan for the building—and if they don't have one, ask why not. Study the plan. Then familiarize yourself with the location of the fire exits, and on your own floor count or estimate the number of doors from your room to the nearest fire exit. That way, if the corridor is smoky, you can feel your way along the floor and find the exit.

A Las Vegas fire captain said that fewer lives would have been lost at the MGM Grand if people had stayed in their rooms. Is it prudent to venture out?

If you suspect there's a fire, or you hear an alarm—either at home or in a hotel—feel the door. If it's hot or even warm, don't open it. If it isn't, you can open it a crack and take a look to

CONTINUED



© Elaine Powers Figure Salons, Inc. 1980

Ready. Set. Go to Elaine Powers to lose weight among friends.

Losing weight isn't easy. It takes a combination of sensible eating and exercise. That's where Elaine Powers Figure Salons come in. We've helped millions of women win the race to lose weight for the past 17 years. Our success stories have made us the largest figure salon organization in the country, designed exclusively for women.

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Lose weight among friends.

see what's happening. If you do decide to leave, always remember to take your key with you. With modern self-locking doors, many lives have been lost when people dash out, realize they cannot reach the exit and then can't get back in their rooms.

How can you prevent smoke from seeping into the room?

Fill the bathtub or sink with water. With this reservoir you can soak towels and stuff them under the door and between the cracks. If smoke does enter the room, wet a handkerchief or washcloth and breathe through it. Jumping is the last resort—only if you will be injured if you stay in your room a moment longer. Most people would hurt themselves jumping even from the second floor—from the third floor, quite severely. The general rule is don't jump.

Are fire codes strict enough?

Models of very stringent codes are readily available to every locality. The real problem is getting existing codes enacted and then enforced.

Wouldn't a strong federal code be the simplest solution?

Going back 200 years, America has chosen to regard fire as a local problem requiring a local solution. I'm in favor of the kind of support and advice we provide in the U.S. Fire Administration, but I would hate to see another massive bureaucracy created here to deal with this problem.

How widespread is local non-enforcement?

In many areas, the authority exists but the fire chief frequently does not have the courage to impose penalties, or the courts do not back him up. Although tragedies like the two recent hotel fires stir people up, the sad fact is that there is a great deal of apathy about fire in America.

Why are Americans seemingly indifferent to this danger?

We're probably the most heavily insured nation on earth, so people don't look at fire damage as a personal loss. It's something the insurance companies will pay for. We accept fire losses in a way European countries, for instance, don't. Though our fire departments are just as good at putting out fires, European departments spend much more time doing preventive inspections. Their fire codes are much more intrusive and more strictly enforced. Many European cities burned during World War II, and that has stuck in their minds.

How does our fire casualty rate compare with theirs?

Our fire death rate is four or five times higher than that of several countries in Western Europe. In fact, our rate, along with Canada's, is the highest of all the industrialized nations. Every year 8,000 Americans die in fires, and more than 200,000 are injured. Direct monetary loss is \$5 billion.

Where do most fire deaths occur?

In homes, by far. However, there are

1,000 hotel and motel fires a month in the U.S., with an average annual toll of 160 lives and damages of \$90 million.

What is the leading cause?

In hotels and motels, careless smoking, followed by arson, electrical equipment, heating equipment and cooking equipment. We are hoping for federal legislation on behalf of a self-extinguishing cigarette. A bed or sofa usually takes about 10 to 12 minutes to ignite, and such a cigarette would extinguish itself in four to five minutes.

What types of home heating problems cause fires?

In the Southeast, portable electric heaters are a big factor. People tend to be careless with them because they use them infrequently. In the Northeast, we're seeing an alarming climb in fires from wood-burning stoves. Most of these arise from improper installation and misuse rather than from inherent defects.

What region has the fewest fires?

Despite the MGM Grand fire, the Southwest is statistically safest. You have newer buildings there and fewer heating problems. Between 1974 and 1977 Honolulu had the lowest per capita fire death rate of all American cities. In the continental U.S., it was El Paso. The highest death rates were in Eastern cities, with Newark, N.J. topping the list.

Are sprinklers practical for home use?

We've just had a breakthrough in technology that is going to make them affordable. For a new three-bedroom house in an urban area, a system might cost about one percent of the purchase price. We also recommend every homeowner work out an exit drill plan for the family.

Are fire departments willing to work harder on prevention?

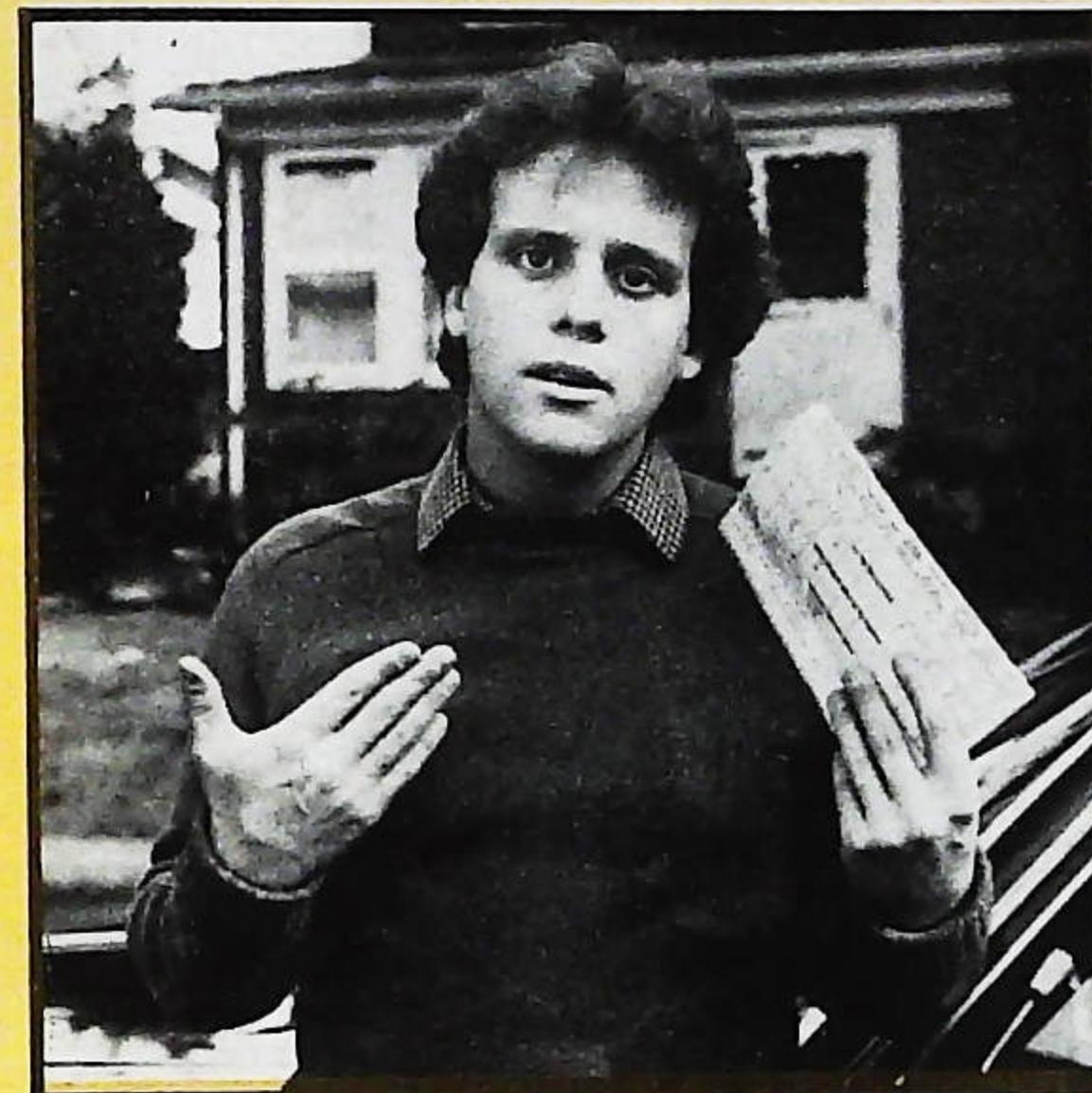
I hear the constant alibi that they'll have to create a whole special inspection force and add it to the department. I don't buy that. There isn't a department in this country that can't dedicate more manpower to inspections and preventive work. What the American people demand, they'll get. □

The only fire former Chief Vickery cares to light—aside from Frances', his wife of 39 years—is steak Diane, his flambé specialty.

Photographs by Robert Sherbow

Some people feel...

"So what if I'm young. I've never had an accident or even gotten a ticket. Why should I pay the highest insurance rates?"



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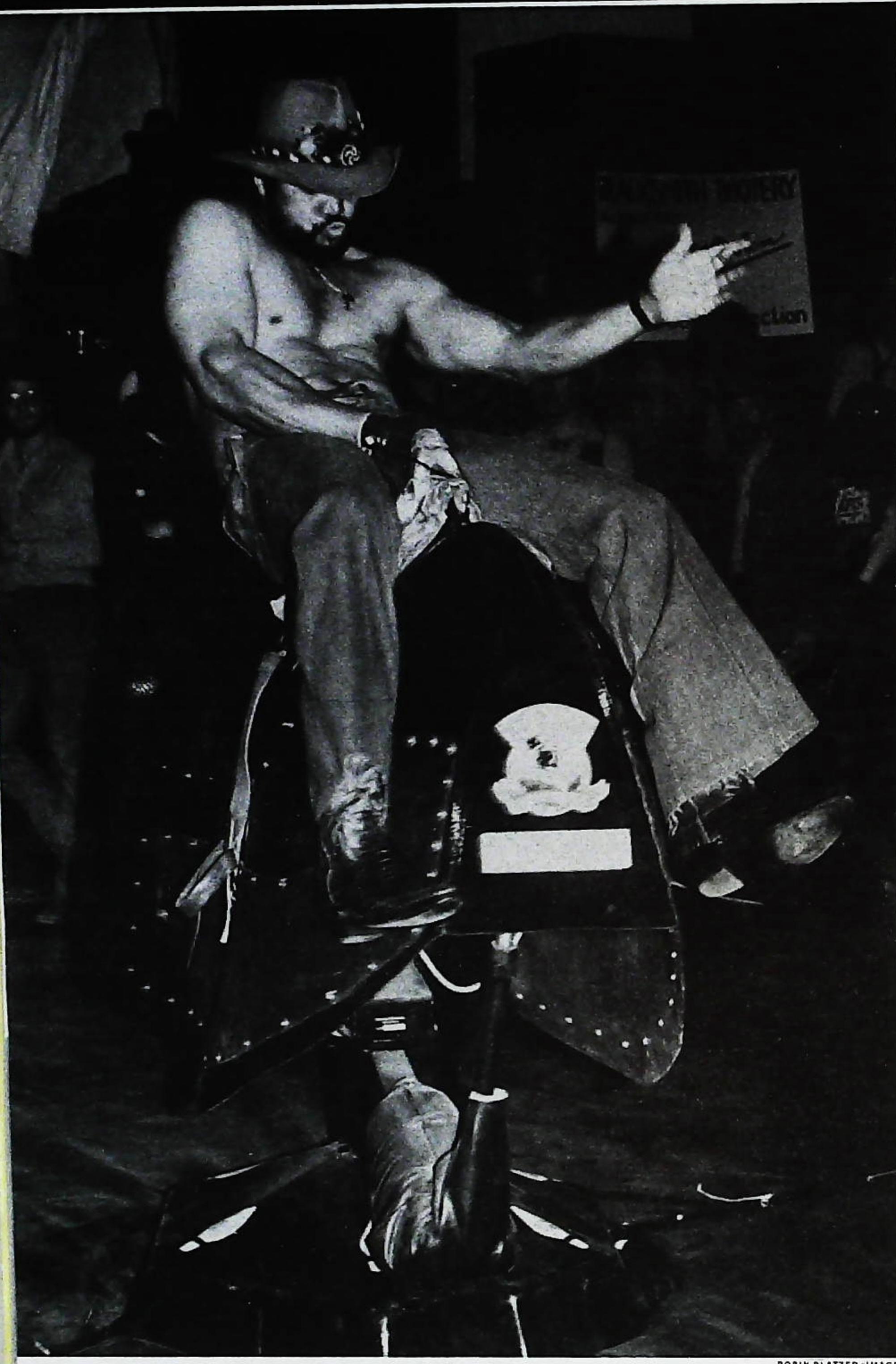
The fairest way to distribute accident costs is for each driver to pay an insurance rate that reflects as closely as possible the exposure to loss of his or her group. Of course, differences within the groups also are taken into account. Among them are the age and type of car and how the car is used (whether for business, pleasure or commuting).

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STAR TRACKS



Reggie's big bucks ^

Anyone knows what becomes a Yankee legend most: pinstripes. But off-season, Reggie Jackson struts his stuff (lucratively) in Murjani jeans and funky footwear by Blacksmith Bootery. When the shoe company threw a party at Privates, a Manhattan nightclub, to

show off its latest Western gear (and raise money for Lou Gehrig's disease, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), Reggie was roped into an appearance on the bar's mechanical bull. Though riding for a fall—at close to top speed—Jackson soon proved he had found a game in which he could outaverage George Brett.

ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES



Hello, Dali ^

Salvador Dali, 76, put a stop to all the gossip that he had become senile with a fortnight's visit to Paris. The artist is talking of mounting a retrospective at Madrid's Prado museum this year and still spends up to five hours daily in his studio at Port Lligat, Spain. He is currently doing preliminary sketches for a work to be assembled in Rumania. And if he isn't the same old, outrageous, overreaching Dali, why does that creation stretch 22 miles?



FRANCIS APESTEGUY/GAMMA-LIAISON



Lech's peace prayer ^

Russian troops were massed on Poland's border, and meat rationing and a threatened farmers' strike were causing new unrest. But populist labor hero Lech Walesa paused during the Yule season to lend support to another labor organizer (of elves, at least), St. Nicholas. The devoutly Catholic Walesa then issued a holiday prayer: "Watch over our Motherland," he wrote, "so Poland becomes more like a house for people, a house of God's children in which justice, freedom, peace, love and solidarity will triumph." Solidarity, of course, is the name of Walesa's union.



ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES

Tennis' grand jam <

Zing went the strings when Swedish tennis ace Bjorn Borg teamed with his wife, Mariana, and Formula One driving champ Jody Scheckter of South Africa to promote the upcoming International Tennis Tournament of Monaco. Their game in Monte Carlo, however, was music. None is exactly a skilled player, but the Borgs wielded their axes like pros, as did Scheckter on the skins. All they needed was a suitable selection like, say, Donna Summer's *Love to Love You Baby*.

Jackson sermonizes v

When syndicated deejay Casey Kasem, 48, wed aspiring actress Jean Thompson, 26, at L.A.'s Bel-Air Hotel, he invited his pal Reverend Jesse Jackson to perform the ceremony. "It's been a long time since I've done this," said the civil rights leader. So he went by the Book, sounding off about divorces, although Casey split from his first spouse just last year. Noted the Reverend: "It takes no muscle or forethought to say 'I quit.' It shows more character to stick in there."

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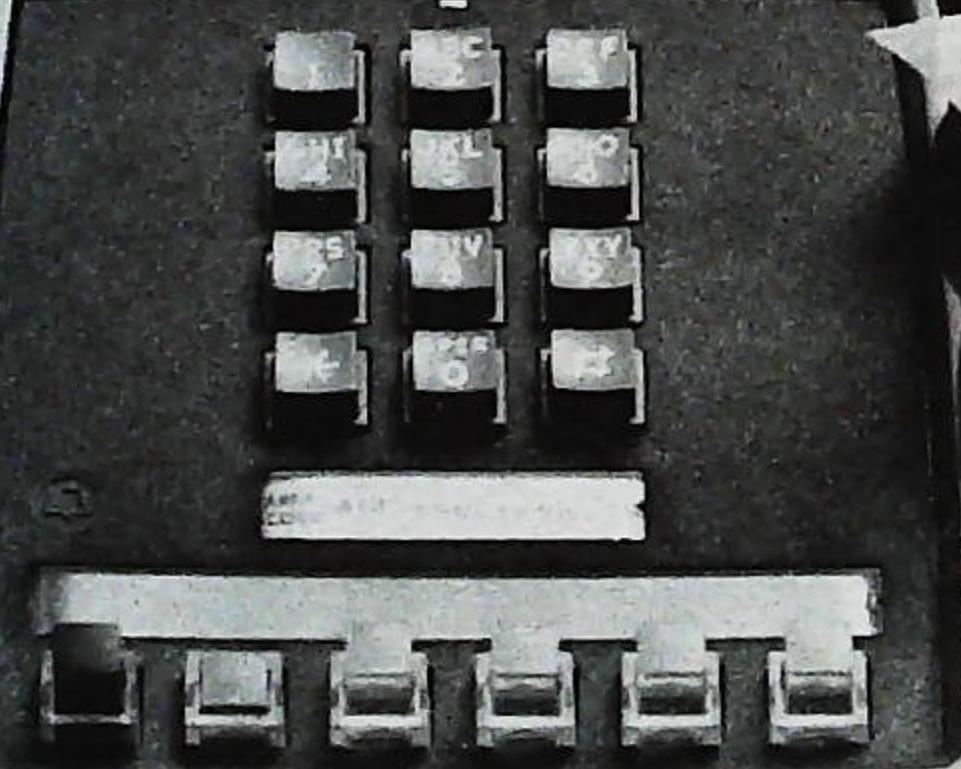
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Meredith is dogged

Burgess Meredith, the co-host of ABC's *Those Amazing Animals*, always has his ear cocked for the right story. And the exploits of Pete, an 8-month-old American bulldog, figured to be just Meredith's meat. The puppy, who received a plaque for valor at the Manhattan ASPCA, was used by one of the society's undercover agents to gain entry to an illegal dogfighting operation in Rochester, N.Y. But before Pete was thrown into the dog-eat-dog competition, the agent collected enough evidence to bust the ring. So Pete got in his licks bussing Burgess.

Best feet forward

Wanda Richert (far right) says she does not know whether the slight was "intentional or not." But, unlike her co-stars in the Broadway hit *42nd Street*, she did not receive an invitation to the Manhattan fund raiser for cancer research that honored Gower Champion —the show's director-choreographer and her lover at the time of his death



last August. So, Richert says, "I made up my mind I'd be there—invitation or no." Rumors flew that Wanda, 22, had been passed over intentionally at the behest of Champion's widow, Karla. Ultimately, though, Wanda did not

have to crash. She received a hand-delivered invite—and even posed with the spunky Karla and the evening's famed host, Kasper. Sighed the relieved designer, "It was a friendly evening —no bitchiness."

COUPLES



THEIR ACT IS OFTEN TOGETHER BUT ON GARY COLLINS' TALK SHOW MARY ANN MOBLEY IS AMISS, AMERICA

On his four-month-old syndicated talk show, *Hour Magazine*, Gary Collins has dealt with some querulous guests. A weight lifter persuaded him to try the sport, and when Collins bent over, his pants split. A hair specialist cheerfully pointed out dandruff on Gary's collar. An instructor in the self-help technique called rolfing analysed Collins' body contours and declared the 42-year-old host had the posture of an old man.

Perhaps his toughest guest, though, was Mary Ann Mobley, once Miss America, twice an Elvis Presley leading lady and for 13 years Mrs. Collins. When she appeared on a show featuring Miss Americas, Gary admits, "I couldn't react or project with her around."



MARY ANN MOBLEY
MEMORY SHOP
Gary Collins
Mary Ann Mobley
Photo by Ben Martin

Mary Ann Mobley has cuddled Gary Collins, left, since 1967. She made two films with Elvis, above, and calls him "a perfect gentleman. He was always on time; he always stood up when you entered the room."

Like Buster Crabbe, the ex-Flash Gordon promoting fitness on *Hour*, Collins knows, "Stick around long enough and you'll be rediscovered."

Photographs by Ben Martin

It's the only time Mobley has been on his show. Otherwise, professionally they play everything but hard to get. Recently Collins has surfaced as a rogue on *Vegas*, a boozing disco judge on *Dance Fever* and a tumbler on *Circus of the Stars*. His magnolia-sweet wife has been a panelist on *The Match Game* and *To Tell the Truth*, a guest on *The Tonight Show* and a traveler on the *Love Boat-Fantasy Island* circuit.

Collins, probably Robert Conrad's chief competitor as the most canceled actor on TV, sighs, "It's ironic now, when we're no longer in our 20s and not so determined to get everything, the work comes rushing in." Gary's toothy good looks and easy manner have sold *Hour Magazine* to 104 stations. (Mike Douglas has 133, John Davidson 130 and Merv Griffin 100.)

Collins' between-washloads sex appeal has created some problems. One amorous fan taped her hotel room key to his car; another managed to scamper into his trunk at KTLA studios in Los Angeles before being collared by security guards. "It's fantasy," grins Gary. "They know I have a beautiful wife at home. Part of the appeal is creating the illusion that I don't, and what if . . . I act differently in the studio because Mary Ann isn't there. Do you think Phil Donahue would project the way he does if Marlo was around?"

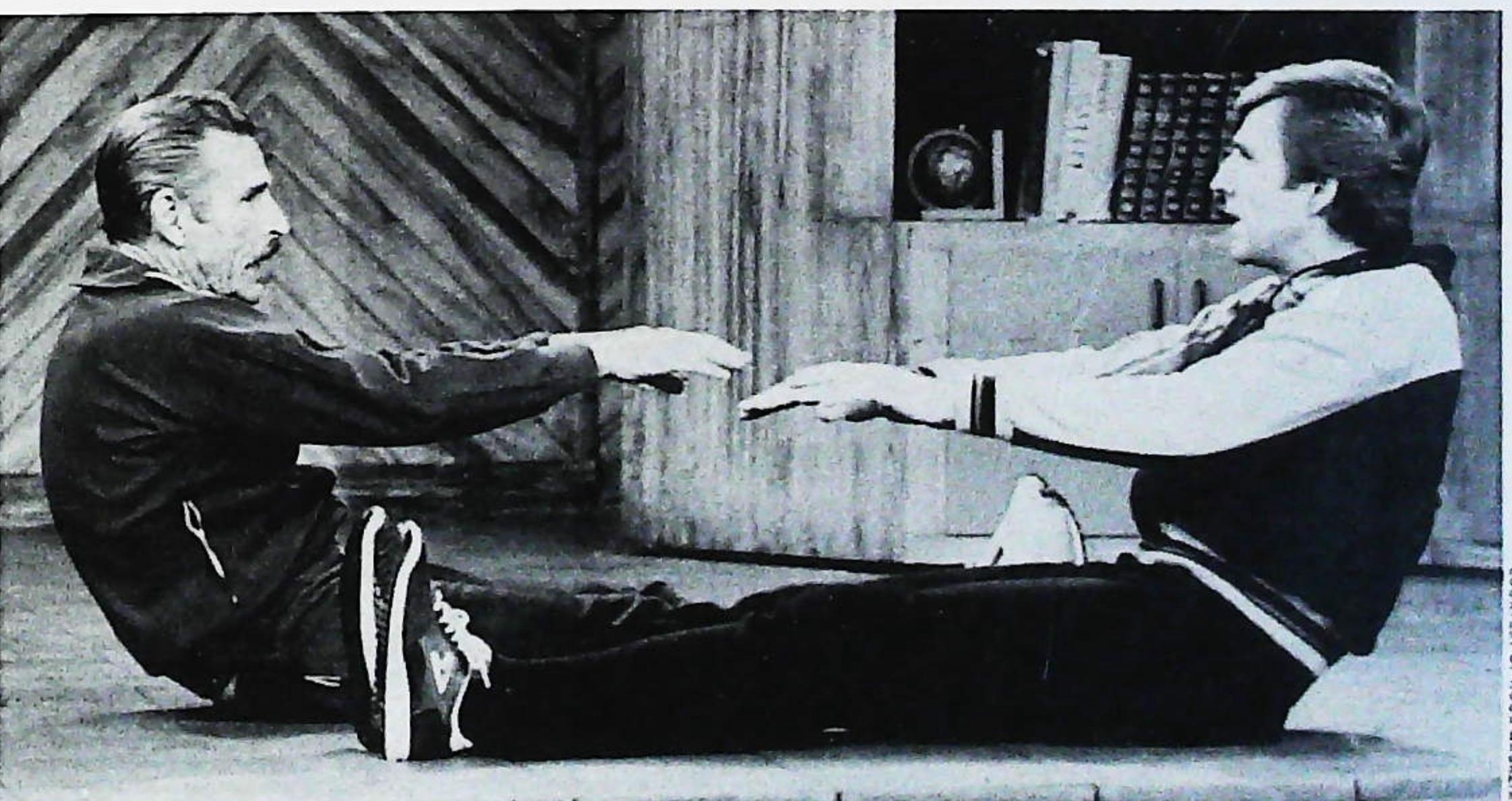
At the same time Mobley, 43, is her husband's closest if unofficial adviser.

"Mary Ann has taught me to be more goal-oriented," observes Gary. "A good-looking man doesn't have to work, not for dates or anything. You go the path of least resistance, and that was me. Mary Ann is like a tiger. She won't back off."

The couple was introduced in 1966 on the set of the film *Three on a Couch*, in which Mobley starred opposite Jerry Lewis. Collins dropped by to meet her as an intermediary for a shy friend who wanted a date. "When we met, something went boing inside," Mary Ann recalls. "I had figured I'd be the only old-maid Miss America. I wasn't naive enough to think I'd be carried off by a knight in shining armor." She wasn't. Gary had been married at the time for two years to his childhood sweetheart. But a year later, when they met at a voice lesson, his marriage was shaky. He was divorced in August 1967. (His two children from that marriage, Guy, 16, and Melissa, 15, have lived with grandparents since their mother died of cancer.) Gary and Mary Ann married in November 1967 in her hometown, Brandon, Miss. Most of the population of 2,500 was there; at the reception Gary turned to his new bride and said, "If one more person pumps my hand and says, 'You bettuh be good to her now, boy,' I'll collapse."

Brandon had watched Mary Ann blossom from a freckle-faced kid in pig-

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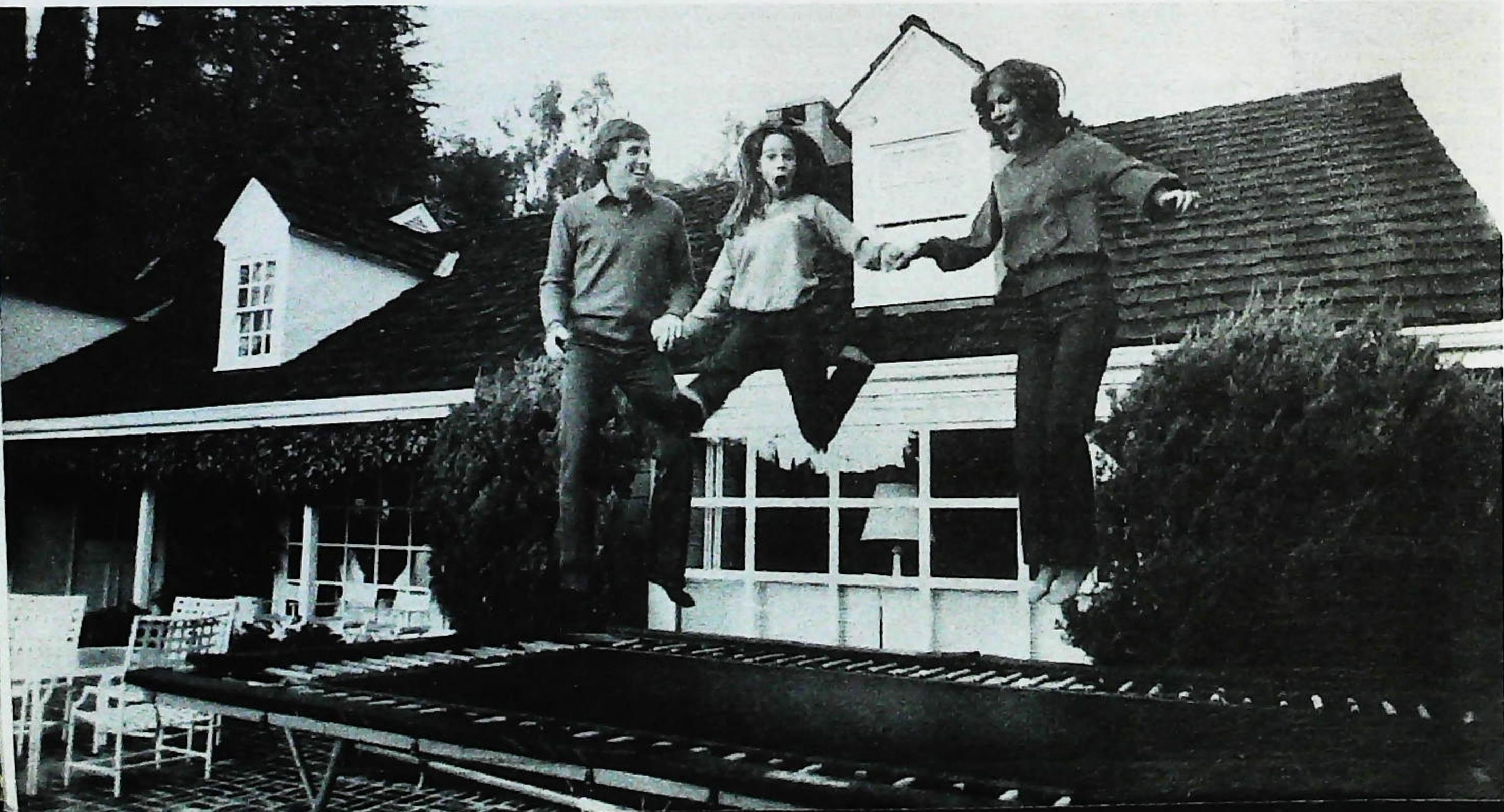
COURTESY HOUR MAGAZINE

COUPLES

tails and braces. She was reared by a strict Methodist attorney who married her divorced mother. The prevailing philosophy, she recalls, was "just to the right of Genghis Khan." Mary Ann sang in the church choir, had a 10:30 curfew and couldn't date the same boy twice in a row until she left home at 18 on a scholarship to the University of Mississippi. While her dad hoped she would study law, Mobley majored in drama and yearned for the stage.

Brandon's mayor persuaded her father to allow Mary Ann to enter the state Miss America pageant in 1958. In Atlantic City she took the \$1,000 talent scholarship, singing an aria from *Madama Butterfly*, then stripping off her skirt and jacket and jiggling to a torchy version of *There'll Be Some Changes Made*. To her astonishment, she made the final five. "My mother," Mary Ann laughs, "says she still remembers the moment of sheer panic on my face when I realized I might win." When she did, second runner-up was Miss Oklahoma, Anita Bryant.

After Mobley's year-long reign she studied acting with Lee Strasberg. Her first Broadway musical, *Nowhere to Go but Up*, went down instead and closed after nine performances. But a role in an L.A. production of *Guys and Dolls* took her to Hollywood in 1963, where she signed a five-year contract with MGM and did the two Elvis films, *Girl Happy* and *Harum Scarum*. Meanwhile she held on to her New York



apartment. "I figured Hollywood wouldn't take long to find me out." But by the time she met Gary, Mary Ann had credits on 24 TV shows, and she's added dozens since, from the pilot for *The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.* to Ingmar Bergman's first American TV project, *The Lie*, with George Segal in 1973.

Collins' childhood in Las Vegas and Santa Monica was less idyllic than Mary Ann's. When he was 3 his parents divorced, and his mother married a Kewpie-doll factory owner. Gary loafed through school. "I always ran with the wrong guys," he admits. Later at Santa Monica College, a restless Collins enlisted in the Army and made his stage debut at Fort Chaffee, Ark. in a Special Services production of *Stalag 17*. "It was like someone had slugged me over the head," he remembers. "I found something, at last, I could put every ounce of my energy into." He toured Europe with a troupe of service performers and disc-jockeyed on the Armed Forces Network. After his discharge Gary stayed in Europe, where he landed bits in *Cleopatra* and *The Longest Day* and dubbed English dialogue for foreign films. After that he understudied on Broadway until heading for L.A. in 1963. He has since co-starred in such one-season TV casualties as *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*, *The Iron Horse*, *The Sixth Sense* and *Born Free*. He also became a permanent floating guest star, appearing in the original *Roots* as well as such forgotten series as *The Virginian*. "My philosophy has always been to stick around and

take my chances," says Collins. "Most of us in this profession would do almost anything."

For him, that includes walking the wing of a biplane at 160 mph, which he did on *Circus of the Stars*. Both he and Mobley have performed on tightropes and trapezes for that annual special. (They have a trapeze in their backyard.) In 1977 he even wrestled a tiger, who overacted and seemed ready to maul Collins until a trainer intervened. If nothing else, their eclectic careers have allowed daughter Clancy, 12, to see the world. "Clancy's second birthday was in Hawaii," Mary Ann recalls, "her fifth in London, her seventh in Kenya and her ninth in Brazil." Now Collins' *Hour* duties keep the family close to their rustic Benedict Canyon home. Says longtime friend actor Bert Convy, "They are nice guys and decent people. Being happily married is one thing I've never seen them acting at."

They jointly host regional March of Dimes telethons and also have a his-and-her song-and-dance act they use at convention and nightclub gigs. "What we do onstage is really an extension of our relationship," says Collins. "We try to play against the image, cut out the lovey-dovey stuff, act up, grouse at each other a little. We're just like every other married couple. It's not all plastic at home. We're not Ken and Barbie." DAVID GRITTEN

If Clancy, bouncing with her parents at home here, wants to be Miss America, Mobley says, "I'd have no qualms at all."

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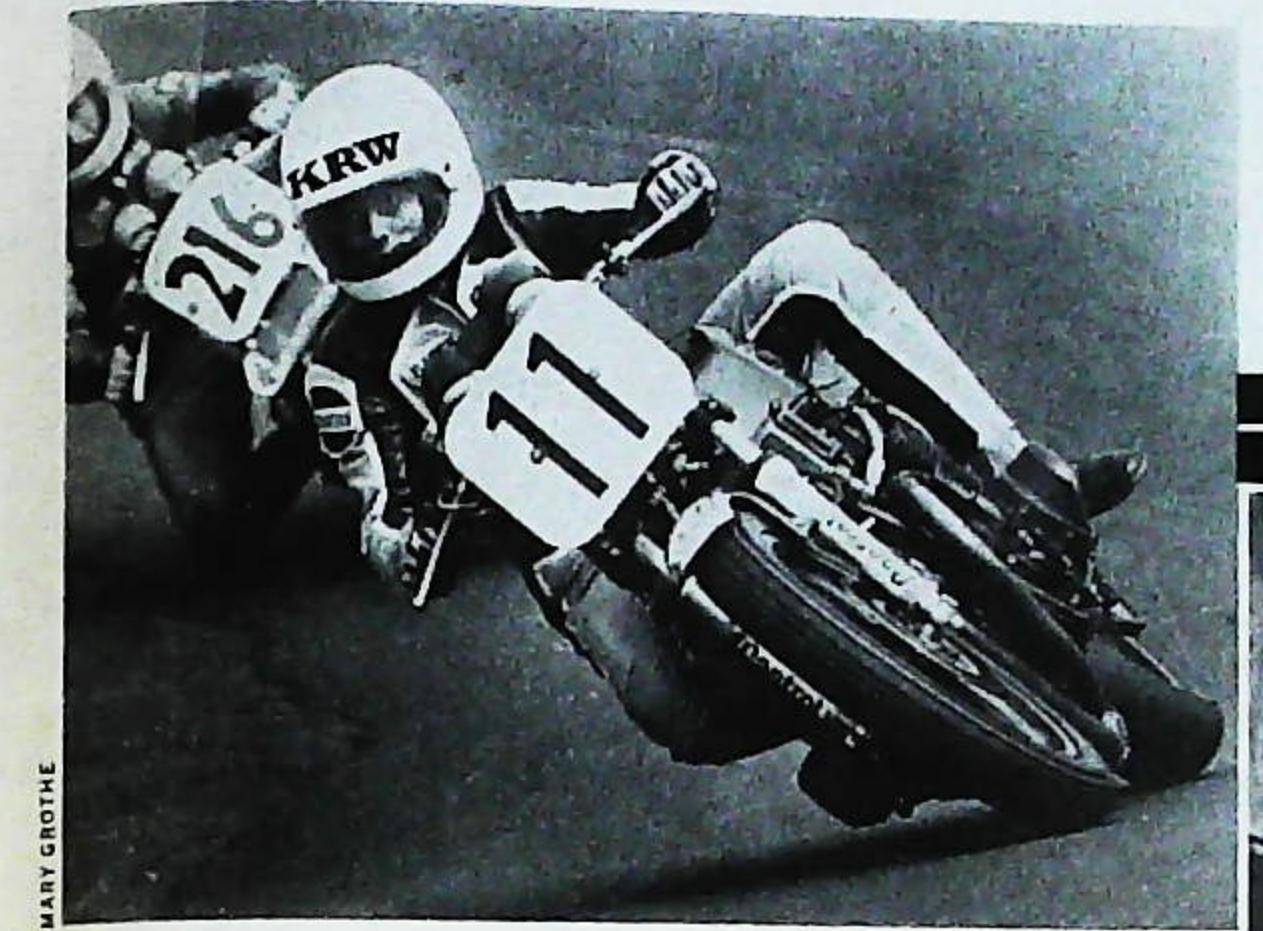
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MARY GROTHE
"I always liked to take things apart," says Carter, who fiddles with a motorcycle carburetor in her kitchen. Above, she leans into a tight curve in a 1978 road race.

When she was a child, Carter Alsop remembers her grandfather, a prominent Virginia educator, insisting "A woman can do anything she wants." Even in third grade Alsop seemed determined to prove him right. She began repairing the watches of schoolmates. "And pretty soon," she says, "the parents were sending *theirs* in to be fixed—for money."

Now 31, Alsop continues to have peculiar interests, especially for a one-time debutante. In 1977 she became the first woman to be granted a professional road-racing license by the American Motorcyclist Association. The following year she won her first major championship, the Western-Eastern Roadracers' semipro series, placing first in eight of 16 national events. Though she spent much of last season out with injuries, Alsop hopes to compete this March in the Daytona 200, the Kentucky Derby of motorcycle competition. She will not be the first woman to start in the race, however; Gina Bovaird entered but did not finish last year. Carter thinks she has a good chance to complete the grueling run. "It's like *Rocky*," she says with a smile. "I just want to go the distance."

Raised in Richmond, Carter is an only child whose parents were divorced when she was an infant. As a teenager she exhibited her landscapes in a Richmond art gallery and fought with her mother and stepfather, a retired manufacturer, over coming out as a debutante. They won. Carter was in-

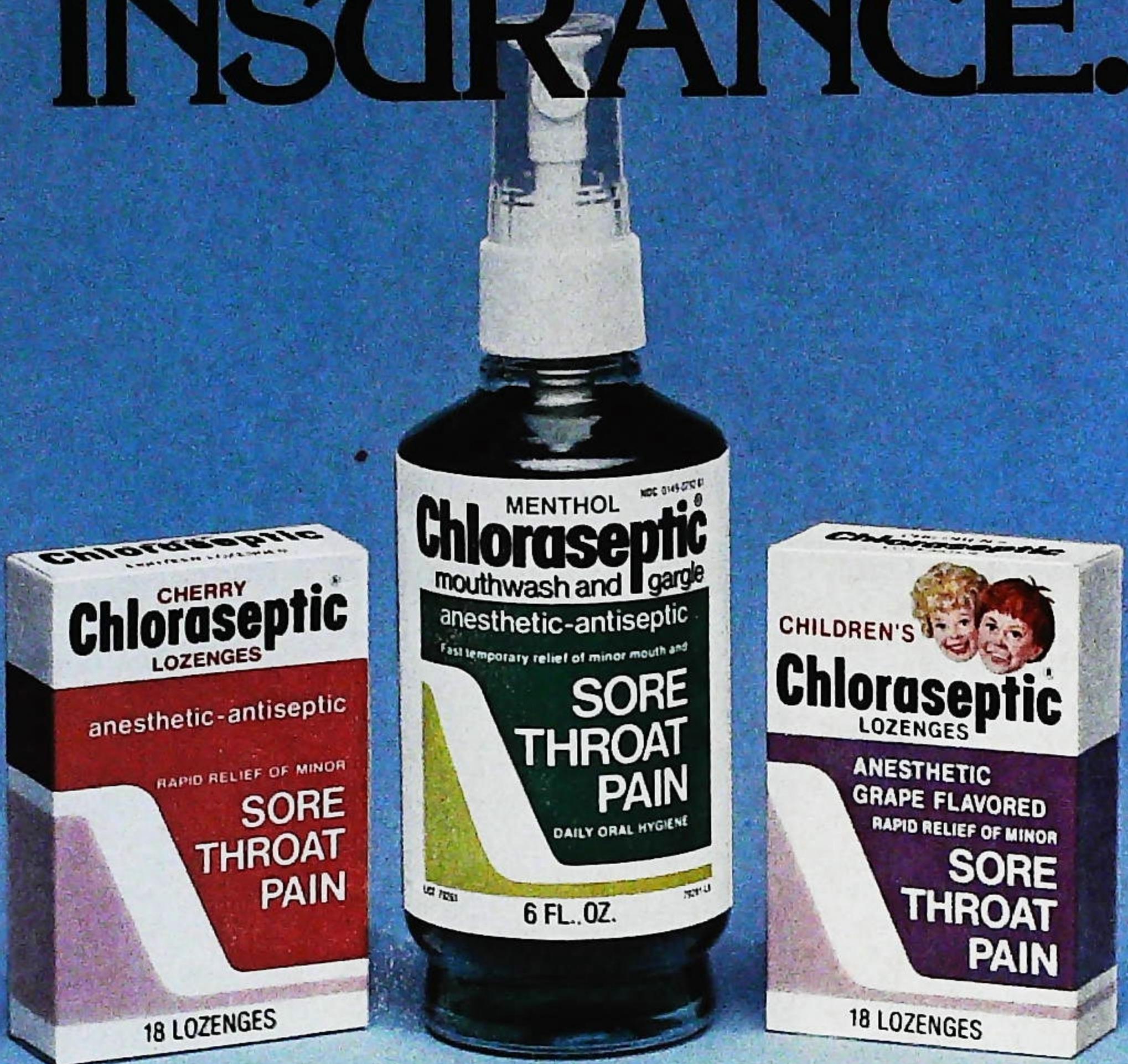
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AN EX-DEBUTANTE VOWS TO BE THE FIRST WOMAN MOTORCYCLIST TO FINISH AT GRUELING DAYTONA

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introduced to society at parties in Manhattan, Philadelphia and Richmond. She claims she only went along "to enjoy the dancing." At 20, she quit Briarcliff College to take up motorcycle racing. Her parents were aghast. Carter had seen a classmate with a helmet covered with racing stickers. "It belonged to her fiancé," Carter says. "From that moment I knew I wanted to race bikes. I'd always wanted a motorcycle. I'd grown up on horses. It was an extension of a horse."

To support herself, Carter painted murals and portraits, sold vacuum cleaners and started a furniture business. Then, in 1974, she went to work for a Honda dealer in Richmond. "They had a prize for the best salesman of the week—one hour at the local message parlor," she laughs. "I won it every week."

In 1975 she returned to Briarcliff, graduating two years later with a bachelor's degree in English literature and art. She turned down a chance to apply for a Rhodes scholarship and returned to the race track. "I was alone," she says. "I slept in the back of an open truck next to the spare parts. I even had to hitchhike to one meet. It was lonely."

Though she won the 1979 national sidecar championship race with driver Wayne Lougee, the season proved disastrous for Carter. She lacked a sponsor (a season on the circuit can cost \$100,000) and was sidelined constantly by equipment failures and accidents. She has suffered three concussions, broken her collarbone four times and aggravated a chronic back problem. "My neurologist said I wasn't in any immediate danger," she reports, "but he told me a time will come when the head injuries could cause problems."

Carter now lives in rural Virginia with boyfriend Chris Tromley, 29, an ex-racer and now a motorcycle mechanic, whom she met in California last year. "It's pretty hard for anyone to put up with all this," she concedes, "but Chris is my best friend." Together they hunt and fish (for food) and lift weights to get Carter in shape for Daytona. "Chris loves my biceps," Carter giggles. Chris responds, "It's hard to survive with

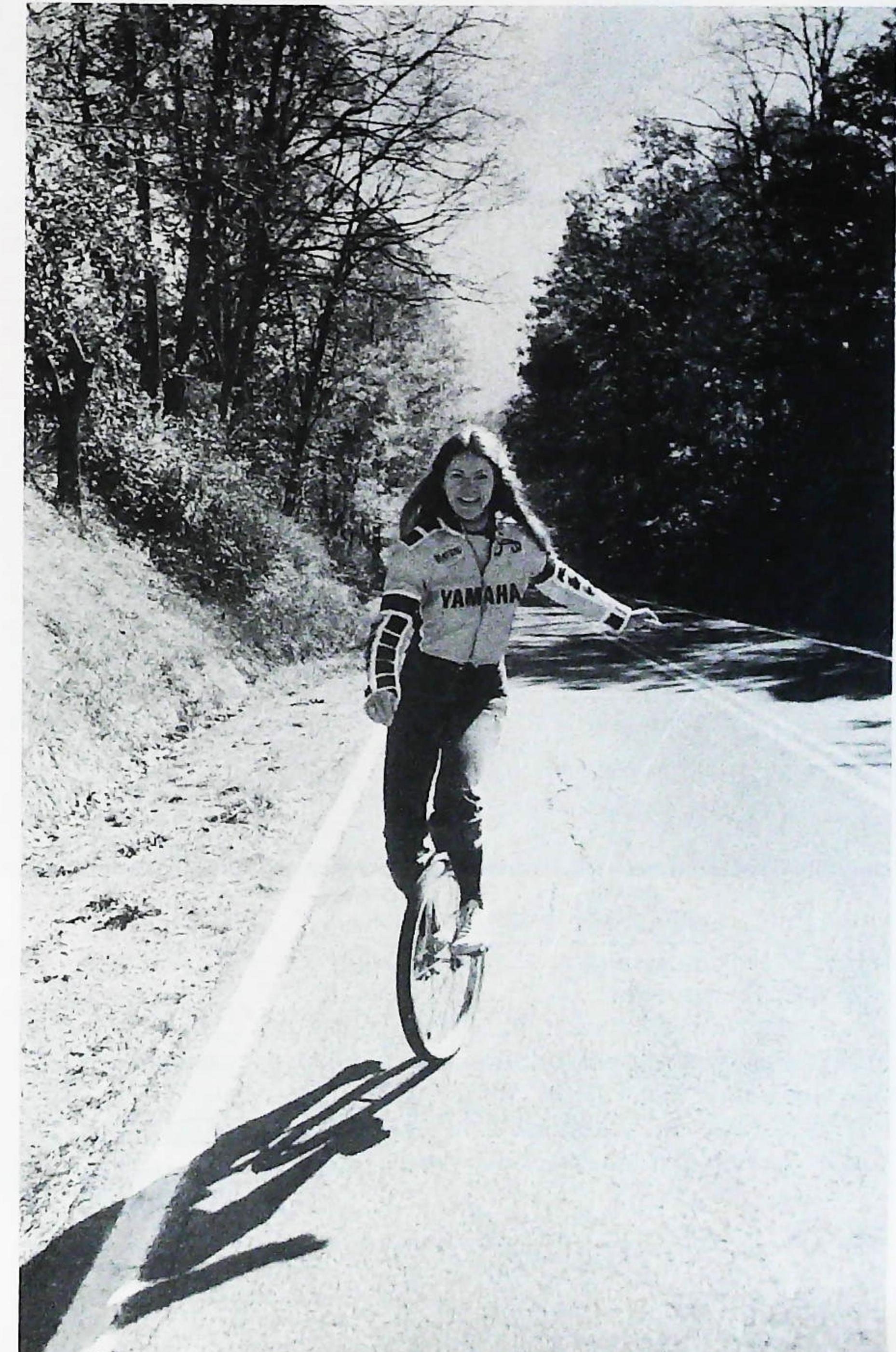
Carter if you don't wear track shoes. The guys on the circuit call her Carter Non-Stop."

When her racing career ends, Alsop will have no problem finding other outlets. She has already appeared as a stunt woman in the Burt Reynolds movie *Hooper*, is rewriting a screenplay about a female motorcycle racer for a Hollywood producer and would like a career in broadcasting—"or perhaps be the first woman to break the speed of sound on land. I'll always compete," she says. "It's in my blood."

JIM CALIO

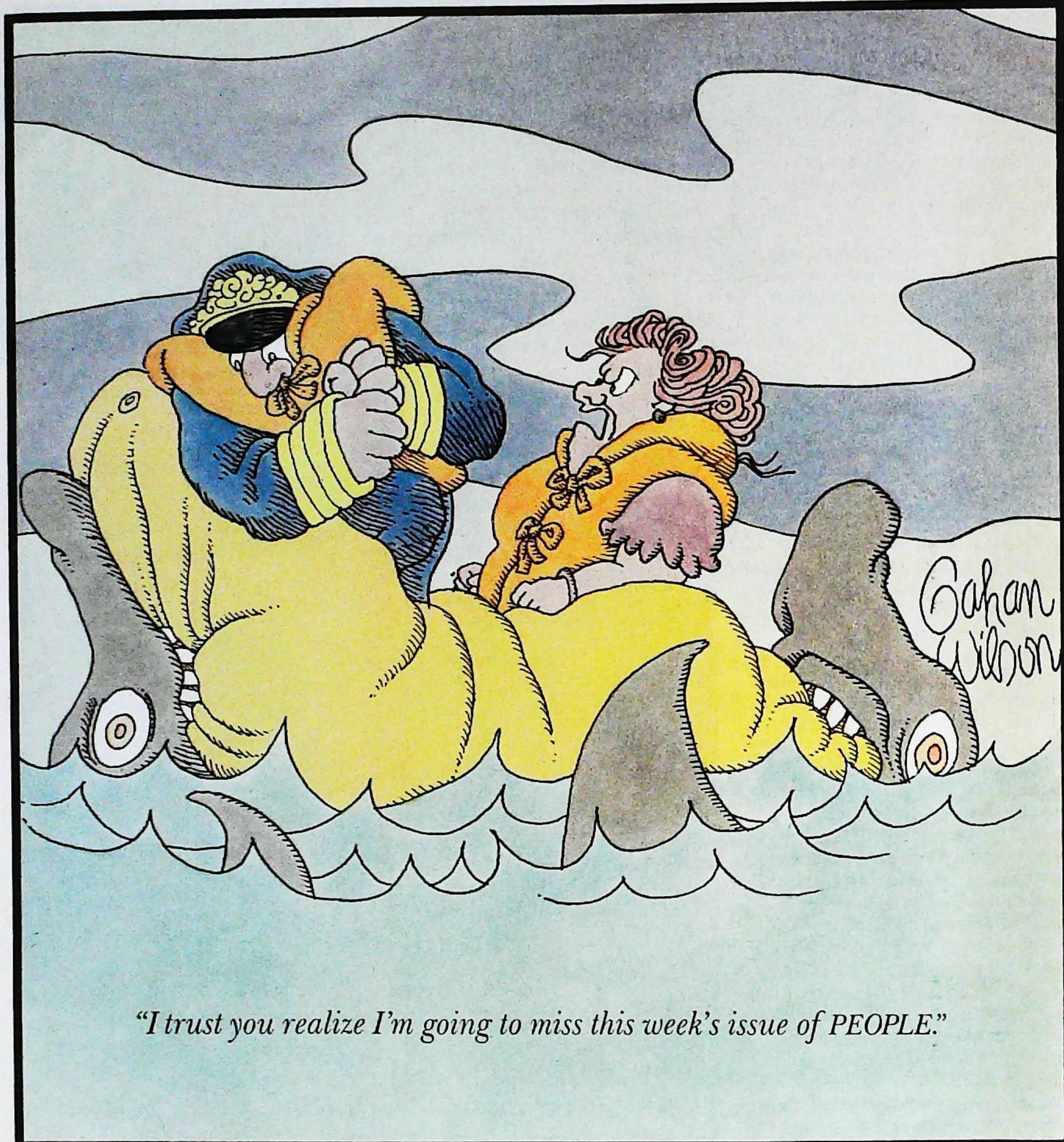


Carter and boyfriend Chris Tromley recently moved to rural Virginia, taking along her three motorcycles.



Though forced to wear a knee brace, Carter unicycles the roads near her home to improve balance and strengthen her legs.

Photographs by Will McIntyre



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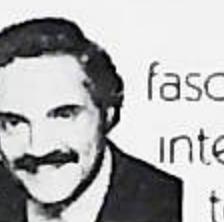


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SPIRIT

AN IRANIAN EMIGRE ARTIST ERECTS A TOWER, AND HIS CALIFORNIA TOWN SAYS, WATTS THIS?

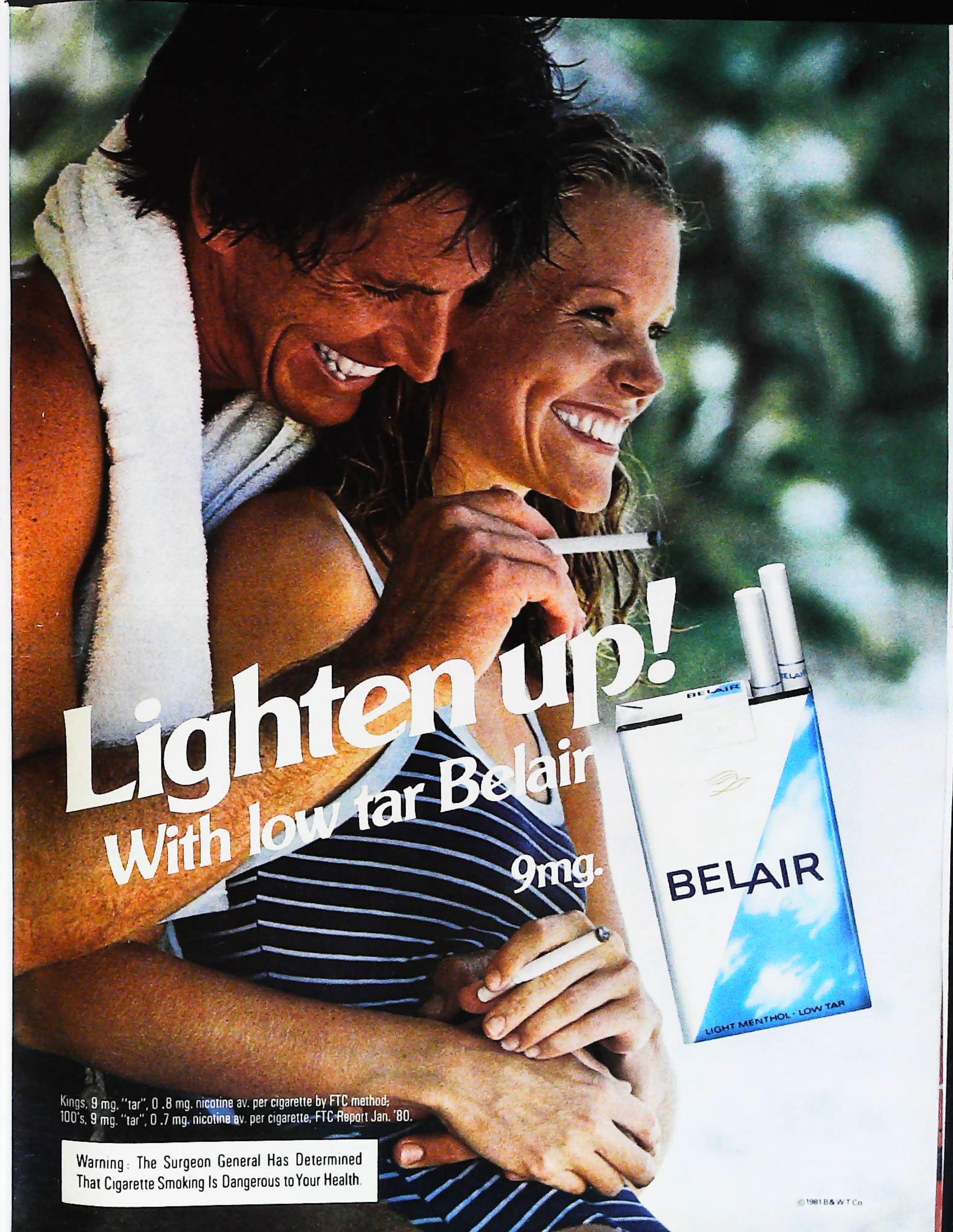
Maybe you can fight City Hall. Consider the case of Ali Roushan, a 37-year-old Iranian-born artist and metal-worker in Costa Mesa, Calif. Last spring he erected a 30-foot prayer and meditation tower, complete with fountain and rose garden, on his business property at 1550 Superior Ave. The city council reluctantly approved the project. Then Roushan added an even more massive work, a symbolic pair of vermilion wings weighing three tons. He dedicated it to the U.S. hostages in his native Tehran, but that didn't assuage the council which this time took him to court for building violations. "No lawyer can tell a jury what is in my heart," Roushan declared, suggesting that it was a sculpture protected by freedom of expression—not a structure subject to local ordinances. "My work is art." Finally last month Roushan was granted a six-month grace period. If he maintains his sculpture garden to the city's satisfaction, he may be able to keep it.

The creation and the litigation took their toll, though. He injured his back constructing the tower, and then he split with his American-born wife, Mary. That forced him to sell his \$158,000 house in nearby Newport Beach. He moved his gear to his metalworking office, Customs by Ali, and spent many nights in a sleeping bag under his sculptures. He says he once earned up to \$20,000 a month but "with this hassle, I could not work. They killed the joy in my soul."

The court's interim decision has improved his outlook. Roushan, who came to the U.S. in 1963, says he will become a citizen if he is allowed to retain his sculptures permanently. He is already planning the next addition to the monument that his local supporters say would then rival Los Angeles' Watts Towers. It will be an approximately 30-foot volcano-like structure symbolizing youth's eruptive energy. Says the flamboyant Roushan: "I can't build anything small anymore." □

Sculptor Ali Roushan perches atop one of the abstract butterfly wings in his controversial sculpture garden. Above it all (left) flies his personally designed peace flag, a white dove and an olive branch.

Photographs by Dario Perla



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LOOKOUT

Michael Newman's father was an amplifier designer and introduced his son to artists like jazz great George Benson. Thus inspired, Michael himself eventually became a guitarist, but in the classical field. Nowadays that does not preclude the perks of stardom. Michael, 23, endorses a line of strings, has a record release (*Michael Newman: Classical Guitarist*) and is a lion of the college circuit. There are even female admirers, but of a more subtle sort—they give him their poetry. Newman began on piano at age 7 in Flemington, N.J., but because the family upright was in the basement and he was afraid of the dark, he took up the guitar instead.



EVELYN FLORET

He studied with Albert Valdes Blain, a former student of Segovia, and made his first public appearance at a Manhattan church at 13. Two years later he debuted at Carnegie Recital Hall. A 1979 graduate of New York's Mannes College of Music, he now teaches there as well as at Rutgers University. His girlfriend, Laura Oltman, is also a classical guitarist, and they occasionally perform together. This month he'll begin a two-month nationwide solo tour. "Establishing yourself is a very slow process," concedes Newman, but he doesn't suffer from self-doubt. "I've been told," he says, "that my playing moves people to tears." □



A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

Lou Ann Jackson, 27, designs and hand-stitches cowboy shirts at the painstaking rate of six a week, but that doesn't mean it isn't a business. Her colorful one-of-a-kind shirts in crepe satin, silk, cotton or corduroy sell for \$75 to \$300 per, and customers at her Santa Fe, N.Mex. studio range from Indian artist Fritz Scholder to director Michelangelo Antonioni. The hallmarks of her Wildwest Clothing label are hand-embroidered arrows, elaborate piping and her own interpretations of classic styles from U.S. Cavalry to Dale Evans/Roy Rogers dude. An Iowa native whose father is a guidance coun-

selor and mother a nurse, Lou Ann learned to sew while outfitting her Barbie Doll. After graduation from Iowa's New Hampton Community High, she planned to attend the Community College of Denver but visited Santa Fe, and never left. She started in "survival jobs" as a clerk and a cocktail waitress. Her emancipation came when she was asked to design outfits for her fellow waitresses. Now orders for her Wildwest wear come from boutiques as far away as New York and L.A. With the markup, urban cowpokes are socked for twice the already steep Santa Fe price. □

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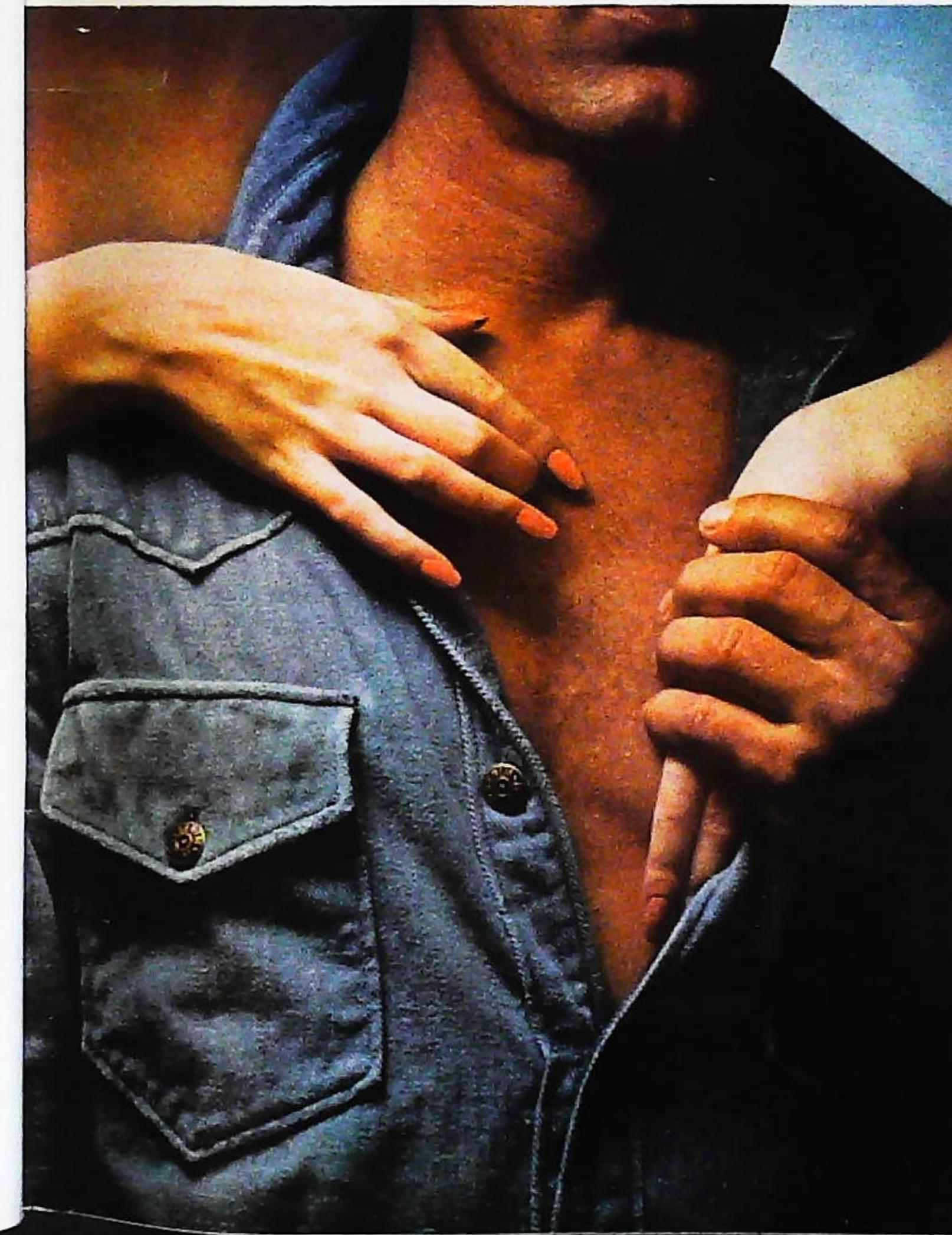
The Dry Look leaves hair feeling as soft and natural as it looks.

The Dry Look gives you more than a great look. It leaves your hair feeling soft and natural, too—not too stiff. The Dry Look in pump spray or aerosol—with a formula that's right for your hair. Get The Dry Look...and don't be a stiff!

© The Gillette Company, 1980



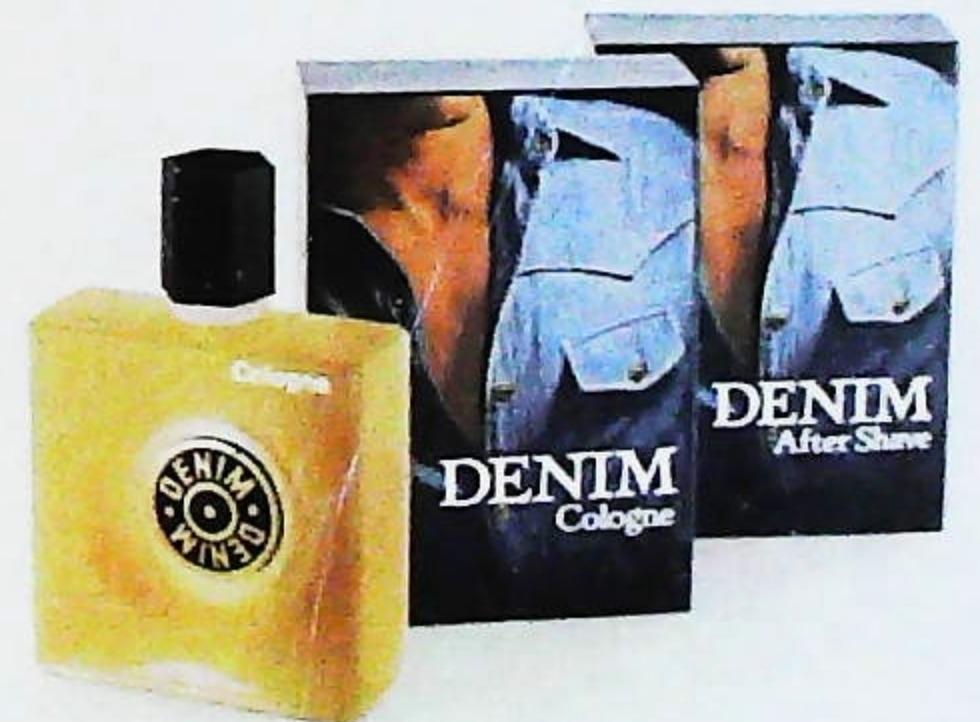
Available in pump or aerosol.



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ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE



WINDSOR



BY CHRYSTIE JENNER

They were to all appearances the golden couple of American sport: Bruce Jenner, the boyishly handsome Olympic hero and Adonis of endorsements, and his stunning blond wife, Chrystie, who supported Bruce as a stewardess while he trained for the 1976 decathlon in Montreal. When he was awarded the gold medal, Bruce triumphantly kissed Chrystie and told the world, "We won." Or did they? Shortly after the birth of their first child, Burt, in 1978, their marriage began to fall apart. Bruce became increasingly restless, and Chrystie felt guilty and frustrated



professionally, since she had stopped working to raise their son. After counseling and an attempt at reconciliation, they separated permanently a year ago. Chrystie was pregnant with their daughter, Casey, now 7 months old. As their divorce became final this week (and Bruce made plans to marry Elvis Presley's former girlfriend Linda Thompson), Chrystie talked to Stephen Smuin for PEOPLE about the breakup, the painful publicity it has generated, and her self-discovery and growth as a 30-year-old independent woman.

COPING

AN OLYMPIC HERO'S EX-WIFE FINDS OUT WHO SHE IS IN THE WRECKAGE OF HER MARRIAGE

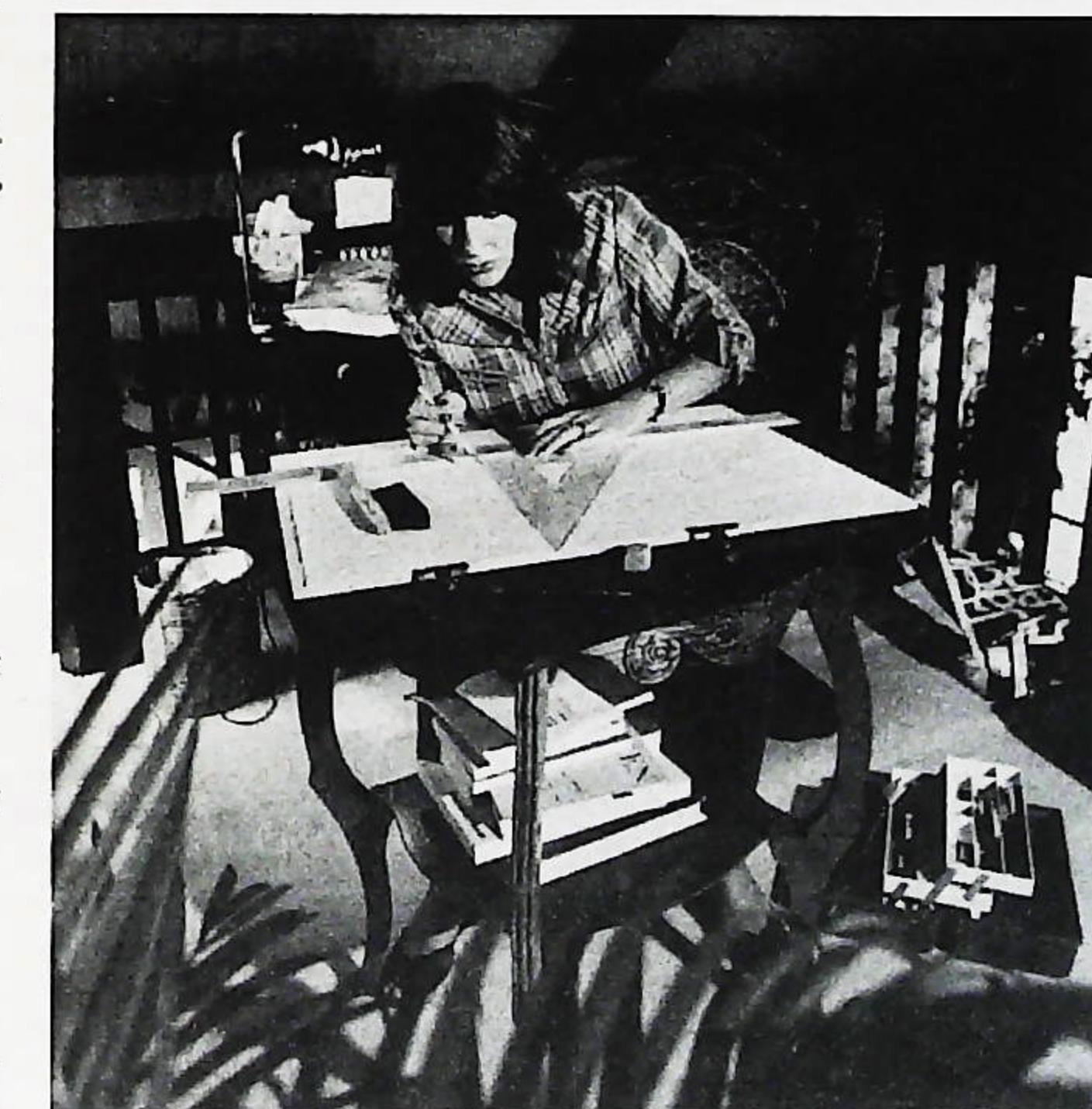
I think Bruce probably takes more responsibility for our marriage failing than he needs to. He doesn't really say it, but that's my intuition. I am sorry because I don't want him carrying that burden. His real moment of truth came when he told me he wanted out of the marriage. It was painful for him—and for me too. It was such a feeling of rejection. He told me it was not me, it was self-imposed. The pressures of his career, the public, his being away from his family. This led to guilt, especially about the family. So the best way to eliminate the guilt was to eliminate the source of the guilt. Had it not been for the demands of our new wealth and our concern over what people were thinking, our marriage might have had a better chance. But I am not totally convinced we'd still be together because we're such different people. Bruce was the first to admit it. He'd say, "I am treating you terribly and I don't know why." So that was when we decided to live apart. Now he has achieved a certain public status and has a power with other people that is very alluring. You don't get money and fame without paying for it, with time or with your soul.

We tried our hardest to patch it together with therapy during our reconciliation. I was very impressed with how open and honest Bruce was during therapy—much more than he had ever been with me. But there is no patching it

together if someone is in love with somebody else. I told him I needed to know if he was in love with Linda Thompson. He said yes, and that he wanted a divorce. No ifs, ands or buts about it. I just fell apart. Expressing anger has not been one of my best skills. It just seemed like an explosion when he told me. I was devastated. I jumped in my car and drove 90 miles an hour to see my best friend. She was great. She pointed out to me things that she had never said to me before about how Bruce was growing apart from me. She didn't minimize my rage, but she helped shift me into feeling less of a victim. I had grown familiar with the role of being a victim. If you become one, then you don't have to feel guilty about it or responsible for what happens. I knew he was involved with Linda during our first separation, but I just didn't think it was serious. Less than two weeks earlier we had spent our best Christmas ever together as a family at Tahoe. I kept asking, "How could he give me up that easily?"

Many women have had trouble with my being so devoted to Bruce's winning

the gold medal. Yes, I had to subjugate everything, but it was a goal I accepted. I wanted it as badly as Bruce. Now I see that it is everybody's responsibility to set limits about what will be sacrificed in a marriage. To live vicariously through somebody else was very frustrating. It was a time



"I have a talent for interior design," says Chrystie, who's started her own service in her Malibu home.

Photographs by ©Tony Korody/Sygma

when I needed to be growing and discovering who I was.

The power of money is so damned destructive. When people are making as much money as Bruce, they just think they can do what they want. I was making the money for a long time in our relationship, but I didn't use money as a source of power against him. After Burt was born I used to tell Bruce how powerless and undignified I felt having no earning power. I hated that feeling. Prior to the Olympics it was "our money"; then afterwards it became "his" money.

When our marriage started crumbling around me I didn't know why, and that contributed to my fear. I felt

something must be wrong with me. I wasn't able to support and love him as I wanted, and that contributed to more guilt. Then I saw a therapist and was able to focus on my unfulfilled needs, and that led me to a women's group.

I really feel many of these problems would have come about in any marriage situation. It wasn't just that Bruce was a famous athlete. It was the fact of my growing as a woman. You sell a package when you get married: I can cook, I can entertain, I can look good, I can be good in bed, I can do all these things. In a way I deceived Bruce about who I was during the marriage. I didn't know who I was so I sold him what I thought he wanted. I became the image that I thought he wanted in a mate. Strip that package away and what have you got left? My own insecurity said, "If he finds out who I am,

will he want me?" If I'd voiced my needs more, our marriage might have had a greater chance of working. But I didn't. That is why I accept partial responsibility for the failure of the marriage.

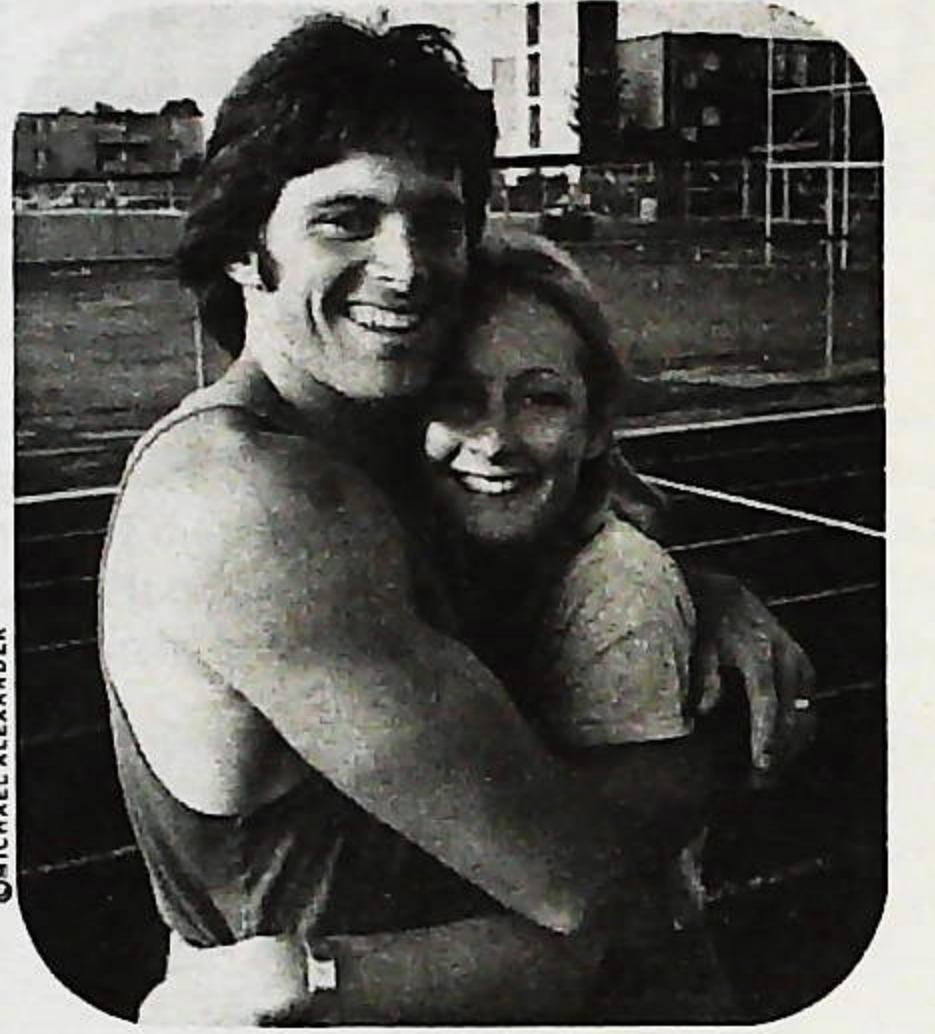
When I found out I was pregnant Bruce raised the issue of an abortion, and I went along with him just as I always did. I had all the tests and had even paid for the operation. But one night I was out to dinner and my friend asked me why I wanted an abortion. I told him, "I don't want the abortion." He said, "Why are you having it?" And I said, "Because Bruce wants it." He said, "You are having the abortion because the man that you are not going to be living with wants you to have it?"

I thought, what an idiot I am. I wanted the child very, very much. But I was conditioned to make decisions that were best for him. It was totally my choice to have the baby. But since then Bruce has been very loving and accepting of Casey. We haven't had any hassles over the kids.

After living through the divorce negotiations, I would advise other women to make their own decisions. A divorce is often the first time women ever take any control, the first time they ever talk to an attorney, or the first time they look at the books. Most women don't know about insurance policies or stocks or whatever. I didn't feel this way when the divorce began. I was originally very concerned that Bruce think well of me. I thought that if I stepped quietly out the back door he would always say what a nice girl I was. Then I began to realize that regardless of what I took or did not take, he wasn't going to speak highly of me.

This has changed my relationship with men. I don't give anything now, but I receive a lot. I look for somebody that puts no demands on me at all. The pressure of making somebody else happy is too much. That is one of the reasons I would hesitate to remarry. I am too emotionally bankrupt in my life right now to give. My fulfillment 10 years ago was totally through a man. Today the important things in my life are my kids, my design work, my friends and my running, and I feel fulfilled by those. My future is very bright. I am optimistic. I have a much clearer perspective of who I am. I'm not this sad, helpless, weak martyr that has been depicted in the press. I feel independent and I have a lot of energy. I am extremely motivated right now. I know that I will succeed: It is just a matter of time. □

In 1976 Chrystie shared Bruce's Olympic gold. "The absolute was the medal," she says. "There was no questioning that."



©MICHAEL ALEXANDER

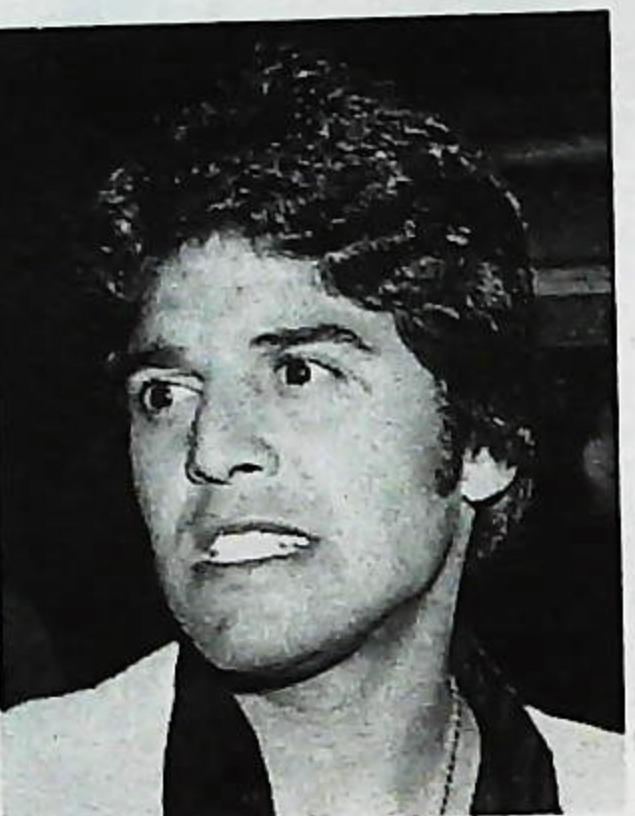
Chrystie goes for her daily run with roommate Farrell Sharp (left) and friend Lee Crowe. "It's a cerebral cleansing," she explains.



"I'm relieved since the divorce," says the ex-Mrs. Jenner, who dates occasionally but spends most nights at home with Burt, 2, and 7-month-old daughter Casey.

CHATTER

Cashing In CHIPS Every year the Hollywood Women's Press Club gives a Sour Apple Award to the showbiz personality "who most believes his own publicity," but the 1980 winner, Erik Estrada, was the first to dignify the awards luncheon by showing up to accept. With current squeeze Beverly Sassoon (Vidal's ex) in tow, Estrada not only eloquently thanked the assembled ("An award is an award") but marched off with two of the door prizes—a weekend for two in Palm Springs and 25 sessions at a body-building studio.



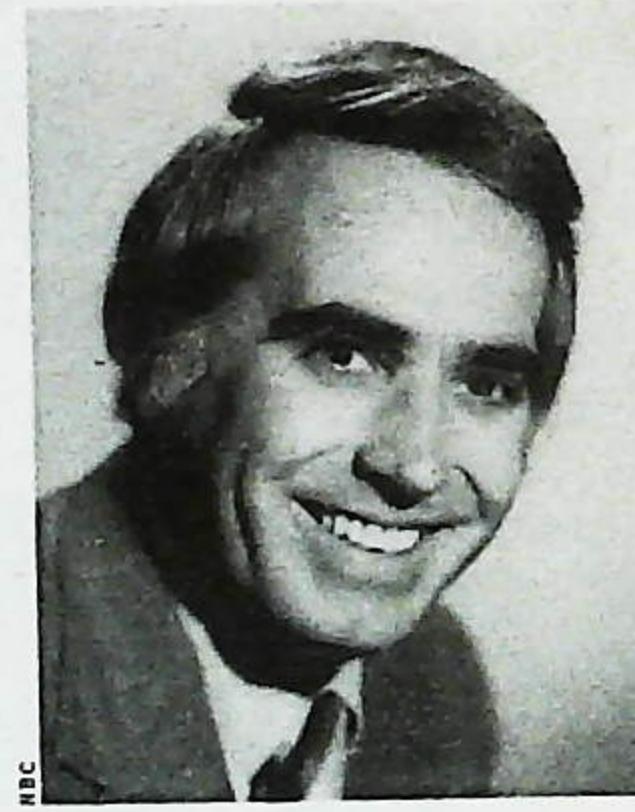
Erik Estrada:
Pumping hype

Encore Pittsburgh Steeler defensive tackle Mean Joe Greene has a Clio award (advertising's Oscar) for the commercial in which he gruffly accepts a Coke from a small fan (PEOPLE readers picked it as their favorite in the PEOPLE poll last March). Now NBC is planning to expand that vignette into a made-for-TV movie about a troubled boy and a tough jock with a heart of putty who sees him through some hard times. The network might sign Tommy Okon, the boy from the ad, and has already snagged Greene, 34, who says a film career is a "possibility," although he allows "I'm not an actor." That doesn't bother network executive Edgar Scherick, who thinks Greene "should be able to play himself with no trouble. I mean, we're not asking him to do Othello."



Mean Joe Greene:
A taste for haste

Casting Stones Former Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce thinks Ronald Reagan will make a good President because, she says, "He's not just a movie star, but a grade-B movie star." How's that again? "For a grade-B movie star, two things are necessary: He's got to have a good script, and he's got to have a good supporting cast."



Tom Terrific Harvard law professor Arthur Miller was milling around backstage at Boston's local Emmy taping when he bumped into emcee Tom Snyder, who was mumbling. "You're talking to yourself," said Miller. "I always talk to myself," snapped the man who's chatted up a thousand celebs on his

Tom Snyder:
Myself and I

NEXT WEEK IN PEOPLE

DMSO is selling like a wonder drug—but is it?

Despite FDA warnings, increasing numbers of Americans swear by it for arthritis and other pain

Dolly Parton isn't taking dictation from Hollywood bosses

The shapely steno in *9 to 5* and Burt Reynolds' *Whorehouse* honey vows, "I'm not selling sex."

The secret life of a millionaire burglar

Bernard Welch had it all—home, family and priceless antiques—until Dr. Michael Halberstam was shot

Tomorrow show. "I'm the most interesting person to talk to that I know."

Merry Widow Peter Sellers died last July, but his 26-year-old widow, Lynne Frederick, is pulling her life together well. She spent the holidays at the Sellers' Gstaad ski resort villa in the company of old beau David Frost, 41. (He reportedly got cold feet and fled years ago at the prospect of marriage.) This year they walked hand in hand through the streets of chic Gstaad and dined in dimly lit restaurants. Frost said he had telephoned Frederick when he heard of Sellers' death and "offered to help in any way I can." Frederick would not say whether romance and marriage were on her mind, or her agenda. "It will take me longer than five months to get over Peter's death, but David is definitely a help," she said. "That's what friends are for at times like this."

Furthermore

- "Life is not a popularity contest," counters Barbra Streisand in response to talk about her bossiness. "I am not rude or unpleasant," she goes on. "Maybe I'm a bit too blunt, but it does save time."
- Actor Trevor Howard, 64, is making a movie in Ireland about a mad Russian who tries to fly with giant wings strapped to his arms. After 47 years in the business—and memorable roles in *Sons and Lovers* and *The Third Man*—Howard has no illusions. "Don't ask me what the bloody hell the film is about," he shouts. "I just speak the lines they give me and get back to the hotel as quick as I can."
- Will Walter Matthau be stepping out of character to play a Supreme Court Judge in *First Monday in October*? Nonsense, says the actor. "I've known a lot of judges who look and talk dumber than I do."
- Charlotte and Anne Ford, the motor car heiresses, were launching their jointly written book, *How to Love the Car in Your Life*, at a New York party when Anne spilled a sisterly secret. When Charlotte's car once suffered a flat tire, Anne squealed, "She couldn't even find the spare."

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*Source: 1979 Toyota Consolidated Owners Study

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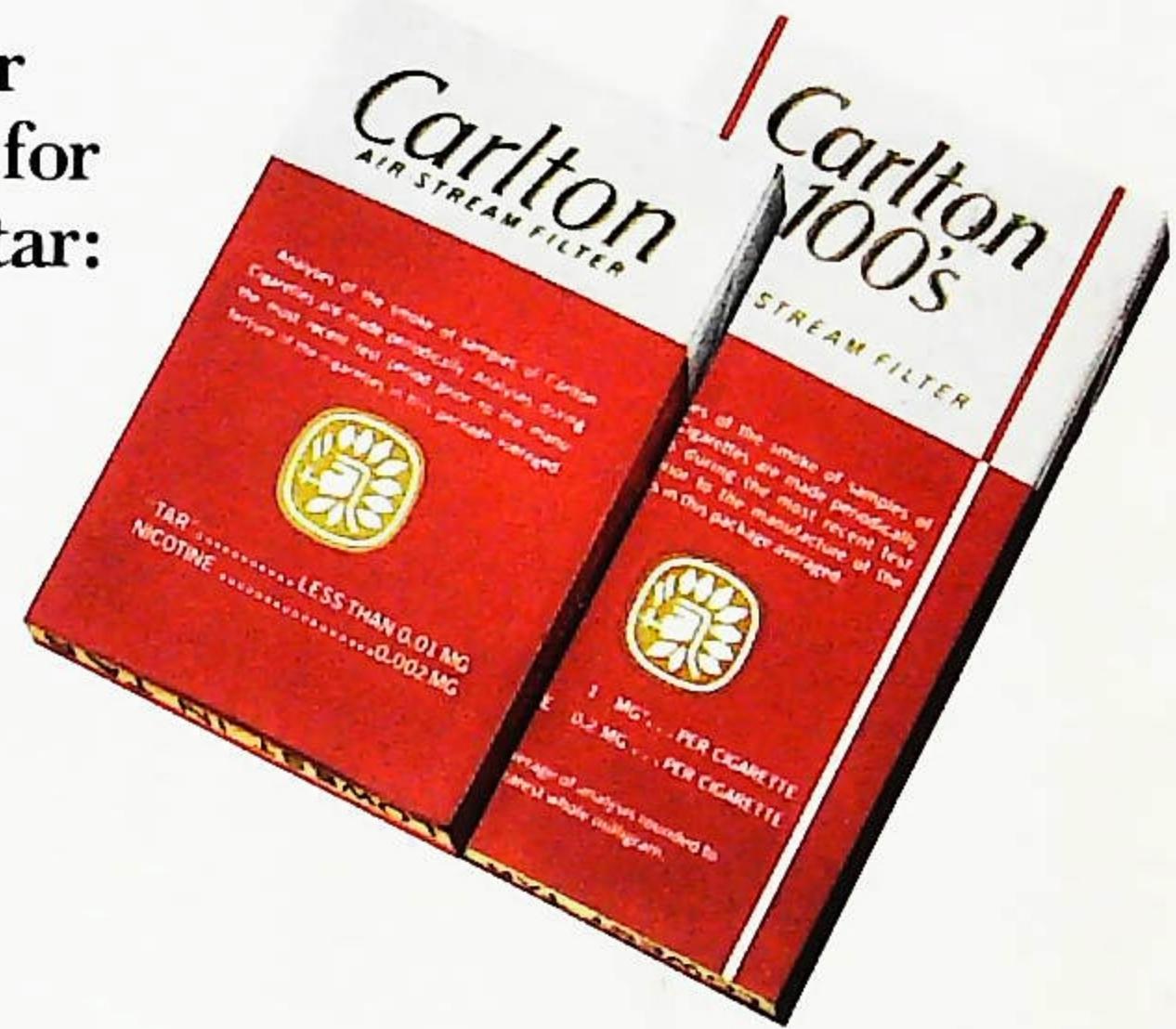


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	less than 0.01	0.002
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton 100's Box	1	0.1
Carlton 100's Soft Pack	less than 6	0.5
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0



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